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The Ethos

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1927

No. 1

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The Ethos

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THE MADONNA GONZAGA

(See page 21)



The Ethos

VOLUME I

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"The Ethos"; Its Pedigree and Its Promise

"What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well."

—Twelfth Night.

The family tree of THE ETHOS is far reaching, and can be traced back to many of our most distinguished publications. Indeed, we find ourselves in the enviable situation of being able to choose our own ancestors. If anyone were to ask of THE ETHOS, "What is your parentage?" it is not at all to be doubted that the answer would be, "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well."

From the vantage ground on which we stand it is within our power to include in our lineage the *North American Review* dating from 1815, and the first important American quarterly. Indications of heredity might be found in the fact that like this progenitor—if we decide to choose it—THE ETHOS will include in its table of contents "essays and other articles of current interest."

In our search for possible ancestors we wonder if we have not more in common with the *Atlantic Monthly*. This periodical would lend a distinguished Brahmin charm to our pedigree. With a satisfaction beyond the affection usually lavished on great-great-grandmothers, we note that James Russell Lowell and W. D. Howells were among its early editors. Scanning the list of contributors we decide that it will be our aim to secure among our own contributors the erudition of Longfellow, the cosmopolitanism of Lowell, the humor of Holmes, the New England spirit of Whittier, and the love of nature that was Thoreau's. We have good reason to be proud of such a great-grandmother as the *Atlantic Monthly*.

We pursue with enthusiasm this romantic quest for ancestors, and run over in memory names of the great Catholic journals and journalists of the past from Orestes Brownson to Michael Williams. Here we discover unmistakable signs of descent. No matter how dark the day, the beacon of Catholic thought has shone with unwavering faith and hope. Certainly we should like to regard the *Catholic World* and the *Ave Maria*

as our ancestors; and we might consider *America, Commonweal* and *Thought* as wise grown-up members of our own generation. We, too, desire to voice Catholic thought and opinion. Although we are but children in the household of the faith, we are privileged children, and some happy day or hour may bring us the opportunity of aiding by a timely and loyal word some noble and holy cause.

Undoubtedly the direct line of our descent will include the *Pilot*, founded in Boston in 1836, and at present, under the direction of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, the official organ of this Archdiocese. This paper stepped to the front at a time when the assaults of the "Know-nothing" party called for a champion to refute such attacks and calumnies as were then hurled against the Church; and its first title, *The Jesuit*, is an indication of the fearless spirit of its founder, Bishop Fenwick. Bound up with the history of the *Pilot* is the patriarchal figure of Patrick Donahoe, the virile genius of John Boyle O'Reilly, and the names of his able associates, Katherine E. Conway and James Jeffrey Roche.

When we come to our predecessors in the field of college magazines we can see, perhaps less clearly, the signs of descent. Some seem more like acquaintances and friends, representing in differing degrees, ideals akin to our own. We have such forerunners as the *Boston University Beacon* dating from 1876, the *Smith College Quarterly* from 1893, the *Radcliffe Quarterly* from 1916 and the *Simmons Quarterly* from 1917. We are more conscious of kinship when we look at the *Holy Cross Purple* founded in Worcester in 1895, the *Boston College Stylus* that has flourished since 1883, and the *Trinity College Record* published in Washington, D. C., since 1907. These three are undoubtedly our cousins, for if we are able to choose our ancestors who shall deny us the privilege of choosing our own kith and kin in our own day and generation?

Now that we have chosen our cousins we must not forget that we have an even nearer ancestor right here in the College. Very few of the students know that away back in 1921, the Classes of '23 and '24 sponsored a mimeographed magazine known as the *E. C.* There were only two classes in the College at that time and this publication was certainly a most noteworthy achievement. It contained many interesting essays, poems, art contributions, and a lively humor section. It was ably edited by Blanche Killorin, '23, assisted by Eleanor Fitzgerald, '24, and Esther Gorman, '24, with a business staff consisting of Mary Gorman, '23, Marie Meighan, '24, Bessie Logue, '23, and Sadie Carlow, '24. The *E. C.* exhorted the students to "rise above the level of mediocrity," "to preserve an active interest in College affairs," "to have at heart the welfare of Emmanuel," and in other words "to keep stepping." So do we aim at these goals, and it is our firm intention to aim always at what is best and finest. THE ETHOS may be the youngest publication of all, but we can

hold our heads high, and point out the fact that although we are young, "our estate is good," and we have the aims and ideals that have characterized the older publications.

The scope and character of THE ETHOS are reflected in its name, that is, the spirit of the whole College. It belongs not exclusively to the Senior Class, but to each and every one of the students of Emmanuel College; and it belongs not only to the present members of Emmanuel, but also to those who have gone before, the members of our Alumnae, who have so generously given their support and aid. The spirit of the College with its many loyalties is symbolized on the cover of this number, designed by Miss Eileen V. Dowd, '27. We want THE ETHOS to represent Emmanuel College, and all it stands for. We want THE ETHOS to be a fitting exponent of the thought and activity of the first Catholic College for women in New England. In our endeavor we have the cordial approval and the fatherly blessing of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. With this sanction behind us, and that of the College authorities, we feel we have the necessary impetus that will urge us on, and help us to make THE ETHOS a worthy representative of Emmanuel College.

MARGUERITE A. COFFEY, '28.



The Spirit of Emmanuel

There where other halls of learning stood,
 Their turrets towering high,
 That were teaching the lessons of life to men,
 The truths that will never die,
 She saw their work, and knew its worth
 And ranged herself thereby.

Like them she loves the country's flag,
 She seeks the nation's fame;
 Like them she bears up wisdom's torch
 And kindles high its flame;
 The sciences and arts she holds
 Revered in wisdom's name.

But through her works a spirit breathes
 That they do not afford,
 No nobler spirit, more inspired
 Shall time ever record,
 For the spirit of Emmanuel is
 The spirit of the Lord.

HELEN E. BRIDEY, '28.

Immaculata

Our heavenly Queen doth ever wear
As emblem of her royalty,
A crown of chastened gold and rare,
All set with gems of purity.
'Twas placed there by her God and Son,
Upon her coronation day;
The gems are storied, victories won
Gleam in their radiant depths for aye.

The rubies with their glowing hearts
Of living sacrificial red,
Bear deep within them poignant darts,—
The memories of sorrow fled.
The azure sapphire sheds around
Clear brilliance from its shining crest,
Apt symbol of the joys that found
Their resting place in Mary's breast.

Excelling all these jewels bright,
Yet drawing forth their inner worth,
Is one fair diamond passing bright,
Sweet emblem of the stainless birth
Of her whom cherubim proclaim,
In awe of her exalted state—
"Mother and Maid of hallowed name,
Mary, our Queen Immaculate!"

ETHEL MORRIS, '28.



Emmanuelites Abroad

It all happened at our bridge club. We decided to go to Europe on five hundred dollars. (Our families, however, will assure you that we didn't.) So with light hearts and a budget-plan we travelled about the city interviewing possible tours. After mature deliberation we decided on the X-tour, tourist third. The manager boasted about its de luxe accommodations, its college affiliations, and its references. We were showered with alluring, pictorial brochures, introductions to the countries we were to visit. We were content.

We started out with four girls. In June there were ten of us:—Genevieve, Catherine, Beatrice, Mae Fallon (Frances' sister), two of her friends, and Mrs. E——— and her two children. The tour upon which we decided took in France, Switzerland, and Italy—but Mrs. E——— invited me to go ahead with her in June to visit England, Holland, and Belgium, meeting the girls in France, and continuing with them to Italy. I accepted and was delighted with the arrangement.

The latter part of June we sailed from New York on the Berengaria. Our rooms were around the corner from the engine room. Shades of vibration! Fortunately we lived on deck. As I love the sea, it was one of the nicest parts of the trip—in spite of squalls, a terrific storm, and mountainous spray that bathed us unaware. Swimming, tennis, shuffleboard races, and bridge took up our time during the day, and at night we enjoyed dancing on a moon or lantern-lighted deck. Land was first sighted at Cherbourg, the first harbor at which we stopped, but we continued on to Southampton. And then, London!

London has a breath of Boston in the air. In fact, there are many places intimately connected with Boston's history. All Hallows Church, where William Penn was christened (we can include him in greater Boston) and where John Q. Adams was married, and St. Saviour's Southwark Cathedral where John Harvard was christened, and where his father was church warden. London Tower with its horrible death devices, jovial beef-eaters and stern guards fascinated us. Browsing about the bookshops we mourned our financial straits. We ate steak pie at the Cheshire Cheese, sat in the favorite booths of famous authors, and while waiting for strawberries and cream, tried to decipher the initials cut on the stalls. The Tower of Westminster Cathedral, erected by Cardinal Vaughan, offers the best view of the city and an intimate glimpse of the life that goes on behind the walls of Buckingham Palace. We saw the King and Queen, and were waved at by the Duke of York's baby. The

museums are doubly interesting because of the encyclopedic knowledge of the attendants. By the way—the Bobbies are well educated, too, ever courteous whether in the rôle of adviser, porter, guide or banker. Oxford and Cambridge were in session. My first impression was rather a futuristic one—a confused picture of punts, huge clocks, ivy walls, caps and gowns, white flannels, and pleasant voices. All the buildings resemble castles, and very old ones, too. A “new” wing at Baliol, we discovered later, had been added two hundred years ago. Even though I could claim no relationship I was thrilled to see my surname among more famous names at Eton.

English country everywhere is beautiful, with its artistic gardens, trim hedges, and green, green grass. Up the Thames to Windsor from Maidenhead, Kew Gardens, Stratford-on-Avon, Ely, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stoke Poges—one could go on endlessly. In fact England and Switzerland are indeed lovelier than pen can describe or brush can paint.

About the middle of July we crossed the English Channel to Holland. The Dutch customs inspection was brief and we were soon in the station, waiting for the train to The Hague, where we had breakfast, coffee with real cream, zwiebach and cheese. We saw the Peace Palace, the House in the Woods, and the Mesdag or Museum, with its famous cyclorama of Scheveningen in 1880, then an old fisherman’s village. Now this beach is the most famous popular bathing resort on the North Sea.

We crossed the Zuyder Zee to the Isle of Marken in a launch. Here babies and women, boys and men still wear the national costume and wooden shoes. The Islanders are hospitable, but always very business-like. Stores abound where one can buy a lunch, a costume, a souvenir, or a postcard. The children were playing, some of the girls were washing on the rocks, the women waiting on the “foreigners.” As for the men and boys, they were talking, smoking or gaping—a toast to the American gentlemen!

We returned to Amsterdam, toured the city ever admiring the wind-mills with their fantastic arms, the trekschuyts (barges towed by horses) and the dikes. After visiting Hoorn with its ancient air, and Rotterdam with its modern aspect, we went to Leyden in the very heart of Holland, the birthplace of Rembrandt. Although Holland does not offer the usual sight-seeing program its chief charm lies in its legends, its traditions, its living beauty. Its lure is too intimate, its history too vital for a slavish devotee of Baedeker.

From Holland we went to Belgium, arriving at Brussels. It is well-named a miniature edition of Paris. Its streets are planted with elms and lindens, and at every corner a flower girl. We all indulged in a corsage of violets, costing about eight cents. The shops offer their goods at *bon marché*, but not at the ridiculously low bargains guide books

declare that they do. For a handkerchief edged with fine lace, I paid about three dollars; but, according to our valuation, it is worth three times as much. The government buildings are sumptuous, and close by are the corporation houses of medieval guilds. In the Church of St. Gudule we were awed with the beauty of its stained-glass windows. From Brussels we went by train to Zeebrugge, scene of that awful disaster of the World War. The German officers' quarters have been renovated and are now used as a museum. In one large room the walls are covered with black-edged cards—mementos of the heroes and heroines of the battle. All ages were represented there, and the official guide pointed out with pride, yet with sorrow, the cards of his little daughter, mother, two brothers and several cousins. He himself is maimed for life. I came out a confirmed pacifist.

What a contrast with Zeebrugge was Ostend! Here romance and chance reigned supreme. Its Casino has but one rival, Monte Carlo. Its boulevard stretches for miles and one meets all classes of every nationality there. The cafés are always busy, but are especially interesting in the late afternoon. In the evening one goes to the Casino and sees a startling display of unique jewels, and fashionable gowns. Between the dances one gambles or promenades. The latter is safer and brings no regrets. The beach, itself, is delightful—a blue, blue sea, fine sand, and comfortable basket-chairs. From our windows in the hotel we could see the race course, busy as early as six o'clock in the morning. After the depression we experienced at Zeebrugge, Ostend was a relief. From here we went to Bruges. Through a mistake on the part of the courier, we had to forego our trip to Namur. All this time I had been carrying interesting packages from S. S. Pierce's and Schrafft's for some friends at the Maison-Mère of Notre Dame, and I was so provoked with the courier that I shared the dainties with all my friends. It lightened my luggage and made room for the tempting display I was sure to enjoy in Paris. Bruges is old and quaint. An automobile in Bruges would be an anachronism, so we hired a calèche and rumbled about leisurely, though uncomfortably, stopping to chat with old ladies and children whose *grande passion* is conversation. The houses here are not monotonous like those in Holland. In the homes of the Flemish merchant-princes we saw the use of Gothic in domestic architecture, and were charmed with its oddness. To get a better view of the Belfry immortalized by Longfellow, we crossed the Pont de l'Ane. We drove on to the hospital of St. John, which contains the St. Ursula reliquary and the best work of Hans Membling. We went back to Brussels and took the train to Paris—ever awaiting with eager ears for the words in François, "Paris! Paris! Tout le monde descend."

IDA G. FINN, '23.

Christmas Wishes *

I wish I were the broad, highway
That leads up to the little town,
To Bethlehem on Christmas day;
I'd lie like carpets rich spread down,
And blessed by touch of Mary's gown,
I'd be as soft as bluebird's wing
To welcome here the little King.

I wish I were the lowly cave
Where Mary's little Son was born,
With wind-proof stone my sides I'd pave;
And though of wealth and splendor shorn,
I'd prove my worth that chilly morn;
My very rocks with praise would ring
To welcome here the little King.

I wish I were the wondrous star
That guided Wise Men's steps aright,
And led them from their lands afar
Straight to the cave in dead of night.
I'd shine right down with beams so bright
That, warmed, the hearts of men would sing
To welcome here the little King.

I wish I were a little sheep
That dwelt within that stable bare;
So softly to His side I'd creep,
And with my breath I'd warm the air.
Though human hearts gave not a care,
My loyal, loving heart I'd bring
To welcome here the little King.

MARY T. SHEEHAN, '29.

*With a reminiscence of Father Ryan.

A Week in France

We left Boston on the Fourth of July, and we reached France on Bastille Day. It was early evening of the fourteenth of July when the "Tuscania" sailed slowly into the harbor of Le Havre, and, from a point of vantage on the forward deck, we had our first clear glimpse of France, the land that had so often been the subject of our dreams. That afternoon the shadowy coast of Normandy had been visible, but it was too far distant to be at all satisfying. It was too late to disembark that night, so we watched the process of docking; and later, from our state-rooms we witnessed a display of fireworks set off somewhere in the city.

The following morning after having our passports examined and securing landing cards, we set foot for the first time on the soil of France. Very soon there came an opportunity to speak French, for tickets to Paris had to be purchased and porters found to take our luggage to the train. Secretly we were very glad to have a chance to use our French. One of the porters, a short, stocky, cheerful man, capable of carrying enormous loads, informed us when we questioned him, that they are called "Porteurs," or "Porteurs à bagage." Our luggage safely stored in the racks over our heads in our compartment, we witnessed, sadly, the sailing of our boat, and realized that our nine days of perfect weather on a fascinating sea were over.

Soon the train started; and before us, for about four hours, stretched the changing countryside of charming Normandy with its red-roofed stone houses dotting a hilly, well-cultivated land, with the slow-moving Seine winding through the valleys. After dinner on the train, we arrived at St. Lazare station in Paris. Memoirs of "François" in Freshman year at Emmanuel made us rather expect to hear "Paris, voici Paris! Tout le monde descend." Everyone did get out.

It was Paris. But we were the only ones who said anything of that sort. Travellers are left much to themselves on French trains. Conductors pass through the cars en route, collect tickets, and then vanish.

From the station to our hotel was but a short ride in one of the Paris taxis, destined to become very familiar in a short time, for they are the favorite mode of travel in Paris where one can ride almost anywhere for a few francs. It did not take long to get settled in the hotel, as we were travelling "light"—just one suitcase and an overnight bag, apiece. The sun was still high when we set forth on our first trip in Paris, impatient to see something of the city, and to satisfy a longing to go shopping. Immediately our French was in demand, for while many

of the salespeople speak English, a good many will not, at first. Shopping in Paris is a delightful occupation, whether one goes into the large department stores or into the almost innumerable small shops with their wares so attractively displayed. The Avenue de L'Opera and the Rue de Rivoli, as well as the side streets, especially the Rue de la Paix ("Temptation Lane," one guide told us it was called, because the famous perfumers' stores and dressmakers' establishments are so tempting) provide almost endless attractions. Gloves, beaded bags, prints, and, of course, dresses were our chief purchases.

Our week in Paris included—besides a few free days, two of which we spent shopping and sightseeing, and one in a trip to Lisieux—a motor trip around the city, a trip to Versailles, and Malmaison, and a day at Rheims and the battlefields.

In the tour about the city we saw Notre Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Madeleine, the Pantheon, the Eiffel Tower, the Trocadero, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the Louvre, and the prison where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were held and the gates through which they went forth to execution, besides many other famous places.

One of the pleasures of living in Paris is eating at sidewalk cafés. If we were in the city we had our meals at the hotel; but free afternoons always found us seated around a table at one of the famous sidewalk cafés, eating ice cream and watching the world go by. At last Paris was showing itself in all the charm of its beautiful public buildings, shops, cafés, gardens, and wide, clean, shaded streets. *This* was Paris.

Malmaison, that beautiful chateau which sheltered Josephine, and which reminds one, at every turn, of Napoleon, was far more delightful than I had anticipated. The rooms are well restored and very interesting. The beautiful pieces of "porcelaine de Sèvres," and the lovely grounds with Josephine's swans and "Rosary" leave lasting memories. The hamlet of Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon are not so well kept; but the palace at Versailles was a revelation of immensity and of grandeur. Once a month, we were told, the fountains play in the gardens. We were fortunate enough to be there on the right afternoon, and witnessed that memorable sight, planned for the delight of kings.

Rheims and the battlefields presented another side of French life—France not yet recovered from the war. Leaving the train at Chateau Thierry, we took the bus through the battlefields and the towns along the "front" of ten years ago. Many of the villages bear unmistakable traces of the awful devastation of those days, for while they present a brave appearance to the world, they have too many ruins, and too many bullet-ridden walls to forget the terrible times that have passed. After a visit to the American cemetery at Belleau Wood, a beautiful and peaceful place today, we drove to Rheims through the "champagne country."

Some of the towns along the way were very interesting with their ruined churches and new monuments. At Ville-en-Far denois, in the monument to the soldiers who died in the war, the arch over the figure of the soldier is made of whitish stone. It is said that every family in the village brought one stone from its shattered house to build that arch.

The city of Rheims is partly rebuilt, but much of it is still in ruins. The Cathedral, from a distance, looks much as one would expect to see it; but near to, it bears mute evidence of the devastation of war. It has been, to some extent, restored, but lost arts are not regained, and the Cathedral of Rheims is but a shadow of its former glory.

One whole day was occupied with a trip to Lisieux by bus—a beautiful ride. Lisieux is very unusual,—unimaginably old. The Cathedral—at least part of it—dates from the eleventh century, and some of the houses from still earlier days. We visited the Carmelite chapel sanctified by the presence of the “Little Flower,” and we looked reverently upon the many relics—her picture, her habit, her beautiful hair, and several articles that she used. From there we went to her house—“Les Buissonnets” (Little Bushes)—a brick house of modern appearance in a setting of green trees and lawn, surrounded by a high wall. The way up to the house seemed strange to us—very narrow, sloping lanes between walls, with cobblestones laid in the center. The house is situated quite high upon the hill. As far as possible everything in the house is kept as it was when she lived there. The two most interesting rooms are her own room, where her bed used to be, and where an altar now stands, and near it a beautiful statue of “La Vierge avec la Sourire” (“Plus mère que reine”); and the room where her bed and playthings now are. Is it imagination that makes one sense the odor of roses there where the “Little Flower” lived?

Back in Paris that evening, we went to the Opera. It happened that night to be “Tannhauser,” sung in French. The interior of the Opera House is certainly beautiful—especially the famous grand stairway.

To see the Louvre in a few hours is impossible. Realizing that, we planned to see a few masterpieces, previously decided upon. This we did accomplish, and I think we got a great deal more out of seeing those few paintings, leisurely, than we would have gained from a hurried glimpse of a great number of the treasures stored there.

There are so many places to see and so much to do in Paris that we could not accomplish all we wanted to in one week. We would console ourselves, however, with the thought that we could do much when we returned—for we were to return to Paris for a day after seeing Switzerland and Italy. But the few hours provided on our return only made us the more anxious to go again some day to see the beautiful city that has been called the “center of the world.”

Among my impressions of Paris the most vivid are, the beauty of the city with its many fine public buildings and churches; the grandeur of the Gothic architecture of Notre Dame and of the Sainte Chapelle with their marvellous stained-glass windows; the ease with which one can travel about the city; the pleasure of shopping; the delightful sidewalk cafés; the Opera, the taxis; the satisfaction of being able to speak French so as to be understood; and above all the charming friendliness and courtesy of the French people. No wonder we are looking forward to our next trip!

BEATRICE HANTZ, '23.



Not Least Among Them

Cathedrals dim with praying spires
And palaces of kings
Are wondrous fair, but once a cave
Was brushed by angels' wings;
That stable never knew the wealth
Of Gothic tower or frieze,
But what it had made Bethlehem
Not least, though wanting these.

Some old, old towns have owed their fame
To princess dear or queen,
Each city boasts its maidens are
The fairest ever seen.
But because its dusty, trodden ways
Were kissed by Mary's hem,
A little town of long ago
Was not the least of them.

Brave, noble kings and cruel kings
Have brought their homeland fame;
The world's eyes on these cities see
Just whence their glory came.
But a Baby-King made every heart
Beyond the farthest seas,
Cry, "Bethlehem, blest Bethlehem
Is not the least of these!"

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.

The Beauty of Naples

The occasion of my visit to Europe was my brother's ordination, which took place in Naples, Italy, on July 17th. My itinerary took in Portugal, Sicily, Italy, Switzerland, France, England, and Ireland, and two of the most delightful weeks were spent in Italy.

One of my first excursions was to Pozzuoli and Baiae's Bay. One of the features of Pozzuoli is its amphi theatre where St. Januarius and his companions were exposed to the fury of wild animals. Two of the chambers under the arcade are supposed to have been their prison, and they have been consecrated as a chapel and dedicated to them. The amphitheatre is the most perfect of existing ruins, though much injured by time and spoliation.

Two miles from Pozzuoli is the Monte Nuovo, a volcanic formation of comparatively recent date. At the foot of Monte Nuovo lies the Lake of Lucrinus, once so celebrated for its oysters, but half filled up by the eruption of Monte Nuovo, and now little better than a narrow marsh filled with weeds. North of this lake is the Lake of Avernus, where Virgil represented Aeneas as entering by a cavern on this lake, under the guidance of the Sibyl, in his descent into the realm of spirits. A short distance beyond the Lucrine Lake is the Bay of Baiae, so justly praised by Horace for its situation. Nothing can be more beautiful than the first view of this bay. The whole range of hills inclosing the bay is covered with crumbling walls, subterranean passages and chambers, masses of brickwork, mosaic pavements, and ruins of every variety and description, partly overgrown by brushwood.

Most tourists who remain at any length in Italy spend a day in Pompeii, the ancient city destroyed by Vesuvius in 79 B.C. We were fortunate enough to see the new excavations that had been formally opened by the King of Italy one month prior to our visit. The streets of Pompeii are very narrow, the marks of chariot-wheels are everywhere visible. At the entrance of many of the streets are inscriptions and lists in red paint soliciting votes on behalf of candidates for the various offices. The public edifices and monuments of Pompeii are true interpreters of its history. The Forum is the most spacious and imposing spot in Pompeii. It is surrounded by Doric columns 12 ft. high and 2½ ft. in diameter. The Temple of Apollo is the most magnificent of all the Pompeiian temples. It stands upon an elevated basement, ascended by 14 steps, in front of which is a large altar covered with slabs of black lava, on which the ashes of victims were discovered. The House of the Tragic Poet is one of the most elegant private dwellings in Pompeii. This

is the house represented by Bulwer, in "The Last Days of Pompeii," as the house of Glaucus. On the floor of the threshold was the mosaic of a dog chained, with the inscription, "Cave Canem," now in the Museum at Naples.

When visiting Naples, travellers are strongly recommended to spend at least one day at Capri. The chief objects of interest in the island are the remains of the twelve palaces built by Tiberius. As every building which he erected was burned at his death by the decree of the Senate, it is not surprising that they now represent little more than masses of shapeless ruins. What attracts visitors most to Capri is the famous Blue Grotto. On reaching its entrance the visitor must lie down in the little boat while it is pushed under a rocky arch three feet high. Beneath the entrance, and under the water, is a natural arch, and all the rays of the sun are thrown up through the water, which causes the grotto to assume a most beautiful ultramarine color. Any object immersed in the water assumes a most beautiful silvery hue. The view from Capri is considered by many to be the finest in the world. The promontory of Massa lies across the blue reach of sea, its northern side dotted with the white villas of Sorrento, its southern side reaching down to the bays of Amalfi and Salerno. To the right is seen the distant line of the Apennines, to the left is the Bay of Naples, and the broken mass of Ischia leads the eye round again to the cliff of Anacapri, with the busy little Marina at its feet.

When the traveller returns to Naples after a visit to any of the three places that I saw and visited, Pozzuoli, Pompeii, or Capri, she feels content to remain in the vicinity of Naples for a long period of time—truly, she can say with all sincerity—"Let me see Naples and die."

MARGARET M. DYSON, '27.



A Color Scheme

Roses for my lady fair!
 I'll send white and crimson, too,
 Then, perhaps, for me she'll care.
 Roses for my lady fair!
 White is like her frosty air,
 Crimson shows that I'm still true.
 Roses for my lady fair!
 I'll send white and crimson, too.

ALICE WILLARD, '29.

Christmas at the Little Log House

Everywhere there was snow. White, glistening, sparkling snow that clad the tired old earth in a beautiful robe and festooned the bare trees in tiny icy spears. Even the little log house that stood near the trees seemed quite happy and contented in its soft, new gown. That is, the outside looked happy, but inside—oh, how sad, how very, very sad, was the poor little house inside.

It was a young house, not yet a year old, and it had thought this would be such a happy week. For months it had listened to the stories of Christmas trees, wreaths, mistletoe, holly, presents, stockings, and Santa Claus, and at times it was so excited it fairly trembled right down to the very bottom log.

"It will soon be Christmas," it had whispered to the birds that perched on its roof.

"I shall be decorated with wreaths and holly," it had cried to the trees.

"Daddy Bob is a-going to bring a Christmas tree," it had sung to the sky. Oh, how happy, how thrilled with joy and anticipation, the little log house had been! Then came the dreadful telegram.

Mother, with pale face and reddened eyes, waved goodbye until the little log house was out of sight. That night the three children gathered around the fireplace and the little log house longed to put its wooden arms about them and hold them as tight as it could. It longed to tell them that Daddy Bob would be better and Mother and he would be home in time for Christmas, but deep down in its wooden heart the little log house was as sad as any of them.

And so the dreary days of that week that should have been so joyous, dragged on with no word from Mother and Daddy Bob.

"Isn't it almost Christmas time?" asked the birds, but the little log house shivered in silence.

At last the morning of the day before Christmas arrived and the children, to soothe their troubled hearts, tried to hang the wreaths and holly. Each wreath brought fresh tears, and the heart of the little log house just ached and ached. To think that it should feel this way on Christmas eve!

"I can't hang another one," cried Rose, "I just can't."

"Oh, Rose," sobbed Bobby Junior, his five-year-old heart ready to break, "what shall we do?"

"Let us pray just as hard as we can, harder than we have before," was the answer.

Then the three knelt before the tiny crib they had made, and prayed. The little log house joined its petition with theirs and they all prayed and prayed. The little log house was the first to hear it. Could it be?—yes, it was sleigh bells. Then Bobby Junior's sharp ear caught the silvery tinkle and he flung open the door to rush right into the arms of Daddy Bob, looking like a bear in his big fur coat.

The joys of reunion, of prayers answered, and of Christmas cheer, flooded the little log house until its heart raced with gladness. Gathered once more around the fireplace Mother explained the mistake, and once more the little log house joined in prayer, this time paeans of joy and thanksgiving.

The snow sparkled in the starlight, the trees twinkled with a thousand tiny glimmers, and the little log house seemed happy and contented. That is the outside looked happy, but inside—what blessed joy and peace was there as everyone, even the little log house, dreamed of tomorrow.

ANNA G. MCCARTHY, '29.



Cranberries

In silver drops the dew its magic lay,
 One morn in May on blossoms tinted pink;
 In swamp, in marsh, they bloom in fair array
 A sign of harvest ruby red, they link
 The Spring so gay to Fall demure, I think.
 They are stern soldiers staunchly holding forts;
 They taste not sweet, the sea their salty drink;
 The silent, stately ships at dawn leave ports
 To carry berries rare to distant princely courts.

All Summer, sunshine lent its warmth and glow,
 The winds in glee caressed the fruit so bright;
 The birds pealed songs of joy to see it grow,
 The rain has stayed the dreadful hand of blight.
 The Fall wears robes resplendent in their might,
 Like gems the berries beautify her gown.
 The Autumn reigns in glory. From her height
 She drops her bounty, loses her grand crown,
 But berries blushing red preserve her true renown.

IRENE O'CONNOR, '27.

Bethlehem of Today

The story that claims the attention of the smallest child, that spurs on the growing youth to acts of love, that quickens the heart-beat of the parent, is the story of the Christ Child and of His birth at Bethlehem. As the days of Christmas draw nearer and nearer and the significance of the feast becomes more real all Catholic hearts and minds turn backward to picture for themselves Bethlehem over nineteen hundred years ago. But Bethlehem, today, is just as dear to us as it was to the shepherds on the first Christmas night ; it holds the power that draws countless pilgrims to its holy shrines.

The road to Bethlehem is the same that the three wise men took after leaving Herod's palatial home. Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, the road stretches on into the Valley of Hinnom and is not long traversed before the Well of the Magi is seen, wherein Balthasar, Melchior and Jaspar saw reflected the star that had led them from their orient lands in search of their Infant King, and which they had lost sight of on entering Jerusalem. With new born hope they journeyed on.

Today, the pilgrim feels one step nearer and hastens on. The sight of an Arab shepherd with long flowing robes, his head swathed with a vari-colored band, his step measured by the shepherd crook and he and his fold kept as one by the busy little shepherd dog, or the sight of the Judean youth ever willing to demonstrate and to sell a David's sling and to explain to the traveler how with such a weapon his patron slew Goliath compel more forcibly the realization that the pilgrim is truly in Palestine.

About four miles from Jerusalem is seen the Tomb of Rachel, a severe, insignificant stone building, architecturally Mohammedan, built over a whitened sarcophagus, and revered by Moslems, Christians and Jews. After another mile the pilgrim sees before her the town of Bethlehem, the "place of bread" situated on two hills. In the Old Testament Bethlehem was dear to the Jews as the scene of the beautiful idyl of the book of Ruth and as the birthplace of David. Added to this, to the pilgrim of today, Bethlehem is more particularly, the New Testament Bethlehem, the scene most intimate of Christ's Nativity. The path, therefore, led directly to the hallowed shrines.

The narrow Judean road, lined on each side with dwellings of the six thousand inhabitants, opens into a small square before the basilica, built by Constantine. Only one of the three entrances of the edifice is now in use and this door has been much reduced in size from fear of the Moslems.

The inside of this double aisled Basilica of St. Mary speaks sadly of former glory and magnificence, speaks of strife between Christian, Jew and Mohammedan, and sends a message to the world for its restoration. Lighted only by windows in the upper part of the wall, the mosaics of former grandeur, of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, of Christ's appearance to St. Thomas and of the Ascension, can only be poorly traced; some are nearly obliterated.

Passing under the great choir, the pilgrim descends to the Crypt, into the Chapel of the Nativity, into the stable made sacred on the first Christmas eve. The hardy shepherds could not now recognize their caravansary, for St. Helena had it adorned, paved and lined with marble. The chapel is lighted by thirty-two lamps belonging to the Greeks, the Armenians and the Latins. Set into the pavement is a silver star around which is inscribed: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*. Unfortunately, this most sacred spot, and many others, are in the hands of the Greeks.

Just opposite the recess of the Nativity is the Chapel of the Manger, where stood Christ's Crib of sycamore wood and limestone, which has since been taken to Rome, but where now stands its replica in marble. Over this is an altar for the celebration of Mass as this chapel is the property of the Latins. Within a few feet is the altar of the Adoration of the Magi, where now is perpetuated the adoration of the Gentiles.

After the pilgrim has feasted his eyes, his heart, and his soul with such unusual sights in such inspiring atmosphere, he proceeds in the subterranean passage to the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, where, according to tradition, Herod caused to be slain several children brought there by their mothers. A few feet more brings her to the Chapel and the Tomb of St. Jerome. The chapel, entirely hewn out of rock, is supposed to be the place where the saint presided over a school and wrote many of his works.

Continuing in the same direction the visitor ascends from the Crypt by sixteen steps to the Chapel of St. Catherine, presided over by the Franciscans, and separated from the Basilica by a wall.

Out into the world again, Bethlehem presents a new view; the spiritual impulse of the pilgrim has been quickened yet not satisfied, but she must proceed and she visits Bethlehem, the most hopeful town of Palestine.

There is a quaint other-world charm about the Bedouins who come to Bethlehem for exchange and barter. And the people who dwell in the little town seem exceptionally happy and intelligent. But in our hearts we know that it is an old story, ever sweet and ever new, that gives interest and glory to the Bethlehem of today.

ELIZABETH C. LOGAN, '23.

Raphael's Madonnas

A long life does not necessarily produce great accomplishments, nor does a short one necessarily exclude them. We have an example of the latter in Raphael Santi, son of Giovanni Santi, an artist in the court of Urbino, who died in 1520 at Rome, at the youthful age of thirty-seven, leaving behind him a name and fame unequalled in the world of art. So many-sided was his genius, that, while we think of him first as a painter we must not forget that he also carved statues, wrote poems, played musical instruments, and planned great buildings. One of the finest statues of modern Rome, the Jonas in the Capella Chigi, in Santa Maria del Popolo, is ascribed to him, not only in design or model, but also in the execution in marble.¹

That he wrote poems we are assured by Robert Browning in *One Word More*:

Raphael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas.

He also fills an important part as an architect, and had begun significant researches into the architectural remains of Roman antiquity.

Besides his grand compositions from the Old and New Testament, and his frescoes, in the Vatican, Raphael has left about one hundred and twenty pictures of the Madonna and Child all different, resembling each other only in the type of chaste loveliness which he has given each Mother and the infantine beauty of the Child. The most famous of his Madonnas are the *Madonna di Foligno*, the *Madonna of the Fish*, the *Madonna del Cordellino*, the *Madonna di San Sisto*, the *Pearl*; and the *Madonna della Sedia*. These pictures are representative of the three periods into which his life and work are divided. The *Madonna of the Fish* is the most typical example of the Umbrian period, or the first period. The Blessed Mother is represented reading in a book, in an unaffected, simple position; the Child holds a goldfinch. The *Madonna de Cordellino* in which St. John presents a goldfinch to the Infant Child, is the masterpiece of Raphael's study in Florence. While in Rome doing his marvellous work in the Vatican, he painted the other three famous Madonnas, of which the *Sistine Madonna* seems to be the most popular, for it is, perhaps, the best known picture in the world.

Raphael's fame during his own lifetime is all the more to be won-

¹Kugler, Handbook of Painting, Part II, p. 329.

dered at because he was a contemporary of the master artists of all ages, Michael Angelo, the architect of St. Peter's, Titian, the Venetian colorist, Leonardo da Vinci, of Florence, and a long list of others. His popularity then, as now, was due to the personal characteristics which made his artistic style. His contemporary and biographer, Giorgio Vasari, concludes his biography thus:

"Oh happy and blessed spirit! everyone speaks with interest of thee; celebrates thy deeds; admires thee in thy works For in fact through him we have art, in all its extent, coloring, and invention, carried to a perfection which could hardly have been looked for, and in this universality let no human being ever hope to surpass him. . . . Among his rare gifts there was one which, especially, excites my wonder, I mean, that Heaven should have granted him to infuse a spirit among those who lived around him so contrary to that which is prevalent among professional men. . . . And thus, O art of painting, thou too, couldst then account thyself most happy, since an artist was thine, who, by his skill and by his moral excellence exalted thee to the highest heaven!"

Kugler, the German art critic, has said that his magic personal power was the "spirit of beauty" which filled his whole being and shone through all his creations. His first aim was a beautiful and harmonious development of form that reflected his pure mind and soul. Nothing proves this better than the countless Madonnas that are known to be his, each of which is a new, different interpretation of the Blessed Mother and her Infant Son. It would seem that Raphael must have spent half his life reflecting on the divine relationship and that he must have lived more in the sacred home of Nazareth, or in the courts of Heaven, than on earth.

Perhaps the Sistine Madonna, or the *Madonna di San Sisto* as it is sometimes called, is the most famous. It was painted between 1517 and 1520 for the convent of St. Sixtus at Piacenza. Here the Madonna appears as the Queen of the heavenly host, standing on the clouds, with her Son in her arms. Pope Sixtus, with all his grandeur and dignity yet self-forgetful, kneels at one side, while St. Barbara, humble and modest, yet dignified, is kneeling opposite. We cannot forget the two innocent boy-angels leaning on a low parapet gazing cheerfully at the beautiful scene. "It is," says Estelle Hurll, "the most spiritual of Raphael's creations, the perfect embodiment of ideal womanhood."

But there is another of his paintings called the *Madonna Gonzaga*, which should be of particular interest to us because the original, lost for almost one hundred years, was discovered in Boston in 1912. Probably no picture of Raphael's has been given more searching study than this *Madonna Gonzaga*. Glodt tells us that in "1856 Marquis Campori

discovered in the archives of the Gonzaga family of Mantua, documents in the form of letters exchanged between the Marchioness Isabella d'Este of Mantua and Agostino Gonzaga, then residing in Rome. These letters relate to an order given Raphael during the year 1515 for a painting to be executed by him. We learn from the documents that the artist worked on the painting at intervals, but that it was not yet finished to his satisfaction in 1519. Raphael died the following April,"¹ We know, then, that it received the name of the lady for whom it was painted, Isabella d'Este, the most important lady of Mantua for forty years, who, during that time, gave such stability to the throne of Mantua that the Gonzaga family occupied it for four centuries.²

In 1628 Charles I of England, bought Raphael's Madonna through his agent, Nicholas Lanière, together with many other paintings of a contemporary master from Duke Vincenzo of Mantua. In returning to England with his treasures Lanière carried the most precious, the *Madonna Gonzaga*, with him, but he shipped the others, placing them in the care of a trusted servant. In 1649 the collection of Charles I was ordered to be sold at public auction. This Madonna was classified as No. 324, *Little Madonna and Christ*, and valued at £800. At the Somerset auction it was bought by Harrison, M.P., and sold by him shortly after to the Spanish Ambassador, who immediately despatched it, with many others, to the prime minister of Spain, by whom it was presented to the King. The purchase was kept so secret that the English Ambassador to Spain was handed his papers and was forced to leave the country with his suite. While the picture was in the Escorial it was regarded as a painting by Murillo. During the Napoleonic wars it was seized from the Escorial and carried to France as booty. Later it was taken by Joseph Bonaparte, once King of Spain, to America. For a time it was known that the picture was in Philadelphia, but it was mysteriously lost sight of around the middle of the century. No one knew where it was until it was discovered by the late Mr. Patrick Duffee in the garret of a private home of Boston. Mr. Duffee, himself, gave an account of the discovery of the picture in an interview published by the *Philadelphia Ledger*, June 29, 1913:

"Being a lover of art," he said, "I determined to keep my eyes open in the hope of stumbling on the painting some day. I do not claim that I had the slightest hope of finding it in Boston, however. The way I did stumble on it was through an invitation to take Sunday supper with a gentleman of artistic taste. Though I had known him for some years, I had never gone to his house.

"On this occasion I noticed a Van Dyck on the walls, and asked where it came from. My host replied that it had been

¹Goldt, "Raphael's Madonna Gonzaga," p. 14.

²Ibid, p. 74.

brought from New Orleans by his uncle, an artist, who had inherited it from his father. I asked if they had any other paintings, not dreaming, of course, of Raphael's lost Madonna. The reply was rather careless, to the effect that there was one more in the garret.

"Of course I asked to see it. My host took me at once to the garret, or at least to the door. The door had not been opened in so long that we had to work for a long time to get it unlocked. We poured kerosene in the lock, and after considerable time got it open. There was a quantity of valuable and beautiful ornaments of one sort or another, but this was the only painting. It did not take very long to convince me that I had stumbled upon the lost Raphael, or the finest copy that had ever been made of that great artist's work!"¹

There is one copy on porcelain of this beautiful Madonna in Trinity College, Washington, D. C. Various other convents and churches throughout the United States, as well as many private families, have the good fortune to possess copies of this masterpiece.

Mr. Miles Connolly has called this *Madonna Ganzaga* "the most beautiful painting in the world," and I agree with him. It surpasses the *Sistine Madonna* in every way; as Mr. Connolly says, "In the *Sistine Madonna* they are for you, for the world. But here is a stolen glimpse of God and His Mother in divine secrecy exchanging the love of their souls." The picture represents the mother bending a pensive glance on her little Son, with His hands crossed on His breast, and on his fair, child-like face the first glimmer of a heavenly smile of happiness. His tiny lips are parted as if to whisper some childish thought to His Mother, so sad and attentive, yet so happy and delighted to hear what He is saying. From His fair head "three rays of light radiate in three places. They seem to meet behind His little head, forming a cross, which we fancy growing with the Child until on its outstretched arms the Saviour of mankind is crucified."² One cannot help noticing the look of deep adoration in His beautiful eyes, which though they are gazing at far-distant things, nevertheless, hold the divine look of love, worship, and devotion.

This picture alone would have won undying fame for any artist, but when we consider that it is one of hundreds equally well executed, we conclude that the genius of the youthful Raphael can be explained only by saying, "it was a gift of God." Yet, of these countless representations of the Madonna and Child, the *Madonna Gonzaga* appeals to me personally, and to most people who have studied it, as the most beautiful picture in the world.

ESTHER V. FOX, '28.

¹John T. Goldt, "Raphael's Madonna Gonzaga," pp. 105-133.

²John T. Goldt, "Raphael's Madonna Gonzaga," p. 25.

Sympathy

They sat together in a cramped dressing room of the great theatre, which that night was to be the scene of the long-awaited "music festival." Two striking figures they were; the old man, whose flowing white hair enhanced the serenity of his face, was one of the orchestra's second violinists; the young boy, whose thoughtful black eyes were clouded now, almost scowling, was the attraction of the evening, the magnet that drew the thousands waiting just beyond their door. For a long while they had sat there, deep in thought; but at last the boy broke the silence, putting into reluctant words the thing that disturbed him.

"I'm afraid you'll think me selfish, but I must tell some one what I feel about it all,—the playing for money, before people who come, because it is the thing to do, the bowing to them, the giving of encores after their endless, tiresome clapping. This has no charm for me. I'm never so happy as when I take my violin, and play for myself alone in my cozy studio, where there's no one else about. Out there, back of the glaring footlights, I try to look past the smiling, stupid faces and imagine that I am in my own loved room; but I cannot. They will never know me at my best."

This last was said with a touch of regret, which belied his professed indifference to his public. The older man's eyes twinkled. He had met many boys like this one. Some of them were just as famous, and others had not quite reached the goal of their ambitions; but at least none of them had been as obscure as he, the second violinist. Yet so many of them had felt impelled to confide in him, back-stage a bent familiar figure,—in the orchestra, one face among many.

"You don't do them justice boy, those people out there. They're sympathetic; they're longing to see you, not only because of yourself, but because you have the rare power of expressing in beautiful harmony their own thoughts and feelings. There are lonely, neglected people out there, and this evening, some happy little trill from your bow on the strings will bring them cheer and the knowledge that their hearts are not so empty after all. There are wavering, cowardly souls out there and perhaps the sweep of a single measure, and perhaps, no less, the dash of your own individuality, will impart to them the prayed-for courage to meet some awful crisis. Oh, there are so many to whom you can minister; you, the musician, the healer of weary minds. You can bring back the sweetness of life to the bitter and disillusioned; you can quiet the turbulent, dissatisfied heart. All this, if you have only the desire to do it. But there is one more thing you can do,—one thing most difficult,

but best of all. Perhaps, this evening, you will awaken a few, or perhaps, only one, of the indifferent, who come indeed, as you say, because it is the thing to do. You can, if you will, discover for them, all the magic beauty that is hidden in that instrument of yours."

* * * *

The press was unanimous, unstinting in its praise.

"Rodiego, the youthful violin master, played last evening at the ———. Critics who have heard him in other cities say that he surpassed himself. No less striking than the excellence of his performance was the surprising charm of his personality. His heart was in his work; he seemed in sympathy with his audience, particularly in the rendering of the encores, which consisted of the more popular masterpieces which never fail to touch the heart."

For the first time the object of these praises eagerly scanned the press notices of a previous evening's performance, for the first time his dark eyes were alight with the joy of service. The second violinist read the newspaper comments, too, and though his eyes twinkled and he smiled, the smile was a proud one, an old man's smile.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.

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Marie*

I think that I shall never see
A lady lovely as Marie,

Marie, whose life is wholly spent
Fulfilling her dear Lord's intent,—

Marie, who thinks of God all day
And lifts her gentle eyes to pray.

Marie, who will in Heaven wear
A crown of glory on her hair,—

Upon whose bosom care has lain,
Who intimately lives with pain.

Ladies are won by men like me,
But only God could win Marie!

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.

*With sincere admiration of Joyce Kilmer's *Trees*.

Post-War Constitutions

Nationalism! What enthusiasm it lends to any nation or people. If we can expect any lasting peace as a result of the settlements after the World War, it is certainly because of the national recognition given to the people. The Peace Conference, in attempting to resettle Europe, recognized this principle of nationalism as the basis of political organization, and created a number of new states.

Perhaps, if we were more familiar with old Europe, the Europe of 1914, after the Treaty of Versailles, 1919, it would be easier for us to feel acquaintance with the present countries. "The ideas underlying Central European conditions are not the result of fortuitous concurrence of circumstances brought about by the war, but are the natural conclusion of a successful endeavor to break the system of political and natural absolutism."¹ As a result, the monarchichal principle has disappeared in Germany, and a republican form has taken its place. Hungary continues her old form of government, but for the present without a king; Yugoslavia, the home of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, although a constitutional monarchy, has adopted a liberal constitution. Russia, with her economic philosophy of communism and soviet principles of government, is one of the most vital questions of political importance in Europe today. Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Austria have all adopted written forms of government. "In 1914 there were only five republics, and in a short time the number has trebled."² Why should a written constitution have such an appeal? The new constitutions lacked the elements of sacredness, and also lacked laws, precedents, and customs, which make for mystery and solemnity. The written constitutions seemed to have the following values:

1. They appeared as the outcome of the people's power.
2. They were commended by their simplicity.
3. They eliminated technicalities.
4. They expressed the ideas within the comprehension of the multitude.

The results of the war were so decisive, the falling of empires so complete, that the founders of the constitutions were at liberty to form their governments as they desired. There were great differences among the existing constitutions as to the organization and action of the governments. There was controversy between the liberal and conservative

¹"Europa" p. 21, "New Conditions in Central Europe and Their Significance," E. Benes, Foreign Minister, Czechoslovakian Republic.

²Duchesne, A. E. "Democracy and Empire," Oxford, 1916.

element in regard to the fundamental laws, and the national interests. As to the essential requirements, the most prominent idea was that there should be some guarantee of rights to the individual, and some reciprocal check and balance among the legislative, judicial, and executive powers, and also that there should be an assembly representing the body of the people. The rights of the individual and of minorities have been safeguarded by various expedients such as initiative referendum, and proportional representation. Contrary to the American idea, the second chambers have only a suspensory vote. The framers of the constitutions have endeavored to provide for the control of diplomacy, and they make stipulation for extensive agrarian and industrial reforms, which were popular in old European countries. The press, the decline of parliamentary ability, the increase of executive power, direct action by labor, and extra constitutional organizations will all have great influence upon the workings of the constitutional governments in the new states of Europe. These entities have borrowed from England, France, and the United States political forms which now seem to be functioning, but the future will tell in what manner.

There are factors that would cause difficulties, even if the people were accustomed to self-government. However, the division that could be formerly drawn between economics and politics is rapidly disappearing; nevertheless, to the slight extent that the distinction exists, the emphasis in the new states must of necessity be laid upon economics rather than politics.

Whether the parliaments of the new states are fitted for the effort of carrying on the government, is, perhaps, the most important question that will be answered by future events. Lord Morley in *Democracy and Reaction* pessimistically remarked that although "over three hundred constitutions had been promulgated in Europe between 1800 and 1880, men have been slow in discovering that the forms of government are less important than the forces behind them. Forms are important only as they leave liberty and law to awaken and control the energies of the individual man; while at the same time, giving its best chance to the common good." It is with the common good that the new states are concerned, and at this time, "common good" means "common goods" in Central Europe.

One feature which we may consider as being drawn from the American Constitution is the Bill of Rights.

Presidents are provided for, as in the United States, but without the powers of our president. Germany has a president elected by the people, but a cabinet responsible to the legislature. During the revolutionary transition, a strong executive authority was almost indispensable according to Article 48 of the German Constitution. The president of

the Reich has great powers, particularly in regard to legislation; but he has no direct veto power. When a law is passed, however, he may, before promulgation, order a referendum upon it. Article 72 gives the president the right to pass an urgent law. The Reichstag may be dissolved by his command, but this is not the only manner in which this may be brought about. Power of this nature may be a material factor in preventing such frequent Cabinet changes as occur in France; for the authority to dissolve the Reichstag, together with the discretion that he has in regard to referendum, gives the German President a dominating position in respect to the responsibility of the Cabinet to the Reichstag.

In Austria, the president is elected by the legislature, and has limited powers with considerably less power than the German executive. The relationship of the department is such that the ministries may not be very stable.

The Polish chief resembles the French executive. He has no right of vote, and may not demand a reconsideration of a law, or initiate legislation. There is a ministerial responsibility, but the power of dissolution is much more limited than in Germany. The Assembly may dissolve itself, or it may be dissolved by the President with the consent of three-fifths of the statutory number of members of the Senate which is dissolved at the same time. (Article 26.) These constitutional adjustments in Poland will allow a legislative dominance over the ministry, the prevailing situation in Europe.

In Czechoslovakia the advantage is with the executive. The president is the strongest head of any of the new states. He may dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, appoint and diminish ministers who are responsible to the chamber. The power of veto, together with his power of dissolution, constitute an adequate protection against the whims of the legislature.

Czechoslovakia leads in "democratization of administration." She declared that the civic element should be represented in the subordinate offices of the state. A law creating special administrative bodies for the counties and districts represents an effort to put this constitutional principle into practice. It is a bold step toward reorganizing public administration on a democratic basis. This principle is particularly used in establishment and organization of administrative courts where it is particularly a matter of the protection of the rights and interests of citizens.

The provisions for secondary chambers in the new constitutions form an interesting study. Most of the legislatures are bicameral, except for that of Yugoslavia. Various methods are used for electing members of the second chambers, and for providing for the powers and relative posi-

tions. All agree on one principle. The upper chambers are placed in a distinctly subordinate position. The distribution of power is such that, while the upper chamber may impede and delay legislation, they cannot withstand the will of the people. Deadlocks are avoided. If the upper house refuses to consent to a bill, repassage by the lower house, or ratification by the voters upon a referendum is commonly sufficient to enact the rejected proposal into law. We might ask, what is the reason for a second chamber? The second chamber attempts to provide for the representation of the component states as political entities. The creation of a second chamber was not due to opposition to the democratic idea, but it may have been a matter of habit, or belief in the value of a check, but whatever the reason for the bicameral principle, the reason for a subordinate upper chamber is apparent. All constitutions provide for governments under which the ministry is responsible to parliament. If the upper chamber can interfere in relations between the ministry and the lower chamber, the result would be a weakening of the system. The manner in which bicameral arrangements will work out cannot be determined as yet, but the idea of a strong second chamber has not met with approval.

Germany is a good example of legislative centralization under the new régime. The new Reich powers have been considerably increased. They include three different groups of subjects. The Reich is given exclusive control over civil law, criminal law, public health, natural resources, etc. (Article 6). Priority of jurisdiction is given over the second group, for the states may legislate "as long and in so far as the Reich does not make use of its powers of legislation." (Article 12.) In regard to the third group the Reich may prescribe "fundamental principles," leaving only matters of detail to the states. Article 10 reads: "The Reich may by law prescribe fundamental principles with respect to:

Rights and duties of religious associations.

Education, including higher education and scientific libraries.

Rights of officials of all public bodies.

Land titles, land distributions, etc.

Disposition of the dead."

Article II reads: "In so far as is necessary, the Reich may by law prescribe fundamental principles with respect to the imposition and collection of state taxes in order to safeguard important commercial interests." In the important field of economic legislation, not only do the laws of the Reich take precedence over those of the state, but the Reich may also veto the laws of any state, and there is no state veto as in the United States. The Reich, as far as finance is concerned, may not only claim such sources of revenue as it requires, but with due consideration for the needs of the states may determine the fundamental principle of

state taxation and revenue" according to Article II. If the Reich decides to use its powerful influence to the fullest extent, just what rights remain to the states? In case of doubt, power belongs to the states solely under the legislature and supervision of the Reich; moreover, the means of supervision are strengthened. A commission of the Reich, if the central officers of the states, neglect to do so, may forward instructions directly to the intermediate and subordinate officers. Even at this stage, if the Reich is not satisfied with these grants of powers, there still remains Article 76, which gives the Reichstag the power to pass amendments to the Constitution by a two-thirds majority of two-thirds of the members, and the Reichsrat, if dissatisfied, may only demand a referendum, which principle is not quite in accordance with our idea of a representative constitution. Austria's union of eight component states makes her policy of legislative centralization different from that of Germany. Lower Austria contains about one-half the population of the country; and this may account for the constitutional arrangements in respect to the state of Lower Austria and the city of Vienna, *i.e.*: "The city of Vienna and the state of Lower Austria shall be regarded as separate states in respect to representation and status in the Bundesrat."¹ The legislative powers of the central government in Austria appear to be even more comprehensive than those of the German Reich. As in the German Constitution, here, also, there are three groups of powers, but the basis of division is somewhat different. There is no group of subjects over which the state may legislate until the central government has legislated fundamental principles; the states may then supplement them. The Federal state has both legislative and executive control over the constitution, foreign relations, regulation and supervision over Federal territory, finance, currency, civil law, right of association, commerce and industry, traffic, mining, labor laws, public health, scientific archives, military affairs, and creation of federal authorities and other federal officers, and laws of federal public service. Over a less important group, as citizenship, professional associations, public agencies, ammunition, housing, and administrative procedure, ordinances are issued by the Federal state, unless they are otherwise provided for by law. The central government has a legislative competence that is apparently exclusive; but the states have executive power subject to federal supervision. Although the states have this executive power, the central government, by its legislation in regard to fundamental principles, has a strong hand in many state problems. Article 12 provides "the Federal State shall have the executive power and of supplementary legislation as to fundamental principles, but the states shall have the executive power and of supplementary legislation in respect to the following matters:

¹Constitution of Austria, Article 34, Section 2.

organization of administration in the states, poor relief, etc. Residuary powers belong to the states, but it is difficult to imagine any power of importance that is not covered by the constitutional enumeration in favor of the Federal State. (Articles 10-15.) The realm of State Rights is not clearly defined as in the United States.

The composite character and diversity of nationalities would make Czechoslovakia tend to a unitary system of government in order that the Czechs might have a sufficient strength in Parliament to prevent Slovakia from being partial to Hungary, in a way that would be dangerous to Czechoslovakia.

Federalism, decentralization, and unitarism or centralization were all forcibly put forth in Yugoslavia. The different political traditions, diversities of race, language, and religion called for a federal system. In the end, centralization won out, but this constitution was accepted by the Croats and Slovenes solely because there was no other form available.

All the new constitutions agree on one principle. Each provides for the application of the principle of proportional representation. The governments aim at guaranteeing civil, religious, racial, linguistic, and educational rights rather than equality of representation. Formerly, the principle of proportional representation found little favor, but now, because of peculiar circumstances, Europe has accepted it without dispute.

One other general principle provided for in the new constitutions is that of socialization. They invite agrarian reform, land nationalization, state-managed coal mines, and bread subsidies. Aristotle said: "The state was formed to make life possible, and it exists to make life good." Can the new democracies assure their citizens of a good life? Their constitutions must be guarded with wisdom and fortitude, and these virtues, being gifts of God, are not guaranteed by the Constitutions. The new states of Europe put their trust in parliamentary government, geographical representation, and decision by majorities. This trust recalls Gladstone's remark: "It is not by the state that man can be regenerated and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually dealt with."

MARGARET R. SCULLY, '26.



Camp-Fires

In the dark of summer nights, when cottages disappear as if by magic, and lake and mountains resume their primitive beauty, the ruddy light of a camp-fire here and there along the shore throws the black tops of the pine trees into sharp relief against the sky, and sends a beacon of cheer over the calm water. Out of the shadows, come in your long canoe, my friend, and share with me the quiet joy and genial warmth of my fire.

For a time, while dry twigs are in abundance, we

*“—stirred the fire to flame,
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came.”*

Each dreams his own dreams; one sees “sunset cities gleaming—spire on burning spire”; while to the other come visions of “golden galleys sweeping out from sea-walled Tyre.”

More often, however, do our thoughts turn to those who preceded us in the enjoyment of this tranquil lake. Near by we can distinguish the slender birches, which even now bear the marks of the Red Men’s knives; for Pasaquaney Lake was known as a spot “where birch bark for canoes might be found.” Legend has pointed out our place for camp-fire as the spot of many of the Indian ceremonial fires. Here in the mountains the tribes gathered to hunt, to build new caves and to form new truces. Here White Feather, princess of her tribe, gave up her chosen lover to marry the son of an enemy chief, thus bringing peace between two warring nations. Many times has the peace pipe passed around this charmed circle. Old Chief Waternomee himself might even now join us and discuss the treatment of his people at the hands of the white race, if we only had the power to recall him from his happy hunting ground. Under the mystic spell of the night almost anything may happen.

Our fire, carrying with it memories of other days, dies down to a friendly glow. The pungent smell of wood-smoke fills the clear mountain air and mingles soothingly with the fragrance of pine and other “woody” odors. The intense darkness, so full of dread to the city-dweller, is lightened here and there by an unseen fairy carrying his fire-fly lantern to the Ring not far away. Let us follow one very quietly and perhaps we shall see a sight usually forbidden to mortal eyes—a fairy ball. Our tiny guide is not false to our hope, for just ahead is the Ring of birches which encloses the loveliest carpet of moss and jewel-weed in all these woods. Surely there is a great gathering of the Little People tonight, for now hundreds of the tiny lanterns flicker here and there in the magic place.

Perhaps Oberon and Titania are once more celebrating the peaceful settlement of some dispute; if we only had "eyes to see" what wonders we might now behold. The crickets and high-trilling tree toads seem particularly melodious—perhaps they are the Court Musicians. Otherwise the utter stillness is broken only now and then by the stirring of some sleepy bird, or the scolding of a chipmunk who evidently has not been invited to the fiesta. An owl overhead seems to doubt the wisdom of such proceedings, and utters solemn protests, questioning eternally. Perhaps it is to our presence that he objects, wondering who we might be to intrude on fairy revels; so we had better seek our fire once more—'tis never wise to stay when the Wood Folk are unwilling. We only hope that our unwitting guide will not lose his lantern for bringing us to the witching scene!

Upon emerging from the shadows of the forest we find that, with a little encouragement, our fire will take on new energy, and once more we sit in silent communion. There is nothing like a fire in the open air for bringing hearts into closer understanding of each other, and into a deeper appreciation of Nature's mysteries.

Overhead are those "myriads with beating hearts of fire, that aeons cannot vex or tire" whose colors of topaz and misty red our own flames rival. As the hours go by these stars give us a sense of infinite rest as in measured, stately order they change positions in the dome of heaven. At last, "greatly shining," the autumn moon rises and, filling lake-shore and mountains with mellow light, makes our comfortable little fire seem very small indeed; so, regretfully, we let it once more die out, while we prepare to sink into that realm of dreamless peace which follows such an evening of fire-light meditation. . . . Far over the hills comes the echo of the whip-poor-will's *Good-night*, mingled with the loon's wild cry.

PHYLLIS M. JOY, '29.

Old Bells

On hearing the bells of an old church, Sunday evening

The wind is east tonight: the chant of bells,
 From high in Harpswell's steeple o'er the bay,
 Is floating down so silver clear; it tells
 The country-side the vesper hour of day.
 These bells were tolling years ago, they say,
 To warn the farmers of the Indian raids;
 And summon to the tower grim and gray
 The sires of those who in the roseate shades
 Of sunset, reverent stand as the mellow blessing fades.

MARY B. McMAHON, '29.

The Mist of Eden

It has always seemed to me that the perfect loveliness of a woman's character should consist in the subtle blending of those two "noblest of things," "sweetness and light." Perhaps I am wrong, for I am not yet on the "windy" side of that age at which one may give expression to one's opinions, but at least for the present, I am convinced. For there is something in the well-balanced union of beauty and intelligence which, however often it is found in the characters of men, seems to belong, especially, to the perfection of woman's nature.

Indeed, to attain to its highest development it is necessary that the woman's character possess "sweetness and light," and not only possess the two, but possess them harmoniously united. For the possession of either of the two, without the other, leads to imperfection. Shakespeare's Hero, for example, is eminently endowed with "sweetness." She is the very personification of that virtue which is "seldom found in woman and never in a man." Patient she is, and virtuous, long-suffering and mild; but she is tedious! Beatrice, on the other hand, possesses more "light" than "sweetness." Her quick wit and nimble mind make her gay repartee often caustic and sometimes coarse. Between the two there is Phebe, who possesses neither "sweetness" nor "light," and is not worth mentioning, and Viola, who is so favorably gifted with the nice possession of both qualities that she attains to about as much perfection as the average young woman is capable of reaching. Indeed, the skillful way in which she uses her beauty and intelligence makes her one of the most lovable characters in all literature.

Perhaps in the preceding paragraph I have used too freely the words "endowed" and "gifted." "Sweetness" and "light" are not gifts given to one and denied to another. Rather are they rewards reserved for those who will so use their powers so as to deserve them.

I can imagine the thoughts that fill the mind of the college graduate as she stands, diploma in hand, at the threshold of the new life that awaits her. I can imagine her looking back on the brief nineteen or twenty years of her life, a large part of the most of them spent in the pursuit and development of "light." I can imagine her realizing that to the world she represents an educated woman, while to herself she is but a child, "forever gathering pebbles on a boundless shore." I can imagine her comparing the cold, little, silver shaft of light that is hers—a shaft such as might penetrate through the crack of a prisoner's cell on the bitterest of wintry nights—with the warm, rich, rubious glow of the torch of wisdom. I can imagine her thinking of the time and effort that has been put into the

winning of even that bit of "light." And, finally, I can imagine her saying, somewhat as the heroine of a popular novel said, when she viewed the work of a lifetime:

"Aye, at a great cost, gained I this knowledge."

Yet of the two qualities, "sweetness and light," it seems to me that the gaining of "light" is infinitely the easier. To advance in "age and wisdom," especially in the present day when the physical and mental needs of the potential woman are so carefully provided for, is most natural. But to advance in those more spiritual and kindly qualities, in that beauty of soul and mind which so enhances a woman's character, is less easy. The woman who possesses "sweetness" must be willing to give to the world infinitely more than she expects to receive from it in return. She must live up to the most uncompromising tenets of the old French proverb, *Noblesse oblige*. Her love, the love which she gives to others and the love which she inspires in others, must be pure and unselfish. That "majestic childishness" of which Ruskin speaks; that blending of the purity, the simplicity, the humility of the child with the nobility, the serenity, and the worldly wisdom of the woman must be a part of her.

And it is not without experiencing the "pain-throb," at least to a slight degree, that sweetness can be won. It is not the reward of selfishness or bitterness. As fire purifies metals passed through it, so the "pain-throb" purifies and gives sweetness to the character of woman. Perhaps had Viola never suffered shipwreck and loss, never despaired of the fulfilment of her love, never experienced the various griefs and difficulties which fell to her lot during her first days in Illyria, she would have been a less charming and a less fascinating heroine.

One sees, then, that the quest of sweetness and light is not easy; and that once these two "noblest of things" are part of one's character they entail some responsibility. Yet, for all that, the game seems worth the candle, for the woman who possesses sweetness and light is in very truth,

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel's light."

And to those with whom she lives, her life is a blessing like "the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden."

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.

SCRIP and SCRIPPAGE

CHRISTMASTIDE IN BOSTON

Don't you think that cities, as well as rustic scenes, may sometimes be inspirations for poetry? Though nature is an appealing subject, is not man a higher one? God made the country, they say, and man made the town; but it is that faculty of man which is God-like, his love of beauty and truth, that have inspired the great monuments of our cities, the libraries, the museums, the beautiful churches, which are in themselves, as Ruskin has said, "frozen poetry." The dwellings, too, especially of our own metropolis, the towering shops, the buildings which house our government, all of them, though material in themselves, are emanations of some one's mind, are the embodiment of some one's thought. Yes, there is poetry in the city; and to me there are two aspects under which old Boston may well be viewed as embodying that "something" which makes it worthy of being enshrined in poetry.

One of these aspects is Boston at night, when the "madding crowd" in its "ignoble strife" has left the heart of the city; when noisy streets hear no longer the clamor and rushing of many feet and many wheels; when only a subdued murmur still creeps through its thoroughfares and byways; when the shops, emptied of eager purchasers, in silence show their lovely wares; when tall towers blink hundreds of lighted windows, and theatres flash their inviting programs.

But lovelier than this time is the Christmastide in Boston. Talk of making Christmas mercenary, talk of it as a business proposition, if you will; to me, when that cheery season approaches, Boston has ever seemed alive with the true spirit of Christmas goodwill and cheer. The multitudes who fill its holly-festooned stores, and gaze in wonder and delight at their offerings, has always seemed to me to know that above it all, and higher than it all, is the Heaven-given thought of the Angel's Christmas message. It is the same throng that lets slip its worries and cares, and listens in happiness to the dulcet tones of chimes singing forth the familiar old carols; who, while they choose the baubles for their Christmas tree, and frequent the children's magic toyland, are thinking, too, of the candles whose bright beams will shine out from their homes to proclaim that therein has been the desire to give joy to fellowmen. Perhaps some will herald Christmas morn by the ancient custom of hymns upon Beacon Hill. More, too, are planning to partake of the spiritual joy of attendance at Midnight Mass.

Though to the cynic's view, their minds may seem "over-full of self affairs," there is many a neighborly act performed after the manner of the Good Samaritan. There is a realization that Sir Launfal, by sharing his last crust of bread, deserved the sight of the Holy Grail, because he gave it with sacrifice. There is a feeling that Christmas is not worthily observed, if men will not give of the things they hold dear to those in need, even as God the Father gave His only-begotten Son to lost mankind.

So it seems to me that Boston at Yuletide, flooded with greetings of Merry Christmas, and gifts bestowed in love, does not forget the real meaning of the story of Bethlehem; that its heart is raised to the Star of the East, and though a place of toil and bartering, it listens at this time in silence and appreciation to the angelic message to shepherds of old—"Peace on earth to men of good will."

HELEN E. BRIDEY, '28.

BEACON HILL

Rows of quaint houses with purple glass window-panes, green, blue, and black doorways with shiny, brass knockers, and old fanlights above, range up and down both sides of the Hill. The aged and weathered exteriors rising out of the pavement tantalize passers-by with glimpses of winding staircases, crystal chandeliers, and china pussy cats. As to the china tabbies, if you doubt their prestige and merit, just try to entice one from its owner's mantelpiece! I have not enticed one, but tried to, and was rewarded by "the next best thing"—a china hen. But Fate was unkind to me, for the hen just naturally perished of a broken heart. Anyhow, her delicate anatomy was wholly shattered before we left her native soil.

China hens, pewterware, canopied four-poster beds, and cherry-wood tables exhale the spirit of 1760. And how can 1760 linger on in the cold, keen light of 1927? Who can pin down to definition or analogy that elusive quality of the Hill, its charm, which fills the imagination with recollections of red coats, stage coaches, and hitching posts? Then when gay uniforms flashed in the sun, and powdered wigs galloped on horseback, Beacon Hill was a little hamlet, whose inhabitants let their cows out to pasture on the Boston Common; a neighborhood, whose little boys resented any tyranny over their play, as much as any little boys today would resent the self-assertion of a crabby owner of a vacant lot.

Greek fruit men, working girls, starving artists, and eating-places have violated, but not destroyed, the sanctity of the Hill. "It is not now as it hath been of yore," and "the old order changes yielding place to the new." Can a leopard change its spots? No more can a century

and a half of times and conditions affect Beacon Hill. Costumes change, and fashions in conventions come and go, but the walls and cellars on Beacon Hill stand still for culture, refinement, defiance to Philistinism, and for devotion to the best.

MARY McMAHON, '28.

"DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY"

I really do know a few people who begin in the summer to embroider and sew their gifts for Christmas and purchase articles here and there to stow away in safety through the long, autumn months. Such people are few and far between, but they really do exist, these staid and sensible folk—much too staid and sensible for me! It seems to me, that if the truth were told, these individuals haven't the real Christmas spirit. On the first of December they can sit down and fold their hands with the smug, comfortable feeling that they haven't a thing to do before the twenty-fifth. But who, pray tell me, wants to feel smug and comfortable on December first? That is the time to start rushing and running around, to be always doing something, but never getting it quite done. Once, I bought a gift about six weeks before Christmas with a particular friend in mind, but the week before Christmas that gift wouldn't do at all; and last summer I bought a set of pins with the idea that they would make a Christmas present for some one. In the meantime, I have worn the pins and lost them.

A few weeks before Christmas the stores are decked in holly wreaths and red ribbon, and countless quantities of merchandise are set out on counters to tempt your taste and your pocketbook. There are about a million things you want to do, and about fifty or so that you actually accomplish, but who cares? The hustle and bustle is half the fun, and even if your "determinate voyage is mere extravagancy," and you wander aimlessly from store to store just looking, you can catch the Christmas spirit. The fact that school work is twice as hard, that the weather is abominable, that you usually have a cold, and that the stores are so crowded that breathing is almost impossible, only adds to the excitement. Christmas comes but once a year, you know, and even if last minute shopping is a "parlous" business, it is a joyful one. You rush into the stores with your courage high and your pocketbook full, and a couple of hours later you drag yourself out exhausted with a pile of bundles and an empty purse. This performance must be repeated every day for a week before Christmas to get the full benefit of it. I assure you that on Christmas Eve you will have to take a deep breath and grit your teeth to go on "to the last gasp with truth and loyalty" to your aspirations. Of course, you have spent every cent of your money and

haven't bought half the number of things you intended; but that jade pen for Sister Bess was so attractive, and that rare volume for Dad so interesting, what if you did pay twice as much for them as you had planned? You can make up for it some place else on your list (you never do). But the course of Christmas shopping never did run smooth.

A couple of weeks before Christmas I make out a list of all the things I want to get. In fact, I make out two lists, one comprising the gifts I'd like to get, and the other, the ones I can purchase "out of my lean and low ability." Ted wants a new radio; I'll buy him a tie. Dot has her heart set on an evening wrap; I'll buy her a pocketbook. I'd love to get Mother a strand of pearls, but my gift will probably be those fur lined gloves she needs. They are by no means gorgeous presents, but "never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it."

So it goes on, but when the little ones looking for Santa Claus on Christmas morning awaken us, the air is purged of pestilence and with the Christmas carols, we feel the peace of the Christ Child in our hearts, even if we haven't done our Christmas shopping early.

MARY SHEEHAN, '29.



VACATION MEMORIES

I said, "I went fishing"—but how could I fish
When the Queen Lily's court bowed in duty,
And the sunned waters mirrored the blue clouds,
And the fish flashed their bright jeweled beauty?

I said, "I went climbing"—but how could I climb
When the valley was green-mossed and rosy
And tiny streams mingled their soft harmonies
And the thrush nest was egg-lined and cosy?

And I said, "I went dancing"—but how could I dance
When the sky-roofed pavilion was bright
With star gleam and moonbeam in silver gold blend,
And a Princess I was—with my knight?

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

A SENSE OF HUMOR

"He gave me to keep a little foolish laughter;
I shall not lose it even when I am dead."

—*Aline Kilmer.*

One of our contemporary poets has very charmingly expressed in this manner a feeling that all of us should harbor. It is joyous laughter that makes this world such a pleasing and delightful place in which to live. I do not mean shallow or critical laughter, but the laughter which comes from deep within the heart, the outward symbol of a sense of humor; and of all the gifts which have been bestowed on man, a sense of humor is one of the most desirable.

Youth, rich in irresponsibilities, merry jests, a care-free happiness, and an optimism that knows no bounds, has a sense of humor to be marvelled at; it is always bobbing up at the most inopportune moments, ever triumphant. There are those who say that youth is intolerant, but I should advise them to be careful. Think you that such a glorious thing as irrepressible youth could be guilty of intolerance? Indeed not; the trouble with the people is that they are envious of youth, with its merry heart free from the cares and anxieties that come with the advancing years. You know that is why death is so foreign to youth, for every grin so merry draws a nail out of the coffin.

As one grows older one acquires a discriminating and analytic sense of humor. It is this humor, the product of both the brain and the heart, which has endeared to us the thoughts of our favorite authors. It has immortalized Dickens' *Pickwick*, and the peerless Mrs. Malaprop of *Rivals* fame, and just think of what it did for the gout of the dear old gentleman, Samuel Pepys!

There is another kind of humor, that which is the product of unconscious or involuntary absurdities. This is often the result of carelessness or the ludicrous statements of children. A student of geometry once startled the world with the surprising bit of information that if one should bisect the Ark, the angels on one side would be equal to the angels on the other. There is also a student of history who believes that Ulysses S. Grant is a grant of land on which several battles of the Civil War were fought.

But! whether you are prone to sharp, cutting, ironic wit, or gentle, good natured, kindly humor, remember the words of the great author:

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it; never in the tongue
Of him who makes it."

GRACE JOYCE, '31.

Two Christmas Poems

KATHLEEN ROGERS, '29.

"HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN"

Thrilled Nature smiles and sends the snowflakes down;
 She strives to make the frosty season mild,
 To banish as she can earth's wintry frown
 And calm a bit the blasts—chill, frenzied, wild;
 Yes, earth to welcome Mary and her Child
 Would mitigate the winter's wrathful sting;
 But how are those, "His Own," to greet their King?

The stars beam forth in happy brilliancy,
 The glowing joy of one, a beacon-light;
 The moving spheres in wondrous harmony
 Roll 'round the world enraptured with delight,
 For angel choirs through this divinest night
 With welcome songs make all the heavens ring;
 But how are those, "His Own," to greet their King?

The earth is hushed in silent, listening awe,
 And even soulless beasts are quiet, too,
 Acknowledging their Maker's sovereign law;
 The very rocks are jealous of the few
 That form the Sacred Cave that shelters *You*,
 Ah! Christ, Your birth is hailed by everything;
 But how will those, "Your Own," receive their King?

LEGEND OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

Three pines upon an ancient hillside grew;—
 The first tall pine oft whispered his desire
 To stand erect as mast above a crew,
 And watch the waves that thrill, excite, inspire!
 The next great pine was not as tall as he,
 And since the second could not flaunt his height,
 Nor tower above the wondrous, beckoning sea,
 He hoped to shine upon a hearth some night,
 The third poor pine was small and so he sighed—
 "Of frailty like mine what use is made?
 I cannot heat a hearth nor oceans ride."
 He lifted then his needled arms and prayed.

And lo, an angel came and chose that tree
 In Bethlehem cave a sentinel to be!

E. C. ECHOES

College Opens Large Registration of Freshmen

September 21 marked the opening of Emmanuel. The number of registrations broke all previous records and showed the great and rapid growth of the college. The president of the Junior class had her hands full greeting each new member and introducing her to her own Junior. We welcome our new Freshmen to our midst and hope that they will be as happy at Emmanuel as we are.

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Bishop Peterson Consecrated

We offer our most sincere congratulations to the Right Reverend John J. Peterson on his consecration as Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. Bishop Peterson has always been a staunch friend of Emmanuel from its earliest days, when he was Rector of St. John's Seminary. His promotion is of special interest to us since his niece, Mary Canavan, is a member of our Junior class. We look forward to meeting Bishop Peterson at Emmanuel in the near future.

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Faculty Changes

Among the new additions to our teaching staff we welcome to the school Reverend Charles D. McInnis, of St. John's Seminary, who has charge of classes in Philosophy 1. Father McInnis does not come a stranger to us as he is a brother of Mary McInnis, who was graduated in '26.

Rev. Louis F. Keleher, D.D., has given his services to teach Religion 1 and Religion 2 in place of the Reverend Francis L. Keenan, who will not resume his work until the second semester.

We all regret very much the resignation from the Faculty of our capable and devoted teacher of expression

and coach of dramatics, Miss Rose Walsh, who left us to begin her service at Marygrove College, Detroit, Michigan. We shall miss her at Emmanuel, but wish her the greatest success in her new undertaking. We have as Miss Walsh's able successor, Miss Chisholm, of the Leland Powers School, who has already won the admiration and eager co-operation of all with whom she has come in contact.

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Picnic at Lake Pearl

To open our social season for 1927-28 the Sophomores informally admitted the Freshmen to the college ranks by giving them a picnic at Lake Pearl, on Saturday, October 23. After a pleasant ride down to Wrentham, each Freshman was politely shown her subordination to the Sophomores by being put through various capers, for the most part ridiculous. Mae Delaney, as chairman of the party, left nothing undone to make the newcomers creditable members of the school. With their facial decorations of colored chalk and their braided pigtailed of varied sizes and shapes, they sat in a semi-circle like so many Indians awaiting their call to perform. But in spite of all this ordeal, every Freshman proved to be a good sport, and both classes returned with a better understanding of their relative places in the College.

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Party for "Babies"

For the initial social activities, at least, the Juniors have been capturing many honors for unique and pleasurable entertainment. On September 26 they invited the Freshmen to a Baby Party. This was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable ever held at Emmanuel. The "babies" looked very sweet and many of them very realistic in their short dresses and bows. The

Juniors, dressed as nursemaids, paraded around the gymnasium with their young charges, to the delight of all. Each child received a favor and then followed a program of stunts directed by Katherine Skelley, who was in charge of the party. The committee realized that no baby party would be complete without ice cream and cake, and so arranged that grown-ups and children were served by the nursemaids.

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'29 Scores Again—Juniors Give Masquerade

Once more, on November 2, the Juniors entertained the college by organizing the first masquerade in the history of the college. This was given in the gymnasium to the whole student body and was a great success in every way. The Juniors should be complimented on their ingenuity both in devising this plan and in carrying it out. Irene McDonnell managed the party and also held the assembled group of masqueraders spellbound by her clever sleight-of-hand tricks. The Juniors formed the orchestra, dressed in tuxedo coats. Those who played were Gertrude Riley, Catherine Foley, Mary Carroll, Elizabeth McMahan, Helen O'Toole, Mary McDonnell. There were specialty dances by Catherine Foley and Muriel Lambert, and the party wound up with an elimination dance.

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Tea Dance

The events of our social calendar have not been confined to activities within the college building, for, on November fifth, the Freshmen entertained us all at their tea dance at the Somerset Hotel from four to seven. The committee consisted of Alice Larkin, chairman, Dorothy Groden, Ann Grady, Anne Tilley, Louise Fielding and Emily Quinn, who are to be complimented on their excellent management. We all enjoyed a most happy afternoon dancing to a fine orchestra and partaking of a delicious tea. May the Freshmen succeed in all their undertakings as well as they have in this!

Esther Doyle Tennis Champion

Our tennis tournament is growing to be one of the popular events of the college year. This year it was most successful on account of the completion of our own courts on the college grounds. We now have two excellent courts, as well as a basketball field, which should stimulate a greater college interest in this, one of the most beneficial of American sports. Congratulations to the winner, Esther Doyle, of the Sophomore class, who beat Gertrude Riley, our champion of two consecutive years!

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Rev. Fr. Cushing Gives Talk

At the request of the Foreign Mission Society, the Reverend Richard Cushing, of the Propagation of the Faith Society, gave a very stirring appeal for the missions in far-away lands. By the use of statistics he brought the situation to our minds very forcibly. His earnestness alone was a great appeal for his cause. He told us that we could help the missions in three ways, comparing these three to the gifts brought to the Christ Child in the manger by the Wise Men: gold, frankincense, and myrrh, signifying material help or money, prayer, and personal service. So thrilling was his address that we all left the auditorium wondering in which way we could help most those needy missions.

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Large Attendance at Concert Symphony String Quartet

Sunday, November thirteenth, the Musical Society gave us a treat in the form of an unusually fine concert by the Symphony String Quartet, under the direction of Mr. Paul Shirley, who gave explanations about the selections and their composers in his interesting accented English. They played for us Mozart's "Quartet in G Minor" in four movements, "Havanaise" by Saint-Saens, "Italian Serenade" by Hugo Wolff, and perhaps the most beautiful of all, the "Andante Cantabile" of Tschaikowsky. They were ably assisted by Miss Greta Milos, a lyric

soprano of great merit and charming personality. She sang beautifully as if she enjoyed it, and made us feel that she really was glad to sing for us. This sort of program is a credit to the society and to the College.

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French Lectures

On November 16, Le Cercle Louis Veuillot heard the Reverend Paul de Mangeleere, Head of the French Department at Boston College, lecture on Francis Jammes' book, "Trente-Six Femmes." Father de Mangeleere gave a very interesting discussion of the book and also of the life of its author. This is the first of the many features planned by the French Club, whose officers are: Marguerite McDermott, Elizabeth Linnehan, Lucietta Piscopo and Theresa O'Flahaven.

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Alumnae Mass

On Saturday, November fifth, a Requiem Mass was sung in the chapel for the repose of the soul of Helen Barclay Malloy, '23, who died October sixth. The Reverend Patrick J. Waters was the celebrant. In a very beautiful and forceful sermon, the theme of which was, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," Dr. Waters brought before the members of the Alumnae the vanity of the things of this life and the surpassing joys of life eternal. His words were deeply consoling and seemed to lighten the gloom that was cast over the Alumnae at the first death to occur among their ranks. A large representation was present, betokening the high esteem in which Helen Barclay was held by those whose privilege it was to know her.

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Juniors Present Plays

Monday, November seventh, the Juniors displayed their dramatic ability by giving us three delightful little plays under the direction of Miss Chisholm. The first, "Hearts to Mend," was a pretty comedy of a poet who felt that his imaginative soul was dulled by his married life. He was shown his mistake by a philosophic tinker-man, who persuaded him to

draw the inspiration which his wife could give if he would but ask it. Muriel Lambert made a very sympathetic Pierrette; Kathleen Rogers played well the discouraged Pierrot, and Maura Gallagher smothered her identity to become the happy tinker-man with his bit of advice on the problem of life. "Miniquin and Maniquin" was a fanciful dialogue between two dainty china statues doomed to sit forever on opposite ends of a mantelpiece. Helen Morgan played the pretty little Miniquin and Arline Priest was her porcelain lover on the other side of the shelf. The third play was "Wisdom Teeth," the story of a cynical boy who had to escort a fussy old aunt to the dentist. There, contrary to all his principles, he fell in love with the next patient, who proved to be his aunt's new secretary. Anna McCarthy took the part of the boy so hardened against love; Madeleine Kelley, the complaining aunt; Catherine Delaney the alluring patient who quickly changed the opinions of the boy, and Phyllis Joy the sedate attendant. These three offerings show the dramatic talent in the Junior class, which should be a great asset in further work of this nature.

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Concert in Honor of St. Cecilia

November twentieth was the feast of St. Cecilia, the day on which every year the College displays its best talent in honor of the saint whose name we instinctively associate with beautiful melody. The whole Musical Society showed the effects of their intensive training in their zeal to make this program a success. The Orpheus Club, under the direction of Elizabeth Tobin, opened the program with the overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai. The Glee Club rendered a vocal version of Nevin's familiar and ever pleasing love song from the suite, "A Day in Venice." Then various members of both the Orpheus and Glee Clubs performed separately or in groups. There were solos by Helen Leahy, Phyllis Joy, Elizabeth Linnehan, and also a piano solo by Mercedes Vucassovich. The

Glee Club enhanced the program by offering a sextet of its members in a selection of graceful harmony, "The Nightingale and the Rose," rounding out a most inspiring hour of music.

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Play Contest

Dramatic Club Offers Prizes

The Dramatic Society is offering a prize for a play to be written by any member of the college before December ninth. The play may be an original plot or a dramatization of a novel. A prize of ten dollars is to be awarded, and the author will receive the honor and satisfaction of seeing her play produced by the students of the College. This should be a great impetus for bringing out many hidden geniuses in the field of drama.

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Recent College Sports

Bowling Party in Everett

On November eighteenth, a group of champion bowlers traveled out to St. Mary's Parish Hall in Everett to a bowling party planned and managed by Catherine Maloney in aid of the Foreign Missions. The difficulties experienced in reaching the place on such a rainy evening were well repaid by a most exciting and merry time, spent in tossing a wooden ball at several upright pins at the end of a narrow alley. Prizes were given to those who could bowl the highest scores, whether by luck or skill, and a very material benefit was realized for the missions.

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New Historical Society Formed

A new society has found a place among the clubs of the college. This is the Historical Society for stimulating and furthering interest in subjects of historical interest. It has included in its program of events lectures by prominent men during the school year. The committee is as follows: Katherine Gallivan, president; Christine Flanagan, vice president; Claire McGowan, treasurer, and Esther Barrett, secretary. We look for interesting developments from this new venture.

Original Christmas Play to Be Produced

The Christmas play to be given this year is one written jointly by three Seniors and two Juniors. The collaborators are Elizabeth Linnehan, Ethel Morris, Mary Rita O'Connor, Kathleen Rogers and Anna McCarthy.

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Honorary Catholic Society Started

Charter Members Chosen

Plans are nearing completion for the new Catholic Honor Society which will take the place in Catholic colleges of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Four charter members have been chosen from each college. They are the four members of the class of 1927 having the highest record for scholarship. The representatives from Emmanuel are Ruth Keleher, Genevieve McCrohan, Genevieve Steffy and Esther Turnbull. The first meeting to draw up the constitution will be held in December at Webster Grove College, Missouri. Provision for admittance of students of former years will be made at this meeting.

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Alumnae Dance at Somerset

On Friday evening November twenty-fifth, members of the Alumnae and their friends assembled at the Somerset for the annual dance given by their organization. This annual dance gives an opportunity for those who have graduated and gone their separate ways to get together and talk over old times.

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New Cafeteria Installed

The College, in its attempts to promote the comfort and convenience of the students, has this year opened a cafeteria within the school building. This new undertaking is managed by Mr. Walter Flaherty, and serves lunches throughout the day, thereby saving the trouble of running out each noon, which became a hardship in cold or stormy weather.

In Christo Quiescentes

Helen Barclay Malloy of the Class of 1923.

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, father of Kathleen O'Donnell, '28.

Mrs. Nora Griffin, mother of Catherine Griffin, '24 and Eileen Griffin, '27.

Mrs. Mary Smith, mother of Agnes Smith, '29 and Catherine Smith, '31.

*Ipsis, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii,
lucis et pacis, ut indulgeas, deprecamur.*

In Memoriam

HELEN BARCLAY MALLOY

On October 6, 1927, the first cloud of sadness cast itself over the graduate and student body of Emmanuel College. God Almighty had called to His Heavenly home Helen Barclay Malloy of the Class of '23.

Our eyes are dimmed with tears when we realize the loss Helen is to her husband, to her family and to all those who knew and loved her, and who cherished and treasured her friendship. Her life seemed endowed with an abundance of strength of character, of devotion to duty and of willingness to help one and all. Golden are the memories of the past because of knowing her.

Helen Theresa Barclay was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day, 1900. Her early life was spent among the beauties of that rural district. There she attended the grammar school and later entered the Spencer High School. This school was a distance of eight miles from her home and rarely did she miss a day, sometimes traveling under the most trying conditions. In winter, as she often told us, it was necessary to go over otherwise impassable roads in a sleigh. All of these difficulties so cheerfully encountered helped to shape her brave and dauntless spirit.

After completing the high school course Helen entered Simmons College, but with the opening of Emmanuel transferred to its portals, and became enrolled in the Pioneer Class. During the happy days that followed, Helen had the affection not only of her classmates but of all the members of the faculty and student body. She was distinguished by her cheerful disposition, her enthusiasm for all activities and, most of all, her thoroughness in completing every task.

Emmanuel days passed by and the many happy events of college life, especially to Helen, an out-of-towner, became fond memories. She

returned to Spencer and the next year enrolled in graduate work at the Worcester Normal School. In 1925 Helen received an appointment to the Rutland Junior High School. Here again her thorough workmanship and her beauty of character made her a most beloved teacher.

On the twenty-eighth of August, 1926, a beautiful late summer day, Helen was united in marriage to James L. Malloy. Of all the periods in her life, the one that now opened, short though it was, to her was surely the brightest and happiest. She has fulfilled God's purpose, she has left behind a living memory, a little son, James Barclay Malloy, born October 3, 1927, the Feast of St. Teresa of Lisieux, to whom Helen had great devotion.

Words can feebly express our sympathy with those near and dear to Helen. Emmanuel and her friends mourn with them. Yet in our sorrow we raise our hearts in thanksgiving to Our Heavenly Father for the privilege of having enjoyed her friendship and for the sublime consolation of our Holy Faith which teaches us that inspired by her life, we may merit to join with her in receiving the reward of a life well spent, eternity with God.

FRANCES FALLON HEWES, '23.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception

The winds with rushing eagerness,
When, golden streamers from the East
Announce the passing of the night,
Tell earth and sky 'tis Mary's feast.

The far-flung hills take up the call,
And e'en their massive, rugged crest
Is veiled in gleaming, glowing white,
In honor of the Virgin blest.

In crystal depths the lake reflects
The sapphire beauty of the sky;
E'en so did Mary's spotless soul
Reflect the light of God on high.

Thus Nature does her gracious best,
Shall we not chant the glad refrain?
With joy and heartfelt praise we sing
To her in whom "there was no stain."

PHYLLIS M. JOY, '29.

ALUMNAE NOTES

MARRIAGES

(Since June 1, 1927)

'24 Mary E. Berrigan to Mr. Thomas Roger Keane.

Margaret M. McClusker to Mr. Leo James Winkel.

'25 Eileen U. Keating to Mr. Daniel Cronin.

'26 Madeline M. McMorrow to Mr. Herbert Treat.

'27 Juliette Marin to Mr. Homer W. Bourgeois.

Ex. '27 Marie Elliot to Dr. James J. Lynch, Jr.

STUDY AND DEGREES

'23 Sister Marie Patrice (Esther S. Burns) and Sister Marie Fides (Florence M. Riley) of the Sisters of St. Joseph received their M. A. degree from Boston College in June.

The following members of our Alumnae received the master's degree from Emmanuel in June: Mary Ayers, '26; Alice Barry, '26; Mary Crowley, '26; Alma Danforth, '25; Mary Foley, '26; Helen Hurley, Ex. '25; Agnes Kiley, '26; Elizabeth Logan, '23; Geraldine O'Connell, '26; Margaret Scully, '26, -

'24 Florence K. McCourt is studying at Tufts Medical College

'25 Mildred L. Hannon is studying at Radcliffe for a Ph.D. degree.

Helen Gallivan has entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Waltham, Mass.

'27 Margaret Kenney, Ruth Keleher, Genevieve McCrohan, Helene Stout, and Esther Turnbull are following graduate courses at Emmanuel College.

Margaret Dyson is studying at the Katharine Gibbs School.

POSITIONS

Class of 1923

Mary P. Brodbine is teaching Spanish in the Revere High School.

Anna G. Carrigan is teaching mathematics in the Ware High School.

Maryalice M. Devoe is a buyer with the firm of Crawford Hollidge Company, Boston.

Ida G. Finn is a regular assistant at the Junior High School, Hyde Park.

Mary R. Gorman is teaching in the Central Falls High School, Central Falls, R. I.

Beatrice G. Hantz is a regular assistant in Junior High School in Roslindale.

Katharyn E. McNamara is an assistant at the Girls Latin School in Boston.

Margaret M. Sullivan is teaching in the Warren High School, Warren, R. I.

Marie F. Whall is teaching mathematics and Latin in the Everett High School.

Class of 1924

Helen L. Barry is teaching English and Spanish in the Dorchester High School.

Anna B. Carroll is teaching mathematics in the Peabody High School.

Aloyse P. Doherty is teaching French and Latin at Emmanuel.

Anna M. Doyle is teaching Latin in the Abington High School.

Mary E. Friel is teaching English in the Hartford Junior High, Hartford, Conn.

Josephine C. Gillis is teaching at the Notre Dame Academy in Roxbury.

Beatrice C. Macaulay is doing social service work in Connecticut.

Isabel Martin is teaching civics in the Lawrence High School.

Mary A. McManus is head of the chemical research laboratory in the Homeopathic Hospital, Boston.

Marie T. Meighan is teaching English in the Revere High School.

Katherine E. Morrison is teaching the fifth grade in the Wellington School, Cambridge.

Alice E. Mullen is teaching commercial geography and general science in Cambridge Latin School.

M. Evelyn O'Donnell is a private secretary for her father.

Eveline M. Quinn is teaching commercial geography in the Cambridge Latin High School.

Sister Frances Bernardine (Sadie Carlow) is teaching in St. John's High School, Peabody.

Mary E. Tully is teaching Latin in the Leominster High School.

Anne M. Underwood is teaching Latin and English in the Southboro High School.

Class of 1925

Rita M. Connors is teaching English and history in the Milford High School.

Alma M. Danforth is teaching English and French in Provincetown High School.

Mary Louise Gately is teaching French in New York City High School.

Marie C. Glennon is teaching Latin in the Girls Latin School, Boston.

Alice K. Merrick is teaching the fourth grade in the Gilbert Stuart School, Dorchester.

Carolyn E. Moylan is a private secretary at Harvard Medical School.

Catherine Murphy is teaching Latin in the Ursuline Convent in New York.

Class of 1926

Mary V. Ayres is teaching in the Notre Dame Academy, Boston.

Alice Barry is teaching English in the Mary Hemenway School, Dorchester.

Theresa Buckley is teaching English in the Cambridge Latin School.

Marion Carey is teaching French and English in the Lincoln Junior High, Medford.

Mildred Collins is teaching civics in the Milford High School.

Katherine E. Corbett is doing social service work in Worcester.

Mary Cunningham is teaching English in the East Boston High School.

Roquetta Curtin is teaching history in the Lincoln Junior High, Medford.

Mary F. Downey is teaching the fourth grade in Mattapan.

Anna G. Flanagan is a private secretary at Clark University, Worcester.

Mary J. Foley is teaching mathematics in the Shurtleff Junior High, South Boston.

Mary A. Hackett is a librarian in South Boston.

Benilde Leony is teaching French in the High School in Woonsocket, R. I.

Mary McInnis is teaching office practice in the Cambridge High and Latin School.

Geraldine O'Connell is teaching Latin and history in the Memorial High School, Roxbury.

Veronica R. Odell is teaching history in Dedham Junior High.

Mary A. Riley is private secretary in a Boston law office.

Maureen Ryan is a secretary in the Waltham City Hall.

Elizabeth W. Sullivan is teaching Americanization in Woonsocket High School, Woonsocket, R. I.

Class of 1927

Eleanor R. Connor is teaching mathematics in Junior High School, Boston.

Mary E. Connor is teaching history in Dorchester Junior High.

Mildred Crowley is in the Social Service Department of the State House, Boston.

Eileen V. Dowd is Art Supervisor in the Avon High School.

Irene Fontaine is teaching in St. Joseph's Grammar School, Worcester.

Agnes Keenan is teaching Latin and French in Lynn High School.

Ruth E. Keleher is teaching Latin and English in the Woburn High School.

Alice Lennon is in the Laboratory Department of Father John's Medicine concern in Lowell.

Agnes Lord is head of the filing department in the Beacon Oil Company.

Olga M. Mafera is teaching French in the Revere Junior High School.

Mary McEneaney is employed in the insurance department of the State House, Boston.

Etheldreda McKenna is teaching English and music in Abraham Lincoln School, Boston.

Katherine L. McLaughlin is teaching in the West Lynn Grammar School.

Irene O'Connor is teaching English in Methuen High School.

Helene M. Stout is teaching mathematics in the Quincy High School.

Julia C. Sullivan is technician of the Board of Health in Haverhill.

Charlotte Walsh is an assistant in charge of special vision classes in Cambridge.



Emmanuel!

Christ, the King, is born today
 Born of Virgin Maid all fair
 In a stable far away
 Christ, the King, is born today!
 Shines a star upon the way
 Guiding men to seek God there.
 Christ, the King, is born today
 Born of Virgin Maid, all fair!

Guiding men to seek God there,—
 Christ, the King, Emmanuel,
 And His Mother, Mary fair,—
 Guiding men to seek God there!
 Kings and shepherds bring gifts rare
 Praising God,—ah it is well,
 Praising, too, are angels there,
 Christ, the King, Emmanuel!

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.



Acknowledgments

THE ETHOS expresses appreciation of the assistance given by many friends to the Literary and Business Staffs in bringing out this first issue of our College magazine.

Special gratitude is due to,—

His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, for his kind permission to use his coat of arms on the cover of the ETHOS, as a symbol for the Archdiocese of Boston.

Miss Eileen V. Dowd, '27, for designing the cover of the ETHOS.

Miss Hammond for the photograph of the *Madonna Gonzaga* used as a frontispiece for this number.

The Literary Society, The EPILOGUE Staff of 1927, and the Dramatic Society for generous donations towards the foundation of THE ETHOS.



The Ethos

VOLUME I

MARCH-APRIL, 1928

No. 2

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The Ethos

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There was no February number of the *ETHOS* this year as Number 1 of the first volume was published in December, 1927.

The Ethos

VOLUME I

MARCH-APRIL, 1928

No. 2

Blessed Mere Julie

Hail! Mother of a noble family
Of women fashioned to thy God-like Mien
Of sacrifice and virgin chastity.
In clear prophetic vision hast thou seen
The spread of thy great order o'er the earth,—
The banner of our glorious Faith unfurled,
The bringing of a greater higher birth
Unto the farthest corner of the world.
Down through the years, in truth, has come thy plea;
"I must have souls." Thy call has reached afar,
Beyond the little band at Cuvilly.
We send this echo to the highest star
In joyous praise of thy great work—and His—
Thy happy song, "How good the good God is!"

ETHEL MORRIS, '28.

The Symbolism of Our Cover

In response to many requests it has seemed advisable to give an explanation of the cover design of THE ETHOS. The design, as a whole, symbolizes the many loyalties interwoven in the life and spirit of our College, in its ETHOS.

As we glance at the cover the columns supporting the triangle seem not unlike a stately door-way. These columns, goodness and truth, find their culmination in the triangle, a recognized symbol of the Blessed Trinity. The lamps of knowledge burn clear and bright encompassed by Religion.

Within this framework are the symbols of our loyalties, our duties towards God and man. The Cross represents our loyalty to Christ and His Church; the shield of the United States, our patriotism; the State House, with its golden dome, our love for Massachusetts.

In the center are three seals, that of the city of Boston, of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, our Archbishop, and, of our College. We owe a special loyalty to Boston not only because our Alma Mater dwells within her borders, but because we are proud of the old traditions of culture that won for Boston the title, "Athens of America," and proud, too, of her vigorous life today. In the Cardinal's seal according to the accepted principles of heraldry we have on the shield the stag of the O'Connell arms combined with the Cross as a symbol of the Boston Diocese. Above the shield are the mitre and crozier signifying episcopal jurisdiction, and the hat with thirty tassels, the symbol of the dignity of Cardinal. The scroll below gives the motto of His Eminence.

The seal of our College is rich in heraldic symbolism. The field of the arms is blue, the azure known in heraldry as Our Lady's color. At the base of the shield in gold is the heraldic charge called a *trimount*. This appears also on the arms of the Archdiocese, as the old Latin name for the See was *Dioceses Tremontinensis*—symbolic of the fact that Boston was built on three hills. The use of the trimount on the arms identifies Emmanuel as a College in the Archdiocese of Boston. From the trimount springs Our Lady's lily of silver purity with three blossoms, one for each person of the Blessed Trinity, and symbolic of the three vows of Our Lady's Daughters. The lily reminds us also that the Sisters of Notre Dame originated in France, the land of the fleur-de-lis. The lily supports an open book, in silver white, with gold edges, in academic heraldry the symbol of learning. This book, like that mentioned in the Apocalypse, has seven seals or clasps in gold. Across its pages is inscribed the sacred name, Emmanuel, in the original Hebrew so placed on

the arms to signify that a knowledge of Our Lord is the aim and the crown of all learning. His name, Emmanuel, God With Us, is not only the title of the College but a pledge of His Real Presence there. The coat of arms is set in a circular background of Gothic design, a reminder of the architecture of the College buildings, English Collegiate Gothic.

Between these larger designs occur the letters "E.C." and "N.D." which represent respectively Emmanuel and the Institute of the Sisters of Notre Dame, the founders of the College. It is also of interest to notice the sevenfold repetition of the figure of Emmanuel. Seven is a mystical number that we might interpret in many ways. One is that we beg for our Alma Mater the richness of the sevenfold blessing. Another is that it represents seven vital factors in the history of Emmanuel, namely, her founders, her benefactors, her faculty, her alumnae, her students of the present, her students of the future, and all her work for God and country. The deep blue of the design is our College color; and the pale blue of the cover is at once the color of the Institute of Notre Dame and the color of Our Lady.

Thus has the design of Miss Eileen V. Dowd, '27, symbolized our loyalties and our fidelities. To each and every one of them we owe a very special fealty, and we find in each of them ideals and inspiration.

MARGUERITE ANN COFFEY, '28.



Ave Maria

Madonna, we salute thee as of yore
 The glorious Gabriel once saluted thee,—
 "Hail—full of grace," we say to thee once more
 "The Lord is with thee." From eternity,
 Mother among all women thou art blest;
 For once thou hadst the courage to endure
 All trials and sorrows at thy God's request.
 Thy will is thine own Son's, O Mary pure,
 Ah, Lady! kneeling we invoke thine aid,
 Pray for us that we may have courage, too,
 To follow Christ forever, unafraid,
 To be through all our lives thy daughters true.
 Madonna, hear thy children's loving prayer,
 Oh! let us always be thy special care!

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.

Spring

God is making a poem just now.
 It is an old poem,
 Old for old lovers, old beauties, old poets;
 For new lovers it is new loveliness.
 I can see it growing—
 Oh, joy! that He let me see it growing,—
 He is writing it over the white page of winter,
 And the white is changing to greenness,
 To rose and golden and dazzling color.
 The rhythm and rhyme of it's all unrestrained,
 It's laughing and leaping,
 It's a brook purling, a bird throating song,
 The lover-breeze whispering to a girl-pink apple-tree.
 The poem's growing,
 It's growing verse by verse,—
 No—leaf by leaf, and flower by flower,
 All stealingly, softly,
 Brook by brook, countryside by countryside.
 And now—the pain! the sweetness!
 His pen flecks the heart's page!
 Mine and a thousand more.
 When we fear too much of its beauty
 Then His poem knows completeness,—
 God's poem, Spring.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.



Flowers

The flowers on my window sill
 Are yellow, bright, and fair;
 No other flowers can equal them—
 My Mother put them there.

I know where other flowers are;
 I know just where they start;
 They're brighter far than those of earth,
 They're in my Mother's heart.

ROSELLA MARY KENNY, '26.

The Heresy of the Didactic

Edgar Allan Poe in his essay, *The Poetical Principle*, writes, "While the epic mania . . . has for some years been dying out . . . we find it succeeded by a heresy too palpably false to be long tolerated, but one which, in the brief period it has already endured, may be said to have accomplished more in the corruption of our poetical literature than all its other enemies combined." He then explains,—“I allude to the heresy of the Didactic.”¹ Many good people, undoubtedly, held their breath at this startling statement for it was made in days when art and morals were not considered opposed or even indifferent to each other. Before we express our opinion on either side, let us ask first of all what Poe means by the didactic. This he explains for us himself:—“It has been assumed tacitly,” he writes, “that the ultimate object of all poetry is truth. Every poem, it is said, should *inculcate a moral*, and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged.”¹ This last, “to inculcate a moral,” sounds very ugly to our twentieth-century ears; that is, we declare making poetry the handmaid of ethics, or, as one writer suggests, “putting Pegasus to the plow”²

Yet, are we to entirely eliminate the didactic from poetry? Is it to be completely rejected as extraneous, even pernicious, matter? If so, we must of necessity surrender many compositions, that have long held an honored place in literature. To begin with, we must exclude Polonius’ advice to Laertes, and not, I fear, without the meed of some melodious tear on the part of Shakespearean scholars. Milton’s famous sonnet, *On His Blindness*, with its lesson of patient resignation, would also fall under suspicion. To be utterly consistent the oft quoted simile—

“How far yon little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

would have to be put aside, and even Browning’s lines—

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

might seem offensive once we have agreed to purge our literature of all didactic tendencies. What, then, will happen to the allegories? to *The Faery Queen*, with its deeper moral significance, or *The Idylls of the King*, with their higher spiritual meaning?

To reject all didacticism, as of its very nature foreign to poetry, is to lose a wealth of poetic thought and sentiment. What, then, we

¹ Poe, E. A. *Works of* (ed. by Stedman and Woodberry), VI, 8, 9.

² Gunmere, F. B. *Handbook of Poetics*, p. 52.

ask, is its place in poetry? If we examine the works of the poets themselves we find varied opinions. Aristophanes found nothing repugnant in the idea that the poet should be a teacher, for in *The Frogs* we find the following dialogue between Aeschylus and Euripides:—

A. "Come, tell me, what are the points for which a noble poet our praise obtains?

E. "For his ready wit and his counsels sage and because the citizen folks he trains to be wiser and better men."¹

This is certainly more than art for art's sake, and follows close upon inculcating morals. Horace, likewise, conceives of the poet as a teacher of youth.

"Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat torquet ab obscenis iam nunc sermonibus aurem mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis asperitatis et indidiae corrector et irae recte facta refert; orientia tempore notis instruis exemplis; inopem solatur et aegrum."²

Dante in his *Il Convito* tells us that there are four senses in which we may interpret a book: the first, the literal sense; the second, the allegorical sense; the third, the moral sense, and the fourth the anagogical or mystical sense. Apropos of the moral sense he writes, "This readers should carefully gather from all writings."³ In England, John Milton regarded his mission as a poet as something more serious than an aesthetic task. In *The Reason of Church Government Against Prelacy*, we find the following:—

"Poetical abilities are . . . the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some . . . in every nation; and are of power beside the office of a pulpit to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought: to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds of the just and pious nations, to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship."⁴

Here it is clear that Milton looked upon the poet as far more than a lover of beauty, unless that beauty included something of spiritual grandeur. One might ask is his great epic less a work of art because in it he seeks to "justify the ways of God to man"?

¹ Aristophanes, *The Frogs*, trans. by B. B. Rogers, 11. 1007-1010.

² Epistle II, 2, 126-130.

³ Dante, *Il Convito*, Trattado II, trans. by K. Hillars, p. 51.

⁴ Milton, Works (Bohn Edition) II, 475.

Wordsworth admits a didactic element in poetry (and most of us will agree that he admits it too frequently into his own), but he asks that it be not "individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion." ¹ Shelley, as one might expect, denounces it unreservedly:—

"A poet, therefore, would do ill to embody his own conceptions of right and wrong, which are usually those of place and time in his poetical creations, which participate in neither . . . Euripides, Lucan, Tasso and Spencer have frequently affected a moral aim and the effect of their poetry is diminished in exact proportion to the degree in which they compel us to advert to this purpose."²

Yet, here we find a paradox. Shelley was a born propagandist, and this side of his nature frequently intrudes itself into his verse. Take, for example, the following from *Queen Mab*:

"The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness,
Himself, the creature of his worshippers,
Whose names and attributes and passions change,
Seeva, Budah, Foh, Jehovah, God or Lord,
Even with the human dupes who build his shrines."³

Although Shelley in this passage is far from teaching a moral lesson, still he is doing his best to propagate his atheistic doctrines and instill his own radical teachings into the mind of his readers.

Among certain continental writers didacticism was looked upon with a sort of aesthetic horror. Beaudelaire in his *Etude sur Théophile Gautier* writes: "Je dis que si le poète a poursuivi un but morale, il a diminué sa force poétique et il n'est pas imprudent de parier que son oeuvre sera mauvais. La poésie ne peut pas sous peine de mort et de déchéance s'assimiler à la science ou à la morale."⁴ Again, when some one complained that in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* there was not one character who conveyed a moral lesson, Baudelaire cried out: "Absurdité! éternelle et incorrigible confusion des fonctions et des genres! Une véritable oeuvre d'art n'a pas besoin de réquisitoire."⁵

In Germany, Schiller seems inclined to base morality on good taste, and so concludes that "the representation of moral feeling by the feeling of Beauty can be productive of no positive harm." "But," he writes,

¹ Wordsworth, W., *Preface to the Second Edition of Lyrical Ballads*, in *Wordsworth, Literary Criticism*, p. 25.

² Shelley, P. B., *A Defence of Poetry*, ed. by A. S. Cooke, p. 14.

³ Shelley, *Queen Mab*, VII (N. Y., 1842), p. 48.

⁴ Baudelaire, *L'Art Romantique* (ed. by M. J. Crepet), p. 158.

⁵ *Ibid*, p. 401.

"the case is materially altered if the interest of perception and of reason is diverse, if duty demands conduct which is repugnant to taste At this point necessity at once interferes and separates the claims of moral and aesthetic sense."¹

Matthew Arnold calls poetry "a criticism of life," and sees in it the true light and hope of the future age. He speaks of religion and philosophy and asks, "What are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge?" He then continues, "The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them,—and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breadth and spirit of knowledge' offered us by poetry."² Certainly this would allow many didactic elements to insert themselves, if we come to view poetry in the light of religion and philosophy.

An appeal to authorities does not seem to simplify matters greatly. In the popular sense of the word, what could be more poetic than to declare one's exemption from any consideration of moral problems and to say: "I am a poet, not a preacher; I sing of beauty; I do not deliver sermons." The very thought of "inculcating a moral" in the guise of a poem has somehow the unpleasant suggestion of a sugar-coated pill. Yet, men like Dante and Milton conceived of their poetic missions as involving serious moral obligations, and their testimony must have weight even in our own emancipated age. In fact, the scale seems to incline in favor, shall I say, of the moralists? Yet "poetry," and "to inculcate a moral," how incompatible the two seem!

When we read the oft quoted passage from *The Merchant of Venice* closing with the lines,

"In the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

do we stop to think that this is but a more elaborated version of "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"? When we read Wordsworth's *Ode* we do not feel that he is expounding a philosophical doc-

¹ Schiller, *The Limits of Taste*, p. 178.

Schiller explains that he does not make Taste the basis of morality, but merely holds that Taste can favor moral conduct (p. 185). Further on, however, he speaks of men with "moral dispositions," whose sense of right and wrong enables them to overcome temptations, and concludes by saying, "In spirits that possess aesthetic refinement there is another court, which not seldom compensates for virtue, where that is deficient and assists where it exists. This court is Taste. Taste demands moderation and decency." *Essay on Aesthetic Manners in The Aesthetic Letters, Essays and Philosophical Essays of Schiller*, ed. by Weiss, p. 191.

² Arnold, M., *The Study of Poetry*, in *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, Boston, 1903, p. 5.

trine, but admitting us for a moment into a higher realm of thought, even into the abode "where the eternal are." Nor do Milton's lines,—

"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine."

fall disagreeably upon our aesthetic ears! Perhaps no other poem has so escaped the accusation of didacticism as has *The Ancient Mariner*. Yet, what have we in this poem but the story of a crime and its consequences:—the punishment that surely falls, not only on the criminal, the mariner himself, but on others, namely, the crew; the relief gained from repentance, the long expiation and finally the absolution of the crime, and then the penance of a lifetime.¹ If these are "heresies of the didactic," how many of us would become heretics!

If, however, we consider Hamlet's advice to the players, the best known instance where Shakespeare, the actor, intrudes himself into the play and holds it up for a space of fifty lines to deliver his own opinions, then, it is that we see the wolf in sheep's clothing. Here is the "heresy of the didactic." American poetry has been particularly prone to preaching, one of the many heritages which we lay at the doors of our Puritan ancestors. Bryant and Longfellow frequently feel obliged to append an obvious moral or point out some wholesome lesson. Bryant's poem *To the Fringed Gentian* closes with the thought,

"I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart."

and we have the feeling that this is somewhat superfluous and rather tediously conventional. It was this style of writing that called out Poe's denunciation of the didactic, for he continues, "We, Americans, especially have patronized this happy idea, and we, Bostonians, very especially have developed it in full."² And we, today, looking back at the earlier school of New England writers and knowing Poe's dislike for that "magnanimous cabal," can understand why he so vigorously rebelled against didactic aims in poetry. Nor is he as rabid as we might at first suspect, for he writes still further on,—"It by no means follows that the incitements of passion or the precepts of duty or even the lessons of truth may not be introduced into a poem and with advantage for they may subserve incidentally in various ways the general purpose of the work; but the true artist will contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the real essence

¹ Lowes, J. L., *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, p. 330.

² Poe, E. A., *Works of*, ed. by Stedman and Woodberry, VI, 8, 9.

of the poem."¹ This is what the greater poets have done, and this is what the lesser writers have failed to do, and so we speak of the heresy of the didactic.

Can we admit the didactic into the realm of poetry? I think it is safe to say that we can, but she must enter quietly and unobtrusively, clothe herself in a wedding garment, if she would come to the feast. The poet who is a teacher is not less a poet, except when he, himself, forgets the imperial palace whence he came. Some one has said that a poet does not teach as a philosopher teaches, that is directly and formally; he has first to remember that in expression he is an artist.² The greatest poets have successfully blended the two rôles; they are at once artists and teachers of mankind.

It might be asked if in his rôle as a teacher the poet was not in danger of falling below his high calling and neglecting it altogether. There is danger here, of course, and only by the wings of genius will the poet be able to avoid this pitfall. Professor Lowes has pointed out that there is a strong didactic strain in the Anglo-Saxon race that reveals itself in their poetry, but he adds, and adds wisely,—“Any poetic tradition is fairly secure in the final audit against the charge of surrender to the didactic, which can set over against the worst that Southey, Wordsworth, and Martin Tupper, and Felicia Hemans at their worst can do, the Pandar of *Troilus and Créseyde*, and the Wife of Bath, and all the engaging rascals of *The Canterbury Tales*, and Falstaff, and Cleopatra, and Tam o’ Shanter, and the Jolly Beggars, and Don Juan and Fra Lippo Lippi. They might not save Sodom and Gomorrah, but they insure English tradition against possession in fee simple by the Philistines.”³

MILDRED L. HANNON, '25.

¹ Poe, E. A., *Works of* (Stedman and Woodberry) VI, 13.

² Collins, J. C., *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, p. 331.

³ Lowes, J. L., *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, p. 331.

Wisdom and Power

Across the years they sought the flaming torch,
Through all their days they wooed the gleaming light,
 Their quest was wisdom
 And they longed for truth,
The gentile peoples of the early world.

 A Man shall come, they said,
 A Man who is all wise,
And He shall bring a glory to the earth.

Across the years they sought a sceptre proud,
Through all their days they wooed the hand of might,
 Their quest was power
 And they longed for truth
The Jewish peoples of the early world.

 A Man shall come, they said,
 A Man all powerful,
And He shall bring a glory to the earth!

Across the years He sought their human hearts
Through all their days He wooed their godlike souls,
 His quest was holy,
 And He longed for man,
The Savior sovereign of the early world.

 He came that they might see
 All glory in God's Heart,
He gave to them the light and power they sought.

 They nailed Him to a tree,
 They mocked,—“If King Thou art——”
They killed Him Whom their yearning souls had sought!

Across a garden path a woman walked,
 Through tear-dimmed eyes she saw—the Gardener,
 He called her “Mary,”
 And she cried in awe:
 “Rabboni!” Oh, His glory filled the earth!

They knew Him now indeed,
 The Wisdom and the Power
 For which they sought and yearned in vain for long.

On that first Easter Day
 He kept that glorious faith
 On which His Church immortal has been built!

Across the centuries His word shall live,
 Through all the ages He shall teach the world:
 “That quest is noblest
 Which leads on the soul
 Through pathways of eternal truth to God.”



To Emmanuel College

Our Alma Mater rears her regal head
 Serene, above a span of nine swift years
 And standing, stately, solemn 'twixt the spheres
 She elevates our minds and hearts to tread
 Those lofty paths, she has before us spread
 Of virtue, truth, and all their noble peers,
 They wind afar with Faith, that banished fears,
 And Science, Language, History of the dead.
 O Alma Mater, we thy children yearn
 To prove the love born of thy fostering care
 And with our hands and hearts and tongues to tell
 The pride and joy with which to thee we turn
 When we have left thy portals, for we bear
 Inscribed upon our hearts—Emmanuel.

MARY G. TRIBBLE, '28.

Good Morning, Madam!

Larry Clinton had had six doors slammed in his face and three more unresponsive to his brisk business-like knock. Not that all his days were as fruitless as this—Oh! No! As salesman for the Acme Publishing Company, Larry held the title of youngest and most energetic salesman that the firm boasted. His genial personality brought him many friends, and, what is more remarkable, customers. This was his first day in Newtonville and, as yet, he had not had much of a chance to exercise his persuasive powers upon the inhabitants.

Yes, today seemed to be “blue Monday” for Larry as he stopped before the gateway of the last house on the street. It was a little, brick, colonial house with rather a friendly look. Squaring his shoulders and taking a deep breath, Larry strode up the walk radiating determination. Bang! Bang! went the brass knocker. With hat in one hand and his brief case in the other, Larry executed a neat little bow, and according to sales-talk No. 1, smiled charmingly and said, “Good morning, Madam!”

“Oh,” smiled the girl, “come right in,” and she pulled an astonished Larry into the hall and closed the door. With a firm grip on his arm she hurried him into the library.

“Wait just a minute,” she said breathlessly as she disappeared up the stairs.

Larry drew another deep breath. It was the first time he had had an opportunity to breathe since he had entered, to put it mildly, this hospitable home. On thinking it over the situation was not so bad. The young lady had welcomed him heartily, indeed, and he hoped that her enthusiasm would not wane when she discovered his errand. Well, now that he was here what was he going to sell her? It would have to be something dainty to appeal to such a dainty young lady. There was that good looking black leather volume on “Etiquette in the Home,” but one glance about the tastefully decorated room made Larry shudder at the idea of offering that book. Ah, the little blue volume would be just the thing for her. It bore in gold lettering the title, “Romance and Romancers.” The blue was just the color of her eyes—yes, he was sure they were blue, at least he hoped he was sure. With a start Larry interrupted his train of thought. What did it matter to him if her eyes were blue, she was probably married to some—but he rather hoped she wasn’t!

Light footsteps sounded in the hall, then she stood in the doorway. Larry wondered if she always took such a short time to change her dress—a very commendable quality in a young lady, or so Larry thought. She advanced towards him with an eager smile, her eyes—her eyes—were

brown! "There goes another dream," thought Larry. "Bring on the husband, cruel fate, it cannot matter now!" But Larry was to pay for his defiance of Kismet!

Up the walk came brisk footsteps.

"Oh! dear!" gasped Miss Brown-Eyes, "my husband—he mustn't see you—the closet"—and when Larry had time to think again he found himself and his precious brief case in a rather narrow closet smelling strongly of moth balls. The front door opened and closed. The footsteps came down the hall and paused at the library door.

"Elaine, dear, I—" Larry heard the masculine voice pause. "What rosy cheeks! What's so exciting, sweetheart?"

"Oh, n-nothing," came the reply.

Just at that moment Larry felt that he must—no, he wouldn't, he wouldn't, a-a-choo! Now he had done it! What would happen next? An ominous silence reigned in the room outside and Larry felt his collar growing tighter and tighter.

"Elaine!" it was the man speaking, "there is someone in that closet."

"Oh, Bob, I wanted to surprise you," Elaine sobbed.

The door was flung open and a dazed Larry found himself looking into the eyes of Bob Meany, his old college chum.

"Larry," cried Bob, "I'll say this is a surprise. Where have you been all these years, old man?"

Larry, realizing that instead of an irate husband he was facing "Bobby Shaftoe," as the handsome Bob Meany had been nicknamed in college, felt that the situation was too much for him. He looked to Elaine for assistance, but she was as perplexed as he.

"Why," she gasped, "I thought you were from Talleney's. One of their men was going to bring me the proofs of a book of poems which I have composed. I had decided to keep my work secret from Bob and surprise him with the first copy on his birthday. I couldn't go to their office because it is in the same building as Bob's and I am so unlucky I would have been sure to have met some one I knew. B-but how did you happen to be visiting Bob, today?" she asked Larry.

Larry's explanation was interrupted by a very sweet, "What's all the excitement?" The three turned and Larry found his head whirling again. There was another Elaine in the doorway only—*her* eyes were *blue*!

"My twin sister, Evelyn," explained Elaine. "Mr. Clinton is just explaining his part of this terrible mix-up," she added turning to Evelyn.

Evelyn turned her large blue eyes towards Larry and he, the master of self-control, the personality plus salesman, found himself blushing furiously as he stammered, "G-Good Morning, Madam!"

ANNE MCCARTHY, '29.

Charles Bulfinch

As the first American architect of distinction, Charles Bulfinch is worthy of our attention. To the people of Boston in particular, as the earliest architect to leave his impress on the New England capital, he has always been an interesting figure.

Perhaps the first thing which strikes us in his history is the absolute contrast between the conditions under which Bulfinch entered on his chosen profession and those which govern the practice of architecture today. The Boston of his day was not a city, but a little provincial town, without wealth and unfamiliar with art in any of its forms. Architecture to its inhabitants was represented by half a dozen "meeting houses"—the work either of English architects or more often of intelligent carpenters. In a community so bare of all stimulus or encouragement to artistic endeavor, one would scarcely have predicted a very brilliant future for a youth who should choose architecture as a field for the work of his life.

Of his early years we know very little. He was born in Boston, August 8, 1763 of a family which had come from England about one hundred years earlier, and settled in the historic North End. His father was Thomas Bulfinch, a physician of repute. Dr. Bulfinch, and his wife, Susan Apthorp, had eight children of whom but three attained maturity. Charles was the second, and the first to survive infancy. Only one relic has come down to us of his boyhood in the shape of a small copy of *Dialogorum Sacrorum*, almost black with age and childish handling. "The fly leaves are covered from top to bottom with schoolboy scribbling and it is inscribed 'Charles Bulfinch, his Book, Bought of Mr. Bowes, July, 16, 1773.' On the inside cover are two pen and ink drawings of rather shaky little columns, somewhat after the Corinthian order."¹

From Bulfinch's autobiography we read, "My earliest recollections are of the altercations and political disputes occasioned by the attempts of the mother country to raise revenue in the colonies, of the destruction of tea in the Boston Harbor, of the fight at Lexington and the Battle of Bunker Hill which I saw the progress of from the roof of our dwelling house."

His disposition would have led him to the study of physics, but his father was averse to his engaging in the practice of what he considered a laborious profession and he was placed in the counting room of Joseph Burrell, Esq., a merchant and an intimate friend. Owing to unsettled

¹ Ellen S. Bulfinch, *The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch*, p. 36.

political conditions, the business was not very active, so Charles had leisure to cultivate a taste for architecture.

In June, 1785, he took a trip to Europe visiting England, France, and Italy. He wrote many interesting letters to his family telling of his travels. In one of his London letters, he speaks of a portrait of himself painted by a Mr. Brown. He says, "It is esteemed a good likeness, I think it a dull, unmeaning face; but we must not blame the painter for that as it is not his duty to create but to copy."¹

The portrait alluded to in the London letter is still in the family, and gives us an idea of his appearance at this time. It shows a young man with "powdered hair, a slender, oval face, smooth and boyish, with a bright color, dark hazel eyes, and dark eyebrows strongly marked.² He was of medium height, with a slender and upright figure. His hair was black or a dark brown.

He speaks of his own disposition as naturally grave, and it is said that although he enjoyed conversation and general society, he was to a remarkable degree independent of company and satisfied to be alone. Those who remembered him in his old age, recall his manner as unassuming and quiet, but say that he possessed an even, cheerful temper with a quiet humor, occasionally seen in his letters, and that he always showed a quick appreciation of a good story or witty remark.

Returning from Europe early in 1787, he appears to have passed the next three or four years in uncertain attempts to determine his way of life. On November 20, 1788, he married Hannah Apthorp, eldest of the orphan grandchildren of the royalist, Stephen Greenleaf, the last high sheriff of Suffolk county under British government. The bride was also a cousin of the groom, for her father, John Apthorp, was one of Madam Bulfinch's brothers. She was "of a bright and vivacious temperament,"³ and, "about twenty years old at the time of her marriage to her cousin Charles."

Happily for her children and friends, Hannah Bulfinch possessed, throughout her life, a gift for easy and graceful literary expression, and her ready pen wrote many occasional verses that often brightened the family circle. The exceeding regard and affection of her sons led them to collect and treasure all of their mother's writings that were accessible; and we find in them some valuable help in tracing her husband's career as well as in forming an idea of the family life.

Established now in a home of his own, Charles Bulfinch turned his attention to those opportunities for improving and ornamenting his native town, which readily suggested themselves to one of his tastes after visit-

¹ Ellen S. Bulfinch, *The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch*, p. 56.

² Idem, pp. 58-9.

³ Idem, p. 70.

ing the cities of the Old World. Architecture was not then recognized here as a profession. The Puritan temper and the exigencies of early New England life had not been favorable to development of the artistic spirit; and for anything beyond the powers of the thorough and well-taught artisans of those days, the early settlers were indebted to artists from abroad, like Smibert, the designer of Faneuil Hall, or Peter Harrison, the architect of King's Chapel. Thus the field was open to native talent and Bulfinch's leisure and comparative wealth made it easy for him to follow his favorite tastes and promote the execution of his plans.

We must consider, however, the unfavorable "conditions under which this solitary architect had to practice his art. With the exception of the few and unimportant works which he had brought with him from Europe, there was perhaps not a single architectural book in the town."¹

He was the only member of his craft in New England. He was entirely self-taught, and could have had little or no historical knowledge of architectural styles and no familiarity with the architecture of Europe beyond the fleeting memory of a traveller. He had little facility as a draughtsman, and what he had was quite untrained. Yet in spite of these handicaps Bulfinch pursued a career in his chosen field for more than twenty years.

His first undertaking after his marriage was characteristic of his feeling for home and country. "The old beacon pole, which—occasionally replaced—had kept watch for generations on the summit of Beacon Hill, was blown down in 1789. By his suggestion and design a memorial column of the Roman Doric order was erected in its stead."² It is supposed to have been the first monument to commemorate the Revolution.

His next notable work was "the Franklin Street enterprise, whose disastrous result on his own fortunes was, perhaps, more than offset by the necessity which it imposed upon him of devoting himself in serious earnest to the work most congenial to him. The enterprise is best described in Bulfinch's own words, "I was induced to join W^m Scollay and Ch^s Vaughn in the purchase of Mr. Barrell's extensive garden and pasture ground and projected a scheme for building sixteen houses in a Crescent form." The other two members withdrew their support, but Bulfinch's optimism regarding the success of the project led him to persevere in bearing all the expense himself. Financial conditions, however, were at so low an ebb that he could obtain no further loans, and he was obliged to become bankrupt. Both his wife and he bore their reverses bravely, with a Christian spirit of humility and patience.

Fortunately, many opportunities offered themselves to him. In 1793 he built the first theatre in Boston—a building of very graceful and

¹ Ellen S. Bulfinch, *The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch*, p. 85.

² Ellen S. Bulfinch, *The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch*, Introd. p. 5.

appropriate character,—and a year later he was given the commission for the new State House on Beacon Hill.

He was now thirty-one years old and his position in the little community is indicated by the fact that he had already been for four years a member of the Board of Selectmen, and for three years a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. A year or two later he was made Superintendent of Police.

With the completion of the State House, the architect was fairly embarked on his career. The work of Bulfinch is the more remarkable because there was no model anywhere of precisely the kind of public building he wished to construct. "No legislative hall existed such as indicated the general idea of Republicanism. And that he was original as well as successful is shown not only by the fact that one State after another copied his general model, but by the fact that he personally was chosen to complete the design and the building of the capitol at Washington—the entire world knows with what success."¹ It is difficult to ascertain how literally he confined himself, in the rebuilding of the centre and wings to the designs of his predecessors. What seems certain is, that on the west front—the succession of terraces and steps, which make the approach to the Capitol from that side so imposing, was the work of Bulfinch; and this bears witness again to the instinct for large effects, and for the artistic adaptation of a building to its site, which are conspicuous in his work.

Among the buildings which he designed may be mentioned The Church of the Holy Cross, the first Catholic Church in New England, excepting possibly one in Maine. This church was located at the foot of Franklin street below the Crescent on the South side. Another work of great interest was the enlargement of Faneuil Hall. Mr. Willard calls attention to the fact that Bulfinch was careful, in his alterations, to preserve for us as far as possible the old effect. Alluding to this delicacy of feeling when called upon for restoration, Mr. Willard says: "Bulfinch has fairly earned, by his respectful treatment of all historical monuments, a similar treatment of his own buildings."²

Some of his other works were the Massachusetts General Hospital, the McLean Asylum, the State House in Augusta, Maine; the New South Church, which was at the intersection of Bedford and Summer Streets, and considered by many as the most beautiful structure in the Commonwealth; and buildings of every kind both public and private.

His death occurred April 15, 1884, and his funeral took place in King's Chapel where his remains were laid at first in the family tomb,

¹ Robert Shackleton, *Book of Boston*, p. 67.

² Ellen S. Bulfinch, *Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch*, p. 122.

but they now rest at Mount Auburn with those of his wife and several of his children.

In a sense we may say that Bulfinch made Boston. He gave the city a high standard of architectural individuality, and his ideas as to public buildings have been followed throughout America. "Any city would have the right to be proud of this great man, and so it is particularly pleasant to remember that not only was he an American but that he was so much so that as a small boy he watched the Battle of Bunker Hill from the roof of his father's house."¹

It is interesting to note that when, towards the end of his life, Bulfinch was asked if he would train any of his children in his own profession, he naively replied that he did not think there would really be enough left for any architect to do.

KATHERINE DELANEY, '28.



The Soul's Hymn

(From Becquer's *Rimas*)

Sweet and strange and full of gladness
Is the hymn my soul has heard,
Healing balm to hearts in sadness
Is this happy mystic word.

Fain would I these priceless treasures
Bind within our common tongue
But these rare and dulcet measures
Can by mortals ne'er be sung.

Vain my struggle to enclose them
In the bonds our poor words make,
They are weak and cannot hold them,
Still I tried for your dear sake.

JACQUELINE M. LAMARCA, '29.

¹ Robert Shackleton, *The Book of Boston*, p. 95.

Book Covers

The cover's red? I think I'll find
Within these pages war and strife,
The heights of love, the depths of hate,
Not many smiles, but much of life.

A cover brown,—this book is bright
And mellow, like the harvest moon.
It tells of hearth-fires, autumn woods,
Of sparkling wine, and witching tune.

A cover blue,—this book should tell
How faith lived on through passing years;
Of loyalty that's deep and fine
Of smiles, of love, perhaps of tears.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.



Dreams

Oh, do you remember when you were a lad,
The heights which your fancy could climb?
The rest of us princes or peasants might be,
But you were a king every time.
You were only a tiny lad,—four summers old,—
Even then your position was clear,
As prince of all hearts you reigned as a child,
For the kingdom of love was your sphere.

The years have sped onward, and you, too, have changed,
Perchance other fancies you hold;
As steadily upward to glory you mount
Don't you think of those day-dreams of old?
Don't you know that to me you never can change,
And that through every swift passing year,
As prince of my heart you ever will reign,
For the kingdom of love is your sphere?

RUTH E. KELEHER, '27.

That Extra Year of Education

How many times I have stopped and wondered just what I should ever have done if I had not spent a year of intensive study in education before attempting to teach. My only response was a shudder as I tried to visualize how much more breath-taking the plunge might have been.

Teaching, as it appears from my limited experience, is about ten per cent knowledge, forty per cent technique, and the other fifty per cent a mixture of patience and common sense. The first essential one gains during the years spent in the pursuit of the Bachelor's degree. The second may be gained either by an intensive study in the school of education or by years of sad toil and misery in the grim school of experience. And the last requisite is a gift that Heaven alone may grant, and if you haven't it, *don't try teaching*.

Now as to this question of method or technique you will immediately ask why the courses in education which you take in the general college work will not suffice. My answer is that they are a help, but when you come to view the field of educational technique at a close range you will find that these courses are merely the first introductory steps into the great science of education. They are necessarily general and summary in nature in order to give one the background and general principles which are necessary for every teacher. They are meant to serve as an introduction and need to be amplified to suit the particular needs of the grade or subject you are to teach. Time will not permit that the courses be particularized to meet the needs of all. Consequently, unless one gives up some special time to prepare for the science of teaching his particular subject matter, there will be many anxious moments in store for him.

For example, I am told that I am to teach Milton's "Lycidas" to a class of Juniors. My first impulse would be to have the poem read in sections and then slowly, and painfully to hack away the appendages of speech until the meaning of each word stood forth in ugly commonplace terms. My specialized study in the teaching of English has given me a better and safer method of procedure to follow, however. Thus, instead of mutilating the poem and spoiling its appeal forever in the minds of the pupils as this would surely have done, I look around for methods of approach which will insure a good reception for the poem from the outset. My pupils who know the toll of the sea so well might be asked to compose an elegy for a friend who had recently been drowned. From this the parallel might be drawn to Milton's lament over the death of his friend, and once interest is awakened the poem would be

read as a whole to give the unified impression to the pupils. Then following along the lines of procedure laid down for the teaching of the lyric the teacher will find that the way is smooth and the results much more satisfactory. One might have gained this method by an analysis of the psychology underlying the process, but I wonder how many of us would take the time to do so?

When a youngster stubbornly refuses to do the work you have assigned for the class and practically defies you to force him, what shall you do? If you have taken that extra work in education you will immediately start your analysis to try to find the approach which leads to the mastery of the hidden difficulty which may be emotional or psychical or physical and makes that individual difference into a problem. (And oh, how many problems and individual differences one finds in the course of a year!) Otherwise one might attempt to use force, which is seldom of any permanent value.

The extra year of graduate work will probably not help in the least toward securing a position, but it certainly insures one's chances of keeping a position and of advancing more quickly and with greater ease.

ALMA M. DANFORTH, '25.



Lady Moon

The silvery moon looks down on earth tonight,
 And watches o'er the world, austere and cold,
 While twinkling stars, so radiant and bright
 Seem newly-born instead of centuries old.
 The sorrows of us all, the moon has seen
 'Tis then she covers, with a cloud, her face,
 And mourns as much for peasant as for queen
 Of every conquering, and conquered race.
 But Lady Moon gives great delight to me,
 While I gaze up with deep enraptured eyes,
 She bids me to be joyful, yet be free,
 Be gay yet heedful, innocent yet wise,
 With thoughtful views and ideals of the best,
 I say "Good night, fair Moon," and go to rest.

ESTHER F. MACCAFFERTY, '28.

The Old North End

"There is no city in the land which can equal Boston in the number and historical interest of its ancient buildings," and no section of the city that cherishes more of these historical treasures than the old North End. The twentieth-century North End means alleys and tip-carts, brick yards and fire-escape piazzas, strange speech and foreign faces, congestion, dirt, and poverty. But the optimism and the courage, the ideals and the initiative of other generations must still permeate the former homes; or maybe still some former haunts, stout as their builders, hold the shadows of old ghosts and their spirit.

In every community its churches are the chief centers of interest and influence; and especially has this been true of New England, and so even more aptly can it be said of Boston, the source and center of patriotic sentiment against English tyranny from 1768 on, until the whole Atlantic coast of colonies was aroused to united action. It is almost impossible to estimate the extent of the part played by these first churches, and some of the old inns of Boston in Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary days.

As early as 1650, a church was erected in the North End, not the first in Boston, but "The Second Church" of Boston, called the "North Meeting House." We have no description of the church handed down to us although there are stories of its activities and its environs in annals and letters. While Increase Mather was minister of the North Meeting House the church was burned to the ground. The "Great Fire" of 1676 also swept away all the houses and settlements in this neighborhood; but in the next year the church was rebuilt to stand through a century of patriotic turmoil under the ministry of the Mathers. Three impressive, perhaps we may even say three great men, Increase Mather 1664-1723, Cotton Mather 1685-1717 and Samuel Mather 1732-1741 fashioned public opinion while they held sway over the minds of their congregation in Boston. For a long time the town's powder was stored in the church. In the winter of 1775, during the siege, General Howe ordered the old wooden North Meeting House to be torn down with one hundred other houses for fuel, and to make way for drill-ground for the soldiers. The loss resulting from this order might have been greater twenty years earlier, but already the population had begun to move uptown. This church torn down by Howe is the original and only real "Old North" Church, although three others have been called "Old North," especially the custom of calling Christ Church by this name caused confusion for years and does so even today. Technically the "Old North"

ceased to exist in 1776 when its congregation joined the "New Brick," or "Cockerel" Church on Hanover street. Although neither this, the Second Church of Boston, nor the real "Old North," stands today, the North Square in which it was built is much the same today as it was two hundred and fifty years ago. As you enter from Hanover street you feel as if you were coming into an old-world place. It is no square at all, but a triangle paved with big cobble stones, for this was formerly the market place for the whole district.

It is most fortunate that one of the old residences that graced North Square in the days of the Old North Meeting House is still standing, and that it was the home of one of the most distinguished patriots, Paul Revere. He was the son of a French Huguenot, who fled from France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Apollos Rivoire, the fugitive's name, was soon shortened for convenience and by custom to Paul Revere, and was handed on to the son with the father's trade, engraving and goldsmith's work. Paul Revere was born in 1734, and when a young man moved into the North Square House which had been built soon after the fire of 1676. The house was Dutch in construction with an overhanging second story as may be seen today, and little, diamond-paned glass windows. The house has been restored inside to nearly its original form, with many old pieces of furniture and utensils which were used in the Revere family. As patriotic groups and clubs formed, Paul soon became a leader. His goldsmith's training enabled him to make sketches and caricatures of events; especially in his engraving of the Boston Massacre he gives valuable source material to history. Needless to say, Paul Revere was one of the Mohawks at the Tea Party, and it was he, riding on horseback, who spread the news to New York and Philadelphia. His Lexington ride is known to every school-child in America, but it was only one of his brilliant undertakings, and some were said to be more daring.

In 1714 a small wooden building was erected at the corner of Hanover and Clark Streets called the New North Church, in contradistinction to the church in North Square, which was hereafter known as the Old North. During its history the New North Church had to be enlarged, and then removed to make place for a brick structure in 1804, which has remained until today with a few changes. About 1863, the church was sold to Catholics, and has since been known as St. Stephen's Church. It is a Bulfinch church, of the meeting house, colonial type, quite a contrast to the usual Catholic architecture. In an attempt to adapt it more to its new use, it was moved back from the street, raised to make room for a basement church, and enlarged on each side by an addition wide enough to contain three windows. Within, it has the old colonial style of gallery, all around three sides of the building. It is plain,

simple, and unadorned, a decided contrast to the color and arched softness of the medieval style. The recent renovating of the exterior, the sand-blasting and restoring of the red brick, and the gilding of the dome have brought out more than ever its meeting-house ancestry.

In 1719 the New Brick or Cockerel Church was organized on Hanover street, near Richmond street, on the spot where an Italian pharmacy now stands. It had a flourishing congregation, for the North End of these days was a comfortable town with comfortable, well-settled residences, and could easily support three or four churches. After the destroying of the Old North Meeting House by General Howe in 1775, the old North and Cockerel congregations joined forces. The bell of the North Meeting House was put on the New Brick Church after being recast in 1792 by Paul Revere. The most distinguishing feature of the church, and one which gave it its name, Cockerel, was the large, more than life-size, weathercock, which crowned the belfry, and was conspicuous alike to people through the town and to sailors out at sea.

Near Copp's Hill, in 1723, was built Christ Church, an outgrowth of King's Chapel, called now by custom, but erroneously, the Old North Church. This church still stands on Salem street, repaired and restored to its former condition. The pews have the doors, the hinges, numbering, and some of the panellings of 1723. It is interesting to walk along today through the aisles and read the names of the first owners of the pews, such as "Widow Lettis Bedgood," or the "Bay Pew," for the gentlemen of Honduras who contributed so much to the erection of the church. Beneath the floor of the church there are over a thousand people buried, including Major Pitcairn, the leader of the Royal Marines at Bunker Hill. His body was sent for from England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, but when the coffin was opened in England it was found to contain the body of a man who had died of smallpox and not of a bullet wound. However, England then let Major Pitcairn rest in peace in Christ Church, Boston.

In the belfry was a set of eight bells purchased in 1774 from England, the first "for the British Empire in North America." It is interesting to know that Paul Revere as a young man was one of the appointed bell-ringers of the church. Robert Newman, the sexton, climbed through a window of this church into the belfry on the famous night before the battle of Lexington to set the lanterns for Paul Revere, who was waiting to spread the news of the incipient British attack.

The "Old North" even saw the beginning of aviation as early as 1757, when "John Childs flew from the steeple three times," and "performed it to the satisfaction of a great number of spectators"; but how he managed we do not hear, only that as "the performance led many people from their Business, he is forbid flying any more in the Town."

A tablet erected in 1923 commemorated this previous event with the first Round-the-World Flight. The renowned steeple stood until it was blown down in 1804, and had to be built again in 1807.

A visitor to the "Old North" today may see, among other treasures, a bust of Washington set up in 1815, the first public memorial erected, and said by Lafayette in his visit in 1824, to look more like Washington than any other effigy he had seen.

Other witnesses of Colonial days remain in the North End today in a few sturdy memorials such as the old Charter House where Boston's royal Charter was concealed when the King's officers threatened to deprive Boston of its charter and liberties. The old Copp's Hill Burying Ground, and the old streets such as Salutation Alley, named from the Salutation Tavern, once a popular resort for revolutionists like Adams, Hancock, and Warren, bear witness to a change in time and customs. Only the very poor live here now, but time was when on Salutation Alley stood the houses of the most respected citizens in the town. Beautiful homes surrounded by gardens made up the North End, and merchants and dealers carried on a thriving business in the little shops at the head of Hanover street. Peter Bent Brigham sold the first cooked oysters in Boston, on Hanover street, to such profit that he became a millionaire. Grim and brawny negroes, like the little chimney-sweeps of England in Dickens' time, plied their trade of chimney-sweeps for the huge chimney places of the old residences in the North End.

But time has changed the tidy streets, the gardens, and the inns, and the churches, all but two well-rescued monuments to colonial times, St. Stephen's and Christ Church. So it is well to pause and linger over these treasured remains, to go back once in a while to the spirit of the days that brought us a democratic united nation, a liberty-loving Boston, and a North End still welcoming immigrants to the "land of the free" as it did in 1700.

MARY B. McMAHON, '28.

Aunt Beulah and Company

Mrs. Fletcher had high social ambitions, and admitted it. Julia Fletcher also had the same ambitions, and admitted it. If Cyrus, Junior, had any ambitions he kept them to himself, and as for Cyrus, Senior, well, his ambitions didn't amount to much as far as his wife was concerned. Aunt Beulah Fletcher had no social ambitions at all. In fact Aunt Beulah was hopelessly plebeian. She was one of the trials of Mrs. Fletcher's life. If she had her way, Aunt Beulah would have been established in some nice "home," but Cyrus, Senior, for the second time since their marriage, had strongly put his foot down.

"Beulah is my only sister," he had said, "and while I live she'll have a home with me."

Mrs. Cyrus had meekly acquiesced—for the present—but that was fifteen years ago and Aunt Beulah was still there. Very much there in fact. Aunt Beulah always managed to make her presence felt. She was making it felt very strongly just now.

"Well," she was saying dryly with pursed lips, "We've been here a few months, and I don't see those Mayfairs breaking their necks calling on you."

"Really, Aunt Beulah," remonstrated Mrs. Cyrus, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. The Mayfairs are away. They aren't expected back until next week at the very earliest."

"Humph," said Aunt Beulah in a tone which clearly implied that the absence of the Mayfairs made little difference as far as their calling on the Fletchers was concerned.

Mrs. Fletcher bit her lip and turned away. To tell the truth she was worried herself. It had been her suggestion that they buy the beautiful Long Island estate next to the Mayfairs. The Mayfairs were the cream of society as far as Mrs. Cyrus was concerned.

"Once get on intimate terms with them," she had told her husband, "and our position is secure."

They had been there three months now, and, as Aunt Beulah put it, the Mayfairs had not taken any notice of their next door neighbors. Mr. Mayfair, Cyrus had reported, was a real nice man. Cyrus, who made mattresses (it was this that had enabled him to purchase a home on Long Island), had had business dealings with him, and had been impressed by his courtliness and personal charm. Business, however, as Cyrus was to learn, was in no way to be confused with the social sphere. Mrs. Fletcher's reply to Aunt Beulah had been only partly true. The Mayfairs had been away but had returned the day before. Mrs. Cyrus still waited

hopefully. Resignedly she took up a book. Aunt Beulah was placidly knitting. The Mayfairs didn't trouble *her*.

About five o'clock Julia came in. Julia was a very pretty girl. Her mother had been extremely pretty and still retained much of her prettiness. Julia was tall, and fashionably slender which means, of course, almost emaciated. She had a great deal of black hair which she had not bobbed, partly in deference to Aunt Beulah's wishes. Julia, you see, was really a very nice girl. Her eyes were blue, and her complexion, enhanced by a mere touch of rouge, was all that could be desired. She was a very lovely thing, and Mrs. Cyrus was extremely proud of her. Mrs. Cyrus was also wise enough to realize that a right marriage would help them all. Julia, she knew, would be only too glad to help her out.

"I've been playing tennis with Marion Craigie, Mother," she said "you remember her. I went to Miss Robjent's with her."

Mrs. Cyrus remembered. Julia's expensive education had been but one rung on the ladder of social success.

"Tennis, humph," said Aunt Beulah, "a lot of tomboys racing around. Wouldn't have allowed it when I was a girl. The way you girls go on today. In my day they'd 'a had you all in straight jackets."

It was Aunt Beulah's favorite theme, and Julia merely smiled. She turned to her mother.

"Mother did the Mayfairs—?"

It was not necessary to finish the question. Her mother shook her head. Aunt Beulah looked at them with disgust.

"My lands, Josie," she said (how Mrs. Cyrus hated that "Josie," but Aunt Beulah only said, "Josie you were before Cyrus made all his money, and Josie you are now"), "don't you two ever think of anything but those Mayfairs? You'd be a lot better off if you looked after your house and your children. Who ever heard of such foolishness as running after people who don't care a hoot about you. I'd be ashamed if I was you, Josie Fletcher."

Having delivered this Parthian shot Aunt Beulah majestically walked out. Mrs. Fletcher burst into tears. At this critical juncture Cyrus, Senior, walked in. Mrs. Cyrus regaled him with her woes.

"I'm almost insane," she sobbed, "here I am trying to do my best and Aunt Beulah—It's all your fault Cyrus Fletcher, you—" the rest was lost in tears.

"Well, now," soothed Cyrus—that same expression was about the limit of Cyrus' conversation. His experience with his wife had taught him that words were rather futile. He went on soothingly:

"Well, now, Josephine, you musn't mind Beulah. She—she means well, but she's sort of, well, I guess you've got to sort of humor her."

"Humor her," snorted his wife, "believe me Cyrus,—oh, what's the use of talking to that man. Come on Julia, we're dining at the Stuart's."

She swept out in a majestic walk that had been carefully cultivated. Julia blew her father a kiss and followed in the wake of her mother. Cyrus sighed deeply. He came of a sturdy New England race and was naturally quiet and unassuming. He was almost shy, and his wife completely dominated him. He loved his children and was glad that he could give them all the luxuries of life. He preferred a simple life and indulged in it when his wife permitted him. He rejoiced that tonight he would have the house to himself—to dine in peace. At any rate he wouldn't have to dress. Josephine always insisted that he dress for dinner. Stiff collars always made Cyrus feel uncomfortable, he couldn't seem to get used to them. There were many things that Cyrus couldn't get used to—this grand house, the servants—Cyrus just wasn't able to remember that one might ring for a servant, he was always jumping up to do things—the social engagements of his wife and daughter. Fortunately, Cyrus, Junior, was like his father. Secretly, old Cyrus was tremendously proud of his boy; proud that he was a "chip off the old block"; proud that he had chosen to come into the factory, working up from the bottom, instead of settling into a nice easy position as his mother had wanted him to do. Mrs. Fletcher had long ago washed her hands of her son and heir. Still, Cyrus reflected, things weren't so bad. They were really a happy family—birthdays, anniversaries, and holidays like Christmas and Easter always found them together for a quiet celebration. Hearing a step in the hall, Cyrus called out:

"That you, son?"

"Yes, Dad," came back the answer in a firm, pleasant voice.

"Going out, son?"

"Well, yes,—I guess I will."

"All right. See you in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Dad."

Cyrus nodded contentedly. There was little need of words between these two. They completely understood each other.

Soon after, Mrs. Fletcher and Julia sallied forth giving out fragrant impressions of perfumes and powders and with much swirling of laces and draperies.

On the stroke of nine o'clock Aunt Beulah gathered up her inevitable knitting and departed for bed. Whether there had been an earthquake or a flood Aunt Beulah would have gone to bed at this hour. Promptly at nine o'clock she started upstairs and she saw no reason why she should change this habit and she never did. Half past nine always saw Aunt Beulah severely ready to descend into the arms of Morpheus.

Not that she ever thought of retiring in just that aspect. If such a suggestion had been made to her she would have been much averse to the idea.

Below in his library Cyrus nodded in the peaceful contemplation of his good fortune in life.

Breakfast in the Fletcher domain was at 8.30—that is as far as Cyrus, Senior, Aunt Beulah, and Cyrus, Junior, were concerned. Julia occasionally graced the table with her presence, usually when there was an important tennis match on. Mrs. Fletcher always breakfasted in bed; she felt that she wasn't strong enough to rise for this meal although she never said so in the presence of Aunt Beulah, who would have promptly reminded her of what young Cyrus called their "pre-ritz" days. As usual, Aunt Beulah sat in starched simplicity behind the coffee percolater. As usual, also, she was the first one down, although Cyrus was just behind her.

"Why, good morning, Beulah," he addressed his sister warmly, "You certainly are the early one, aren't you?"

"Well," replied that personage, stopping in her operations to peer at him over her glasses, "I don't see that I deserve any special credit for that, Cyrus. Seeing that I don't gad about half the night I can get up at a respectable hour. How you allow such goings on I can't see. If it isn't one thing it's another. I—isn't it time that Cy was down? I'd better have him called, Grace—"

"Just a minute, Beulah, er--er—Cyrus won't be down today."

"Won't be down! What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"Well, now—no, he isn't sick. The fact is Beulah—"

"Never mind what the fact is! What is the fact?"

"Well I guess Cyrus didn't come home last night."

Aunt Beulah sank back in her chair pale with horror. For a moment she was rendered speechless, then she quickly found her powers of expression.

"Cyrus Kensington Fletcher, do you mean to sit there and tell me that your own son, your own son, spent the night away from home without your knowing it and without—"

"Well now, Beulah, I knew he wasn't coming home," stammered Cyrus wretchedly. "He—he telephoned me, said he was staying with friends."

Aunt Beulah regarded him severely, with pursed lips.

"There's something funny about this, Cyrus. You act as if you were hiding something. You can't fool me. I know you pretty well after all these years."

Mr. Fletcher got up hastily from the table and prepared to make as graceful an exit as possible.

"Now don't fret, Beulah. Everything's all right. There's Stimson—I'll have to run along. Call me up if you need anything."

With an almost audible sigh of relief he hurried out while Aunt Beulah sat shaking her head, and muttering dire prophecies as to the fate of the younger generation.

About eleven o'clock Cyrus, Junior, peeped warily into the living room. Aunt Beulah looked at him over her glasses.

"Well, young man! And where have you been?"

"Good morning, Aunt Beulah, I was with the Palmers—but that doesn't matter—Aunt Beulah, I—I've got something to tell you."

Aunt Beulah put down her knitting and folded her hands.

"I knew it," she said, "I knew something was wrong. What *have* you been doing?—I always knew—"

"Now, Aunt Beulah, don't get excited. It's nothing like that at all—it's—"

"Well, out with it! Out with it!"

"Well, Aunt Beulah, I'm engaged to be married."

"Engaged"—Aunt Beulah's eyes widened—she regarded him as if he had just announced the demise of a favored relation. "Who—where—how did you meet her?—What," she gasped.

Cyrus sat down beside her and rapturously clasped her hand.

"Oh, she's wonderful, wonderful! I met her in the city. She really comes of a good family, but she couldn't bear this society stuff, she wanted to do something useful so she's been in Archer's office. She's a designer, a mighty good one, too. Her family's in Europe. But, Aunt Beulah, just wait till you see her! I know she's the kind you like."

Aunt Beulah's austere face softened. Although she would have died before she would have admitted it, Cyrus, Junior, was the center around which her little universe revolved. A pang smote her heart—he was so young and so much in love. Once she—hastily she forced her sentiments under control and regarded Cyrus severely.

"Well," she said solemnly, "as long as you've made up your mind I don't suppose there's anything to be done about it. What do you want me to do?"

"You're a peach to take it like that," said Cyrus gratefully. "I know it's awful to burst in on mother and dad like this. But, Aunt Beulah, would you sort of break the news to mother? You know mother—I'm afraid she isn't going to be so pleased. If you'd tell her, you know, sort of prepare her."

Aunt Beulah saw and acquiesced. After Cyrus had departed she sat silently for a few moments, then she chuckled. With a sort of grim satisfaction she marched upstairs. Mrs. Fletcher, awakened from her

sleep to find this severe face looming over her, was not inclined to be appreciative.

"What in the world"—she blinked sleepily.

"Cyrus," said Aunt Beulah calmly, "is engaged to be married. He's bringing his fiancée here at three o'clock."

"Cyrus—engaged," shrieked Mrs. Fletcher, and then promptly fainted.

A quarter to three found the Fletcher drawing room almost quivering with anticipation. In her favorite corner, with a dry smile on her face, sat Aunt Beulah, knitting away. Mrs. Fletcher reclined in a chair, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, moaning of the ungratefulness of children. Mr. Fletcher, hastily summoned home for aid in meeting such a dire domestic crisis, tried in vain to comfort her, in the meanwhile avoiding Aunt Beulah's eye. Julia paced stormily up and down the room.

A designer is right," she virtually hissed forth, "she evidently practiced her designs on him. I—"

The four straightened as the bell rang. A few moments later a radiant Cyrus came in ushering a beautifully gowned, blushing young girl.

"Mother—Dad—Aunt Beulah—I want you all to meet the only girl in the world. And what do you know, I just found out that she'll be next door now that her aunt has returned from Europe."

"Aunt—next door?" echoed Julia.

"Why, yes, this is Molly Endicott, Mrs. Mayfair's niece."

To her everlasting credit be it said that Mrs. Fletcher rose nobly to the occasion. Embracing her prospective daughter-in-law she gushed:

"I am so glad to welcome you, dear. Being such near neighbors isn't it a shame that your aunt and I never got to know each other better! But I know we shall make up for it now."

And Aunt Beulah only smiled.

MARGUERITE ANN COFFEY, '28.

The Education of Henry Adams

"The book is profoundly pessimistic, and the pessimism is all the more impressive because the author seems to know so well what he is talking about." ¹

Such is the comment of a popular critical work upon the *Education of Henry Adams*, but one with which my own opinion does not agree. I had no idea of what I should find in the volume when I began to read it, except perhaps a vague suspicion that it would be a critical treatise on education. Being in pursuit of education myself, I wondered how the experiences of this man would tally with my own. Perhaps, too, I had the notion that in the light of another's more mature life and judgment, I might set some value upon my education, though it had always been my conviction that personal experience, if a dear teacher, is perhaps the only real teacher of wisdom, even in that regard. What I did find in the book is the subject of this essay.

The volume, as every book necessarily does, reflects the personality of the author, and Henry Adams was a man of such wide sympathies and varied experiences and interests, that his *Education* or as its sub-title indicates his *Autobiography* might be studied from many points of view. A mere description of its contents, or a summary of its five hundred and five pages would, if you have not read the book, be enlightening. If there is one thought, however, which has stayed with me from the book, it is the statement Adams makes about students in general, that "nine minds in ten take polish passively, like a hard surface; only the tenth sensibly reacts." This essay then, will be the result of the author's attempt to react sensibly, for once at least, to the large amount of information and philosophy, which is presented by Henry Adams, in the rôle of teacher no less through his writings than through his personal conduct of classes.

It will not be an effort to portray the man Henry Adams. Perhaps such a thing is impossible using his *Education* alone as a basis. Mabel La Farge in her introduction to the volume of letters written to her by her uncle, Henry Adams, quotes from one of his poems. The thought reminds one, surely, of Arnold's *Buried Life*. Matthew Arnold was one of Henry Adams' favorite authors. The lines run thus:

"But we who cannot fly the world, must seek
To live two separate lives; one in the world
Which we must ever seem to treat as real;
The other in ourselves, behind a veil
Not to be raised without disturbing both."

And Mabel La Farge goes on to say, "The *Education* gives an account of his life 'in the world,' with glimpses perhaps only to those who knew

¹ Carl and Mark Van Doren, *American and British Literature Since 1890*.

him, of his 'inner shrine.' The life behind a veil reveals itself in the monument [upon his wife's grave] in Rock Creek Cemetery, and also in the volume *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres*." Surely the understanding sketch of her uncle by Mabel La Farge presents an altogether different view of Henry Adams from that which he himself discloses in his autobiography. So also do his letters from the South Sea Islands for which the reader cannot but feel gratitude to Mabel La Farge, the recipient, who has so generously allowed the world to enjoy them with her.

At any rate one must draw the line somewhere unless the treatment is to fill a volume of encyclopedic size. Even within the *Education* itself a limitation is necessary. I think the most interesting choice would include his early education, especially the formal part of it, in grammar school, and in College, and his return as instructor to Harvard in 1871 after a time of travels and diplomatic service. The twenty years subsequent to this, Adams passes over in silence, as a period, when fit or unfit, he stopped his own education and began "to apply it for practical uses, like his neighbors." At the end of these twenty years, he found that he could sum up the result. That summing up, it seems to me, can hardly be a just basis for applying to him the adjective "pessimistic."

No one, as Adams admits, began life holding better cards than himself. He was born, under the very shadow of Boston's State House, of one of the most illustrious families in our nation's history. Like the rest of mankind his education began wholly without his own consciousness of the fact. With the coming of school age he could distinguish two distinct and antagonistic phases in his life; one, winter, Boston, and confinement; the other, summer, freedom, and President Adams' estate in Quincy. There were extraordinary privileges for him in boyhood, arising from fortuitous birth in the Adams family, such as listening to discussions of friends of his father, like Dr. John G. Palfrey, Richard H. Dana, and Charles Sumner. His environment was most favorable for progress in literary paths, too. Religion, however, took no place beside politics and literature. The boy went to church, read his Bible, dozed through sermons as everyone did, but neither to him nor to his brothers and sisters, was religion real. Upon his informal education Adams sets no definite value, but his school days, from the age of ten to sixteen, spent in the usual elementary and Latin grammar school, he reckoned as "time thrown away." He says, "For success in the life imposed on him he needed, as afterwards appeared, the facile use of only four tools: Mathematics, French, German, and Spanish. With these he could master in very short time any special branch of inquiry, and feel at home in any society. Latin and Greek, he could, with the help of the modern languages, learn more completely by the intelligent work of six weeks than in the six years he spent on them in school."

"The next regular step was Harvard College. For generation after generation his relations had gone there, and although none of them, as far as known, had ever done any good there, or thought himself the better for it, custom, social ties, conveniences, and above all, economy, kept each generation in the track." To Adams the University appeared as a mill, stamping its products with a character of moderation, judgment, and restraint. It taught little, and that little ill. In his own words, and perhaps this remark has helped to earn for his book, the reproach "pessimistic," "the chief wonder of education is that it does not ruin everybody concerned in it, teachers and taught." From his masters Adams got little, from his mates he got nothing. Though honored by being chosen Class Orator, he says of his graduation, "Education had not yet begun."

Berlin, as the Mecca of literary men, seemed to offer some opportunity for education. Adams went there under the pretense of studying Civil Law. He left there as soon as an excuse suggested itself, his attempt at education once more a failure. He traveled somewhat, then became secretary to his father, Minister to England, during the difficulties of Civil War days. Adams recounts his meetings with men of political power and literary repute. He enjoyed the latter; and I wonder how he could conclude, upon his return to America, "that his education, like his country's, was thus far useless, and some of it was worse."

Chance brought Adams back to Harvard University in 1871 as a professor at the age of thirty-three. His reflections upon this chapter in his life are most interesting. Henry Adams is a man of no illusions. He is realistic. He is frank. He opposed, unceasingly, the mental inertia he felt about him; he could not overlook it, especially in his own age when the mechanical power of our country seemed to have reached a level after a phenomenal, almost abnormal growth of some years. When we see Henry Adams, who had so vigorously found fault with education at the University, return there with power to initiate reforms, in at least one department, the situation invites close attention. The chair Adams was called to fill was that of Medieval History. He was still a young man, not well versed in his subject, at least in his own estimation. Not that his ignorance troubled him. "He knew enough to be ignorant." It is only the wise man who knows he is a fool. Yet Adams felt all the responsibility of the position, a responsibility he spoke of thus: "A parent gives life, but as parent gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." What was Adams to do? He found here as everywhere in the complexity of life, no definite answer. He would not teach by the lecture method of centuries ago. He felt that a teacher could take care of only a half dozen pupils at a time, and he acted according to his conviction. As for what he taught them—he wanted it to be something not

entirely useless. There were a few dates which, as relative points in history, were a necessity. Having disposed of them, Adams was free to do as he pleased. He decided to work with his students to see what he could discover. Teacher and taught searched here and there, surmounting obstacles of every nature. Then they compared results. It was amusing work but led nowhere; and what was the use of training an active mind to waste its energy? In regard to the whole experiment "he was content neither with what he had taught nor the way he had taught it." The seven years he passed in teaching seemed to him lost. The only thing he had enjoyed were the students, eager, industrious, young men, with tremendous faith in the education being meted out to them, a faith, which to him "was so full of pathos that one dared not ask them what they thought they could do with education when they got it."

Henry Adams passes from the year of his resignation as professor to 1891 with the remark, "What one did or did not do with one's education after getting it, need trouble the inquirer in no way; it is a personal matter only which would confuse him." In bulk the work he had done was great. The number of volumes by him on the shelves of public libraries seemed to him "altogether ridiculous." His reflections on this period as a whole are far from pessimistic. "He had no complaint," he says, "to make against man or woman. They had always treated him kindly; he had never met with ill-will, ill-temper, or even ill-manners or known a quarrel. He had never seen serious dishonesty, or ingratitude. He had found a readiness in the young to respond to suggestion that seemed to him far beyond all he had reason to expect. Considering the stock complaints against the world, he could not understand why he had nothing to complain of."

The subsequent years of Adams' life continued his untiring activity. In 1902 he began his *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres: A Study of Thirteenth Century Unity*. The book is a study of architecture, but it is more. It is a study of medieval philosophy, theology, and mysticism, the politics, sociology, and economics, the romance, literature, and art of that which James Walsh has called "the greatest of centuries." Whatever may be said of the *Education* no one would so much as think of coupling pessimism and *Mont Saint Michel*, for in it Adams has merged himself in medieval civilization and truly caught the spirit of an age of which Christianity may well be proud.

But my feeling in regard to the *Education* is that there also Henry Adams is not pessimistic. He is undoubtedly one who wondered much, one who found in life no answer for many all-important problems. He, like society, "failed to discover what sort of education suited best." He saw that Clarence King, perhaps his most loved friend, "whose education was exactly suited to theory," had failed; while another man whose

education was no better than his own, had achieved a phenomenal success. One wonders how, if a man decides upon no theory of the purpose of life, he can find a norm whereby to judge whether his "education is useful or not." For Adams meant no mere material utility.

If, however, the *Education* is not consoling in its philosophy, it does, act as a mental stimulant, and is productive of a spirit of intelligent curiosity about the experiences which life presents.

HELEN E. BRIDEY, '28.



Gilt or Gold?

Gold blazed the radiant lights,
And the shimmering floor
Stretched like a shimmering sea
Away to a golden shore.

Gold shone the ravishing gowns
Of the brilliantly gay,
Dancing like glad sparkling waves
Asplashing a golden spray.

Gold rang the melody's lilt
As it shed a gold haze—
The haze of a magic mirage
Enhancing the intricate maze.

Gold gleamed the fast-swirling maze
Of the dancing throng
While a spirit like that of a dream
Enveloped the dance and the song.

Gold burnt the moon's orb afire
With the wild ecstasy;—
But I wondered if all of this gold
Would gleam in eternity.

KATHLEEN ROGERS, '29.

Musings of a Vain Little Lady

When I am old what shall I be,
A crank, a care, or a utility?
Will I fuss when there is noise,
And be angry with little boys,
When I am old?

When I am old shall I live alone,
Weak and sad and thin as a bone,
Or shall I be short and stodgy and fat,
And sit long weary years and tat,
When I am old?

When I am old shall I dread the rain,
Will it bring rheumatism and pain?
Shall I be ever wrapped in a shawl
When Summer days change into Fall,
And I am old?

When I am old shall this dear earth
Lose for me all joy and mirth,
Shall my hair be snowy white,
And shall I wear it snatched back tight,
When I am old?

When I am old shall I still love
To walk alone 'neath stars above,
Or shall this lose all charms for me
When my eyes but dimly see,
And I am old?

When I am old, and 'twill be soon
That life's fresh morn will pass to noon,
And noon will shade its glowy light
Fading into darksome night,
And I'll be old!

ROSE O'NEIL, '26.

Monotony Street

Of course that wasn't really the name of the street on which Mary Jane Smith lived, but in her opinion, it might have been. Poor Mary Jane was "tired to death" of West Street and of the life one led there. One arose each morning, yawned broadly and stretched. Following this, came the daily orange, egg, and toast. It was practically the same program at night save that events took place in the reverse order. One passed the same houses every morning and night. Practically the same exchange of words took place following this order; "Good morning, do you think we'll have rain today?" or "Great day isn't it?" In the evening one told the other of what a fine day it had been. Just as if the person addressed didn't know it already.

Wasn't it a funny old world? Jane had fallen to musing. So many people said and did the very same things over and over in exactly the same manner, each time just as if they had never been thought of before. Well, she for one was "sick and tired" of it all. Just at present she was sitting before the large bay window of the family library. During her pensiveness the book on her lap had fallen, unobserved, to the floor. Without stopping to pick it up, she dashed to the closet where her little blue coat hung in just the same position in which she had left it the night before. Her tiny, close-fitting felt sat sedately in the same shiny black leather hatbox.

Five minutes later, Mary Jane, neatly attired, was walking down West Street at a feverish pace, turning her head only to give the necessary recognition of "How-d'ye-do" to her neighbors. She was not a snob. Don't mistake her. She was "sick and tired" of the ordinary. Mary Jane was going to seek adventure.

The city of Davenport is so divided that those citizens more richly endowed with this world's goods dwell on "the hill" while their poorer brethren humbly inhabit the lowlands. The Smith family were among the members of the latter class. A. J. Smith was the average struggling business man who sought to provide for his family the ordinary comforts that a salary of "fifty per" would allow. The Smiths were not poverty-stricken; neither were they of "the hill" class. Theirs was just that monotonous "in between" existence. Mary Jane was the youngest of these West Street Smiths. If her family thought that she intended to follow in the footsteps of five sisters and three brothers who were her seniors, they were greatly mistaken. A Smith daughter had never been so desperate before. Now as she sailed along with the appearance of one who has a goal to reach and means to arrive at it in spite of obstacles,

many were the thoughts that pursued one another in that eager little brain. She would try the hill. Somehow she rather liked the atmosphere of it. The houses, alternating from Dutch-colonial style to white, stately mansions, were the types of houses that seemed to fit into the pages of a novel. The names of the streets were attractive. There was no West Street, or East, or North, or South, but there was a Birch Road, a Lorna Doone Terrace, a Maple Avenue, and a Victoria Street. About half way down the queen's street, Mary Jane began to realize that she had been wandering about for nearly an hour. She had seen so many beautiful mansions and had been so much engaged in weaving a tale of adventure around them, that she had failed to notice the sinking sun and the rising dusk. Examining her tiny wrist watch, a gasp escaped her lips. But the youngest daughter of A. J. Smith, the struggling realtor, was to gasp again when she found that she had no idea of where she was, or how she might find her way back to West Street. This realization came to her as she stood blankly before a tall white fence of one of the most distinctive estates on the hill. She was not the type of girl to be easily thrown into despair. Her brain began to work rapidly. Why, of course! the tall, white gate was beckoning to her. The house, however, did not seem quite so approachable. Hers was a brave heart. She would seek directions here. Pushing the gate open, she walked up the gravel walk, and stood face to face with a colonial door knocker. These knockers always give one an indefinable feeling of awe. The girl's hand reached for the knocker. Once, twice, then three times! No answer.

"They must be out, I shall have to try another house," she thought, a little impatient now.

Before she had time to turn to go down the small flight of steps a horrifying shriek came to her amazed ears. She stood motionless. Her hands refused to move, her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth, and her feet were as if glued to the little door mat. But her keen eyes did not fail to catch sight of a figure fleeing from the back of the house. Just a fleeting figure, then it was gone. After this, things began to whirl in Mary Jane's brain. Well, here was adventure. Notwithstanding her nervousness, she took inventory of the rapid succession of events. There had been a shriek of an indefinable nature, probably a woman's, but more likely a child's. A man was running from the back door of the house. If only her teeth would not chatter so, she might be able to think more clearly. Then came her decision. Murder! A vision of flashing journalistic headlines fluttered for a moment before her eyes. Why didn't she run away? Any other girl in the same circumstances might have, but do not forget that Mary Jane Smith was in search of adventure! One small hand, as if in answer to the strange shriek, sought the polished door knob, and strangely enough, the great

white door yielded to the pressure of the tiny body. Here she was, a common, ordinary girl from West Street, up in a strange house on the hill. Who could have been more out of place? Not a soul seemed to be within the house. All was suddenly quiet. The room on the right, very beautifully furnished, was apparently unoccupied. But no! Horrors! What was that dark thing in the corner? A body? Stark horror! A strange house, a strange room, a stranger something in the corner. This was the victim! In fact, the whole thing was just what she, the ordinary girl from West Street, had been seeking—adventure! That thing in the corner. Mary Jane sickened. She tried to pray. The newspaper headlines again, and this time in red! Nearer and nearer to the body. It was clothed in black and seemed to be a woman instead of a child. She was right over it now. Soon she would be looking into the deathly white face, and the staring eyes. She stooped. Almost simultaneously with this action, the deep voice of a man came from the rear of the house. For the first time Jane forgot her “adventure.” Here he was coming back again, the murderer. But why did he dare to speak so loudly? In an instant she was at the front door again. Then it was that she caught the words of that awful man.

“Hang that dog and his everlasting yelping! That’s the third time he has knocked over that blamed model! Mabel, *will* you take it up to the sewing room soon?”

“Yes, my dear,” came the sweet, womanly voice. “I have been so busy helping brother to catch his evening train to the city, that I forgot about it.”

The mystery was solved for Mary Jane. She returned to the dark street as quickly as she had left it. In the distance she recognized a machine. It was about to pass her.

“Dad,” she cried. The West Street struggling realtor had never been happier in seeing his youngest.

That night Mary Jane Smith, nestled comfortably in her cozy white bed, made a great decision: West Street for her from now on.

ELIZABETH LINNEHAN, '28.

My Ideal Man

At last I've found my ideal man,
My heart has told me so,
Oh! he's the grandest one alive
Would that he were my beau.

His hair is light, his eyes are blue,
His smile is sweet and kind.
(He'd make Adonis blush for shame)
True flower of mankind!

His clothes are cut in latest style,
His ties are neatly made;
He holds first place in my poor heart,
My love will never fade.

He draws me to him with his smiles,
My heart does hammer so
Whenever I behold him near—
Oh, would that he could know!

But, oh! the dream will ne'er come true,
Our ways are far apart;
For he is on the collar "ad"
And ne'er will know my heart.

LUCIETTA CATHRYN PISCOPO, '29.

Shakespeare on Current Topics

Even a superficial study of the plays of Shakespeare tends to convince one of the analytical human wisdom possessed by that best-loved of dramatists. His wisdom is, of its very nature, universal, his psychological knowledge being applicable to human life in all places and in all ages. As a proof of this let us present to you some of Shakespeare's pithy judgments as they have been brought to bear upon the following subjects of current interest.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THOUGHTS ON LINDY

Lindbergh! What kind of a man is he? (T.N. I, 5, 159.) He is a very proper man (M.A. II, 3, 189). He was a bachelor then and so is now. (T.N. I, 2, 29.) He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall (A.Y.L.I. III, 5, 128). He is sad and civil, most jocund, apt and willing. (T.N. V, 1, 135.) He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness and in my mind very wise. (M.A. II, 3, 191-192.) I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, of great estate—he has three thousand ducats (T.N. I, 3, 22)—of fresh and stainless youth; in voices well divulg'd, free, learned and valiant (T.N. I, 5, 276-279); and for bearing, argument, and valor goes foremost in report (M.A. III, 1, 96-97). I will believe he has a mind that suits with this fair and outward character (T.N. I, 1, 50-1.) There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple; if the ill spirit have so fair a house, good things will strive to dwell within it (Tempest I, 2, 458-60.) I might call him a thing divine for nothing natural I ever saw so noble (Tempest I, 2, 417-419). I have no ambition to see a goodlier man. (Tempest I, 2, 482.)

ESTHER V. FOX, '28.

ON THE RECKLESSNESS OF MODERN MOTORISTS

In the commonwealth, no kind of traffic would I admit (T. II, 1), for now, he that escapes without some broken limb shall acquit him well. (A.Y.L.I. I, 1.) I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. (A.Y.L.I. I, 1.) Nor night nor day, no rest! (W.T.II, 3.) The swifter speed, the better. (W.T. IV, 4.) Their speed hath been beyond account. (W.T. II, 3.) Is it possible that no man saw them? (A.Y.L.I. II, 2.) Oh! think what they have done! (W.T. III, 2.) Oh! the most piteous cry of the poor souls! (W.T. III, 3.) I have seen two such sights, and I have not winked since I saw these sights (W.T. III, 3.); I find not myself disposed to sleep (T. II, 1); I found him

under a tree liked a dropped acorn (A.Y.L.I. III, 2); what a blow was there given! (T. II, 1.) In a moment, the villian (A.Y.L.I. I, 1) threw him and broke three of his ribs—there is little hope of life in him (A.Y.L.I. I, 2.) I have a kinsman, not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. (W.T. IV, 3.) I cannot speak nor think, nor dare to know that which I know. (W.T. IV, 4.) There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. (A.Y.L.I. III, 2.) I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke (T. II, 2)—'twas not so (A.Y.L.I. III, 2), for I recovered him and bound his wound. (A.Y.L.I. IV, 3.) This mystery remained undiscovered. (W.T. V, 2.) I do beseech you that are of supple joints, to hinder them from what this ecstasy may now provoke them to. (T. III, 3.) Be advised (W.T. IV, 4); I do in friendship counsel you. (A.Y.L.I. I, 2.) Our hint of woe is common (T. II, 1), so I will weary you no longer with idle talking. (A.Y.L.I. V, 2.) Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders and let Time try. (A.Y.L.I. IV, L. But, note this (M.A. II, 3.) Time goes on crutches. (M.A. II, 1.)

MADELINE KELLEY, '29.



A Thrush Singing Clear

Sweet through the dawn comes a bell-like note,
Through forest and valley, far and near—
Like cloud-spun silver it seems to float—
A thrush singing clear.

Another song to my listening ear
As I drift in my small, green boat;—
At noon, o'er the water, 'tis you I hear.

At night again from a full little throat
From the pine above us, my dear,
Comes the chant of a bird in a little brown coat—
A thrush singing clear!

PHYLLIS JOY, '29.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Reverend Howard McKenzie, brother of the Reverend Eric McKenzie.
Dr. Edward Finn, brother of the Very Reverend Charles Finn, S.T.D.
Mr. Michael J. Ryan, father of Maureen Ryan, '26.

*Ipsis, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii,
lucis et pacis, ut indulgeas, deprecamur.*



Christ and the Children

During the month of April there is a day set apart on the Church calendar as the one upon which Blessed Mère Julie is honored by her spiritual daughters, the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Although the Sisters of today cannot carry on their noble work under the inspiring supervision of their holy foundress, yet the advice which Mère Julie gave to the first little band of novices has been carefully recorded and handed down. Yes, the Sister of today has the consolation of reading those admonitions which always prove of the greatest value to her. What could be of greater assistance to a religious teacher, while laboring daily in the class-room in her work of winning souls to God, than to bear in mind the words: "Never mind if only a few seem to profit by your instructions. Let us always go on sowing the good seed." And how great is her happiness when she sees her work bringing forth results like those chronicled in the following excerpt from the current number of the *Mt. Pleasant College Magazine* (Liverpool, England).

"An Anglican Bishop recently entered a Council School and asked the children what they would do if Our Lord were to enter the room. It must have been with something of a shock that he heard the almost unanimous answer: "I should run away."

The report of this incident led a Headmistress of a Catholic School to present the same question to children of six and seven years of age, with results rather more consoling, as a selection from the written answers to the question will tend to show:—

1. I would run and adore Him, and then ask Him to give me Holy Communion. I would ask Him to make all sick people better.

2. I would kiss His feet and tell Him that I had done some sins, and say, "Please forgive me."
3. I would look and look and look at Him.
4. I would love Him with 'old heart because He is so 'oly.
5. I would kiss Him, and bow down and say Hail Mary and Our Father and then sing for Him, God save the King.
6. I would run up to Him and say, "I like you, Jesus."
7. If Our Lord came in to this room I would give Him a chair to sit down and sit on His knee and put my arms round His neck and love Him. I would squeeze him terrible tight and tell Him everything, all about school and how I longed and longed to see Him. How sorry I was when Mamma told me that I helped to take part in His passion because He knew all the sins I was going to comit., How all of my sins press the thorns into His Sacred Heart and how I can take them out by doing little things that I don't want to do. Please send a blessing on our house because You appeared to a Saint and gave seven promises and one was if you had a statue off the Sacred Heart that home would have blessings and we have a great big one.



Wings of Time

Beside a whirling brook I watch the plight
 Of eddyng waters as they hurry past,
 And see the minnows gliding still more fast
 Lest jagged rocks should check their rapid flight;
 And as the gleams of day fade into night
 I see across the evening sky a vast
 Tumultuous flock of birds who speed at last
 From cold, north winds to lands of warm delight.
 Time is a rival to be faced each day
 To conquer, but to liberate once more,
 Thus man with time works out his destiny.
 Time fleets more quickly than swift birds away,
 So will it be as 'twas in days of yore,
 Until the dawning of eternity.

ALICE M. WILLARD, '29.

EXCHANGES

THE BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS

With the receipt of the January issue of *The Boston College Stylus* came our first answer to a number of exchange requests. A mere glance at the table of contents, and one is immediately impressed with the versatile character of the litterateurs from the Heights.

One title in particular arouses our curiosity, and so we first turn to the article bearing the somewhat paradoxical title, "Alec Pope, Romanticist." In it the author, Nicholas J. Wells, ruthlessly, but none the less convincingly, tears away all the rock-bound traditions with which years of literary criticism have tended to surround Pope, "the charioteer of Classicism's curse." Basing his arguments upon the one poem *Eloisa to Abelard*, Mr. Wells succeeds in bringing about in the reader's mind such a complete revolution of opinion concerning this dull misanthropic exponent of Classicism, that we heartily agree with the enthusiastic conclusion.

Some of the pity aroused by the above treatise on "poor Pope" we might have bestowed upon the Muse of Poetry who seems to have been very much over-worked by the contributors to the January *Stylus*.—But the results, in general, are far too gratifying. Take, as a most evident proof, this description from "The Firefly,"

"Alone is she seeking, this wandering
maid,
For the dream that she lost on a
summer night,
But the little stream laughs at her
constancy,
As she drifts 'neath the stars with
her little light.

Aye, the little stream laughs and
chuckles in glee.
And he knows that she seeks in vain,
For the dream that she looks for, he
carried away,
Lulled to sleep in his murmuring
strain."

The intricacies of *vers libre* have been skillfully managed by J. V. Tracy in the poem, "Success," in which is graphically described the insatiable longings which come to one who has been, through a lack of spiritual foresight, indelibly stamped with the curse of worldly values.

☪ ☪

THE PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC

Next came an exchange from the littlest State in the Union—*The Providence College Alembic*. This issue contains three articles of outstanding merit, "The Poetry of Gilbert K. Chesterton," "That Amazing Proposal" (for a world peace plan), and "Religion in Literature." The last-named is analytical in nature, and seeks to determine the part which religious life and beliefs play in the making of literature. The writer starts out with the general statement: "Religion and literature are linked by so many bonds and have so much in common that they are nearly identical," and proceeds to prove his statement by concrete examples. In giving these examples the writer, Joseph J. Della Penta, does not confine himself to any one particular field of literary endeavor, but draws them from the world's treasure-house of epic writings, dramas, essays, poetry and metrical romances. In concluding, he says, "Such in brief is literature's indebtedness to religion. As we have seen, religion plays a paramount part in literature, it is the underlying current of the drama, it is reflected in the essay, it is the soul of poetry. Religion colors every thought and feeling of man, and shapes the whole of human life. According to the same token, religion colors and shapes literature which, as Maurice Egan says, 'is the written expression of life.'"

We regret that we have not sufficient space to print in full the poem "A Church in the Mart," by John C.

Hanley, from which we quote the following stanzas:

Mid the greed of striving
And wars of grasping hands,
Unsullied and victorious
The peaceful palace stands.

Golden lights of heaven
Begild the holy walls,
And on the heedless thoroughfare
The temple's blessing falls."

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DOWANHILL TRAINING COLLEGE MAGAZINE

From "across the pond" came two contributions to our exchange list—*The Mount Pleasant College Magazine*, from Liverpool, and *The Dowanhill Training College Magazine* from Glasgow, Scotland.

The recent awakening in this country of Catholic interest in the Girl Scout Movement—or, to make the matter more pertinent, the insertion of a Girl Scout course in the school curriculum at Emmanuel—caused us to peruse very eagerly the article "The Girl Guide Movement," written by a past student of Dowanhill. It is amusing to note certain differences in the phraseology. Instead of saying "Troops" and "Patrols," as we say here, they refer to the same Scout divisions as "Companies" and "Packs." Yet, disregarding such trivialities as words and phrases, the ideal guiding the scout movement in either country is the very same—the training and character-development of our Catholic youth. And so in this we are glad to find one more interest that will serve to bind us to our sisters across the sea—the first bond being, of course, that fundamental yet almost indefinable loyalty which exists among all children of Notre Dame the whole world over.

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TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD

From Washington, through the medium of the *Trinity College Record*, comes a sisterly welcome to the ETHOS of which the Emmanuelites, one and all, are greatly appreciative.

Quite in keeping with the spirit of the season, the introduction to this issue of the *Record* takes the form of "A Fastidious Valentine," by Hilda Ashford, which we shall give at the end of our critical summary of the *Record's* contents.

We liked the cleverly constructed groupings, "An American Symphony,"

"Women," and "Window Poems." Perhaps we are prejudiced, but it really seems that the composer of the *legato* movement, Boston, has not caught the spirit of the Hub.

However, here is the promised valentine:—

"To call you 'Dear' or 'Sweet' I do not choose—

I know

The whole wide world those words can use

Just so.

I think I'll call you 'Mine.' You are! And what

Is more

There's no one else who ever has been that

Before."

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THE VILLANOVAN

We extend to the Reverend Faculty and to the students of Villanova our deepest sympathy for the recent fire loss sustained by them. In such a disaster as this we realize that "words are as wind," yet we would join heartily with the editor of the *Villanovan* in the prayerful hope that "from the ruins of the past shall rise the glories of the future."

The short story has not been slighted in the winter issue of the *Villanovan*, several such contributions being contained in it. The article, "Absolom and Achitophel," is especially deserving of praise. It treats at some length of the circumstances surrounding the writing of this satire, the necessary history of the "victims" chosen by Dryden, and the results, immediate and remote, accruing from the publication of the poem.

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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

The amount of poetical contributions in the *Fordham Monthly* for February more than compensated for what the *Villanovan* sadly lacked. With the authors, we understood the contradictory emotions in "Wind," we felt the stirring pathos of "Concert," we heard the note of wild and sobbing hopelessness sounded in "Humanity," we "remembered" Venice "when it was carnival time."

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Receipt of the following is also gratefully acknowledged:

Simmons College Review.

The Watch Tower (Marygrove, Detroit).

The Smith College Weekly.

The New Rochelle Quarterly.

E. C. ECHOES

Since our last review of college happenings, we have successfully concluded our year's first semester and have hopefully begun our next. The Seniors are now looking forward to commencement; the Juniors, to caps and gowns, and the Sophomores and Freshmen to reaching one step higher on the ladder. But to go back to where we left off in our chronicle.

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FRESHMEN JOIN SODALITY

A very impressive ceremony was carried out when, on December fifth, the Freshmen were formally received into the Sodality. The whole student body attended the service in the Chapel, which was a mass of black and white in the color scheme of the costumes. The under classmen were attired in white dresses and veils and the Seniors in cap and gown. The Reverend Dr. Murphy delivered an appropriate sermon, comparing the privilege of enrollment in this great world-wide society to membership in any other association or club. He made us realize the great honor we should consider it and how much we should treasure our emblems. The service was brought to a close by the solemn enrollment of the new members.

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STIRRING ADDRESS BY LOUIS WETMORE

On December twelfth we had the pleasure of hearing Louis Wetmore speak to us on "Catholic Women." Mr. Wetmore was formerly literary editor of the *New York Times* and is one of our most influential Catholic speakers of today. Although a convert, he is a staunch upholder of Catholic ideals and principles. He told us how we could do our bit to spread Catholicism and to prevent "the blind hordes from marching steadily forward to their destruction." He told us of his days teaching Socialism and Atheism from a soap-box in London, and how, finally, after

years of uneasiness and searching for the truth, he found rest in the Catholic Church. We were all thrilled and charmed by this forceful speaker, and hope that we may be privileged to hear him again.

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FIRST MEETING OF HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The newly established Historical Society chose as its first lecturer, the Reverend Patrick J. Waters, Ph. D., a professor at Emmanuel and a friend of every student. The first formal meeting was very well attended and Dr. Waters gave a scholarly and instructive address on "The Federation of States." He traced the evolution of our government and constitution from its earliest foundation in colonial times. He put the facts in such a concise and clear way that not only was our interest held throughout the lecture but we were able to assimilate the knowledge in a classified manner and retain it longer than we ever could by intensive study of books. The Historical Society in general and its president, Katherine Gullivan, in particular, did well in choosing such an able speaker to preside at its initial meeting.

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ATHLETIC CHRISTMAS PARTY

Again the Reverend Dr. Waters figured in student activities when a few days before Christmas vacation, the Athletic Club, whose president is Alice Scanlon, invited its members to a party in the gymnasium. There was a thrilling basketball game between the Seniors and Juniors, which decided the championship for the first semester in favor of the Seniors. After this, Father Waters, the guest of the afternoon, presented the prize for the tennis championship to Miss Esther Doyle of the Sophomore class. Santa Claus then made a special early visit and presented each one with a bag of candy, thus circulating the Christmas spirit of generosity.

ORIGINAL PLAY PRODUCED

Our Christmas play given annually took the form this year of an original drama written by five of our own girls; three from the Senior class and two from the Juniors. The promising playwrights are: Elizabeth Linnehan, Ethel Morris, Mary Rita O'Connor, Kathleen Rogers, and Anna McCarthy. As is the custom annually, we experienced the fun and at the same time the charity of inviting and escorting one hundred little orphans to the College to see our Christmas pageant and to receive candy and toys from Santa Claus. Before the performance began the children kept us all amused by singing, dancing, and reciting pieces. They liked our play so much that they invited us all to their Christmas party at the home the next week, to which they were eagerly looking forward.

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HOLIDAYS

After receiving our first copies of THE ETHOS we left our books and set out jubilantly for the joys of Christmas vacation. We rushed through the last late bits of our holiday preparation so as to be in readiness for the coming of Santa Claus.

In our interest in our family and friends during the Yuletide season, we did not forsake all thoughts of Emmanuel. On the twentieth of December we assembled at Schrafft's on West street for a bridge arranged by the Senior class, who welcomed the rest of the College and their friends. This was the first attempt of its kind ever made by a class of the College. A very considerable number attended and from all accounts enjoyed themselves playing pivot bridge. Tea was served after prizes had been awarded to Misses Mildred Crowley, Elizabeth Tobin, Theresa O'Flahaven, and Elizabeth Logan. The Seniors wish to thank the rest of the student body for their participation and co-operation in making this pioneer attempt a great success.

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CHANGES IN OUR FACULTY

On account of the growing needs of St. John's Seminary, his Eminence Cardinal O'Connell has found it necessary to withdraw from the staff of Emmanuel the priests of the seminary who have been professors here since the foundation of the College. We regret sincerely losing those

who have done so much for us and have made themselves such a definite part of our school life. But we rejoiced to learn that we could still have the Reverend John J. Lynch, now of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, who will continue his work here as Professor of Economics. The new professors to whom THE ETHOS extends its cordial welcome are: the Reverend James Fahy, Philosophy 5; the Reverend John Consodine, Psychology 1; the Reverend John Mullin, Education 7; the Reverend Francis Sallaway, Education 3; the Reverend David McDonald, Religion; the Reverend Garrett F. Keegan, Ethics; the Reverend Joseph Keenan, Scripture and Church History; the Reverend Walter Furlong, Sociology.

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NEW OFFICERS FOR SECOND SEMESTER

The officers of the first semester automatically gave up their positions, which they have very creditably filled, when their successors were elected on January sixteenth by class vote. The new officers for the three lower classes are as follows: Juniors: President, Catherine Sullivan; Vice-President, Maura Gallagher; Secretary, Elizabeth Kelley; Treasurer, Florence Duris; Sophomores: President, Patricia Gahagan; Vice-President, Alice Grandison; Secretary, Ann McNamara; Treasurer, Dorothy Parkhurst; Freshmen: President, Alice Gallagher; Vice-President, Catherine Smith; Secretary, Louise Doherty; Treasurer, Anne Dargin. The Senior class, as customary, retains its officers throughout the year on account of the greater responsibilities of their work. Those who continue in their duties are: President, Mary Grady; Vice-President, Mary Campbell; Secretary, Kathryn McElroy; Treasurer, Irene McDonald.

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PRIZES FOR PLAY CONTEST AWARDED

The prizes for the play contest conducted by the Dramatic Society for the members of the College were all won by the class of 1930. The first prize of ten dollars in gold was won jointly by Ann McNamara and Mary Rose Connors for a play of skill and ability, called Alias Nurse. Doris Donovan, also of the same class, received honorable mention for her play, entitled "The Scarab."

ANNUAL RETREAT

On January twenty-third examinations were concluded for another semester, when the College began its annual retreat under the excellent direction of the Reverend George Hanlon, S.J. Books and academic worries were laid aside for three days while our minds were once again directed towards the real meaning of life and the best methods of making it successful in the highest sense of the word. Father Hanlon, by his straightforward sincerity, won our confidence immediately. We followed him eagerly through the ceremonies of the retreat, renewing our resolutions with stronger wills and firmer decisions to prevent our losing sight of the main end of our existence.

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JUNIORS HOLD PROMENADE

Every year in the first week or two of February everyone becomes full of enthusiasm and anticipation for the great social gathering of the college year, the Junior Promenade. This year the class chose the Somerset for the scene of activities and February third for the time. Katherine Skelley, as chairman, was assisted by a committee including Susan Murdock and Catherine Sullivan, past and present presidents of the class; Agnes Collins, Katherine Foley, Irene McDonnell.

Able led by their committee, the class neglected no effort to bring their class dance up to the standards of former years, and in this they succeeded, despite the prejudice of every class in favor of their own prom. It was a gala night for the Juniors when, to the strains of a syncopated march, they paraded with their partners before the admiring gaze of the rest of the assembled company. Even though it was their night, the others of us who were not so important, had almost as enjoyable a time in our own small way. So successful was the dance financially that the class was able to present one hundred dollars to the College.

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FRESHMEN ENTERTAIN

On February eighteenth the Freshmen exhibited many hitherto unsuspected talents in music and dancing. They presented a very bright and clever program of selections by members of the class, among which were a dance in costume by Mary Bradley, a saxophone solo by Ann Grady, a

duet sung by Ann Grady and Alice Gallagher, a vocal solo by Grace Sullivan, and a one-act pantomime read by Louise Fielding, with portrayal by Marie Owens, Margaret Curran, Sarah Sheedy and Margaret Donohue. Dorothy Groden was a very capable mistress of ceremonies. Refreshments were served afterwards in the cafeteria, and the audience went away with an appreciation of the artistic merits of its newest members.

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FIRST CLASSICAL CLUB PROGRAM

The Classical Club gave its first public program in the auditorium on February twenty-seventh, and furnished one of the cleverest programs of the year. Catherine Maloney deserves great credit and appreciation for her zeal and ingenuity in making this such a great success. The program was an innovation in student entertainments and demonstrated to the college the ability and initiative of the youthful Classical Club. Helen Bridey read a most amusing prologue entitled "Pyramus and Thisbe," composed by Ethel Morris, and followed by a portrayal of their sad plight by Marguerite Coffey and Alice Scanlon. We wonder if Pyramus would not have been very angry if he could have seen how frail was the wall which ruined his young life. A style show, conducted by Eleanor McHugh, of old Roman dress, concluded the program, including the most fashionable dress for bride, matron, slave, senator, vestal virgin, and youth, with Madeleine O'Brien, Florence Duris, Mary Campbell, Madalyn Mahoney, Mary Cleary, Alice Johnson, Irene McDonald, Clarice Dion, and Mary Fowler as models. Catherine Maloney was assisted in directing the program by the other officers of the club, Irene McDonald, Mary Walsh, Madeleine O'Brien.

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LION ESCAPES

Terrifies School Children

The College was put in a panic one day recently when a full-grown lion made its way into the cafeteria, drank a glass of water before the stunned group of diners, and calmly walked out, terrifying all in the vicinity. The beast was not tracked to its lair, having escaped its pursuers, and has not been seen since. We hope that it is safely lodged in some zoo, costumer's, or other safe place.

CONFERENCE ON TEACHER TRAINING

Dr. Linnehan Represents Emmanuel College

At a luncheon conference conducted by Commissioner Payson Smith at the Chamber of Commerce, Monday, January 23, Emmanuel College was represented by Dr. Linnehan, Professor of Educational Sociology in the Graduate School. Among those present were the officers and members of the State Board of Education, the Principals of the State Normal Schools, Dean Holmes of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, Dean Wilde of the Boston University School of Education, and Professors of Education in the Liberal Arts Colleges. The discussions covered such questions as the relations between Normal Schools and Colleges, the place of professional training in education in the Liberal Arts College, and the purpose of the Graduate School of Education.

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PROFESSOR DOWNEY CHAIR- MAN AT HARVARD CONFER- ENCE

One of the features of the program for this year's meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English was a conference held at Harvard conjointly with the Harvard Teachers' Association. The chairman for this conference was Mr. Walter F. Downey, president of the Harvard Teachers' Association, Headmaster of the English High School, Boston, and Professor of High School Procedure in the Graduate School of Emmanuel.

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LECTURE BY PROFESSOR MORIZE

Program Made Possible by French Club

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot offered an attractive lecture to the College and their friends on Monday, March fifth. Professor André Morize of Harvard addressed a considerable audience in his fascinating French manner and speech. His subject was Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." This program was arranged by the president of the club, Marguerite McDermott, aided by Elizabeth Linnehan, vice-president; Lucietta Piscopo, secretary, and Theresa O'Flahaven, treasurer.

N. E. A. ASSOCIATION IN BOSTON

Dr. Mellyn Takes Prominent Part in Discussions

Dr. Mary C. Mellyn, Professor of Secondary Education in the Emmanuel College Graduate School, was a member of the Executive Committee for the convention of the National Education Association, held in Boston the first week of March. Besides extending the welcome of the schools and colleges in Boston to the National Convention of Administrative Women in Education, Dr. Mellyn spoke on the "Contribution of the Kindergarten and Elementary Education" at a dinner meeting of the International Kindergarten Union. At the vocational conference she gave an address rich with all her long educational experience on "Teaching as a Profession; Its Demands and Compensations."

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SONG RECITAL BY MISS LOUISE WATSON

A very picturesque and talented soprano sang for us on Monday, February twentieth. Miss Louise Watson gave a recital of songs, accompanied by Miss Louise Forman, who also offered two solos. Miss Watson's concert comprised two operatic airs from "Gianni Schicchi" and "La Bohème," several dainty lyrics, and Southern songs which she sang in a charming costume of a Southern belle of some years ago. She sang with feeling and enthusiasm, interpreting each selection with a youthful joy and ardor.

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SENIOR CLASS HONORS

Commencement Elections

Preparations are being made for the events of Commencement week in the election of chairmen, committees, and candidates for honors for class day. The chairman for class day will be Esther MacCafferty; Katherine Gallivan was chosen to write the last will and testament of the class; Ethel Morris, the class poem; Esther Fox, the prophecy; Adelaide Mahoney, the history, and Agnes Shaw, the Ivy Oration. In the competition for the class essay and the class songs, first honors were won by Helen Bridey and Mary Rita O'Connor. The committee elected for the Senior prom is as follows: Eleanor Groden, chair-

man; assisted by Katharine Connell, Agnes Dunn, Eleanor Kiley, Alice Scanlon and Alice Skahan. Marguerite McDermott is chairman of the Senior-Sophomore dance, with Isabel Brosnan, Mary Campbell, Katherine Delaney, Margaret Hession, and Patricia O'Connor as a committee.

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BASKETBALL SCHEDULE RESUMED

After an interval allowing for the mid-year exams and retreat, the basketball teams are again in readiness for their second semester games, which commenced last week with a game between the Seniors and Freshmen, in which the Freshmen were the victors. Each class will have an opportunity to play the other classes in order to win the championship of the second semester.

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FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY HELPS JAPANESE GIRL

The Foreign Mission Society has answered an urgent appeal for the Normal School education of a Japanese girl with the pledge of one hundred and fifty dollars which will pay for her tuition and prepare her to teach and thereby add to the number of Catholic teachers in her native land. The name of the student thus adopted by the Emmanuel Foreign Mission Society is Perpetua. We shall expect great deeds of her when her education is completed.

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PREPARATIONS FOR CANTATA

The Orpheus Club and the Glee Club, under the leadership of Elizabeth Tobin and Eleanor McDonald have arranged many delightful events during the last semester and are preparing for a cantata which will commemorate the feast day of Blessed Mother Julie shortly after Easter. The Senior members of the Glee Club and those who take part in the Baccalaureate Mass have been invited to sing in the cantata.

"THE UPPER ROOM"

"The Upper Room," the annual Lenten drama of the College, will once more be presented on March 23, 24, and 25, with a cast selected from the Dramatic Society of the school. Those participating are: Louise Fielding as the doctor; Mary Delaney, Achaz; Elizabeth O'Leary, Samuel; Theresa Sullivan, Joseph of Arimathea; Catherine Maloney, Peter; Maura Gallagher, John; Agnes Shaw, Judas; Doris Donovan, Longinus; Mary Grady, Mary; Katherine Connell, Mary Magdalen; Kathleen O'Donnell, Veronica. This play, by Robert Hugh Benson, was chosen some years ago, and it has become traditional in the College to present it each year during Lent.

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SENIOR CLASS AGAIN PER- FORMS

The student hour of March 7 was the occasion of a play given by the versatile members of the Senior class to the rest of the college. We expected something different as all we knew about it was that was advertised as a "Silent Drama," but we were hardly prepared for the delightful ingenuity which characterized the affair. "The Silent Drama" was a touching little romance in three acts screened in costumes and settings of the 18th century. We were particularly impressed with the charming garden scenery and sincerely hope that none of the conservatory plants suffered ill effects from the performance. Between the acts a most amusing specialty number was presented by four dancing soldiers in the persons of Patricia O'Connor, Alice Scanlon, Christine Flanagan, and Isabel Brosnan. Those who took part in the play were: Katherine Gallivan, Agnes Shaw, Katherine McLaren, and Catherine Maloney. The Seniors have once again come through with flying colors and revealed the great screen possibilities of members of the class. We are waiting news of their offers from Hollywood any time now.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Class of 1923

Katherine A. Foley is a regular assistant in the English Department of the Donald McKay Junior High School, East Boston.

Louise Mahoney is teaching History in Woonsocket High School.

Class of 1924

Anna R. Fulham is private secretary to Mr. Fulham of Fulham and Herbert, Boston.

Roseamond A. Murray is teaching English in the Lawrence High School. Mary M. Stavrinis is teaching Spanish and History at the Dorchester High for Girls.

Class of 1925

Helen Gallivan received the religious habit at the Notre Dame Novitiate, Waltham. Her name in religion is Sister Teresa Carmelita.

Margaret McCaffrey is teaching in the Damon Junior High School, Readville.

Class of 1926

Helen Carroll is teaching in the Henry Grew School, Hyde Park.

Mary Crowley is doing research work in the Chemistry Department of the Homeopathic Hospital, Boston.

Mary Cunningham is teaching French in the Framingham High School.

Mary R. Norton is studying for her master's degree in the Chemistry Department, at Columbia University, New York.

Virginia R. Wilde is taking an executive training course in Jordan's, Boston.

Elizabeth Sullivan is teaching Mathematics in Millis High school.

Class of 1927

Helen Bachose is teaching Latin at Clinton High, evenings.

Mary J. Barry is teaching English in the Cambridge Latin High.

Jacqueline Cirame is teaching Latin in Junior high school, East Boston.

Eileen Dowd is art supervisor at the Avon, Randolph, and Holbrook schools.

Agnes Keenan is teaching Latin in Roxbury Academy of Notre Dame.

Alice Lennon is doing research work at the Homeopathic Hospital, Boston.

Dorothy T. Rice is teaching Spanish in Boston Junior high.

Genevieve R. Steffy is teaching Latin in the Boston Academy of Notre Dame, The Fenway.

Class of '28

Sister Helen Denise (Helen Cronin) made her vows at the Novitiate of Notre Dame, Waltham, in February. She is now continuing her studies at Trinity College, Washington, D. C.



The Ethos

VOLUME I

MAY-JUNE, 1928

No 3

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME I

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No 3

At Parting

A famous writer has said somewhat contradictorily that "parting is such sweet sorrow." For us the parting from our beloved Alma Mater is indeed "sweet sorrow." We are sad because we are leaving one who has certainly been to us in every sense of the word—a fostering mother. But this sadness is tinged with not a little sweetness because we feel that we are taking away with us the high ideals and standards which she has instilled into us.

It seems to me that Emmanuel gives something to those who have spent four years within her walls that they can never forget. How many times has the thought of Emmanuel and all she stands for prevented one of her daughters from performing an act that would have cast the slightest blemish on her unsullied escutcheon! The words "for Emmanuel" have served as an impetus and a goal to urge one on even when it seemed as if one might falter or draw back.

No one save those who have never before had the privilege of studying under the direction of the Sisters of Notre Dame can realize what it has meant in the lives of many girls to have had them as examples. We could always and at all times look up to them and know that in all things they were guiding us right. It has been our good fortune to have known these Sisters, and they have guided us in the paths that lead to true happiness. They have given the right word when that word was so sorely needed, and above all they have given us good example. It is Ruskin who says, "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, by praise, but, above all,—by example."

Unfortunately there are those who would entirely debar religion and religious teachers from the schools. There are those who would de-

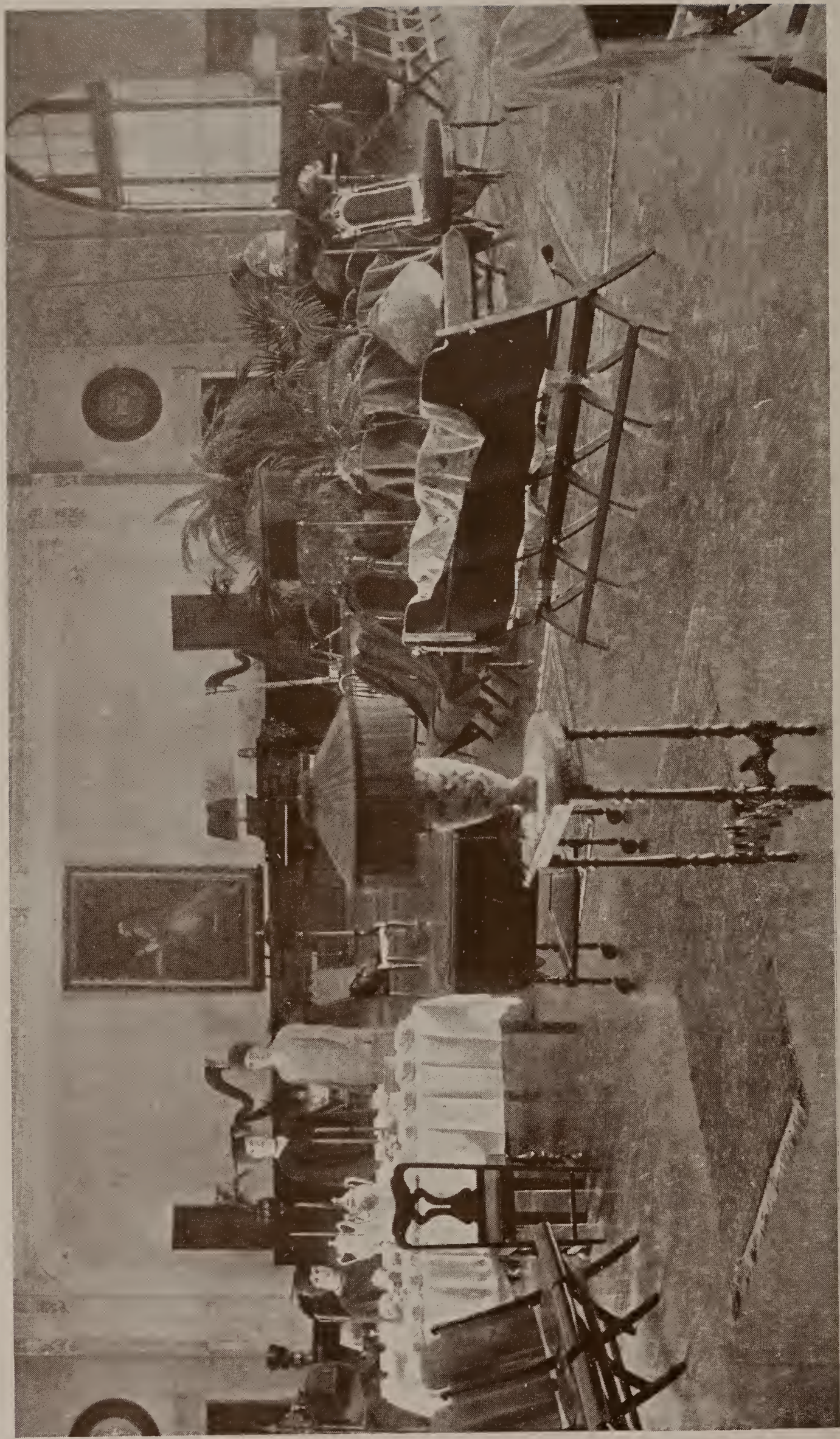
prive the very ones they seek to protect of the privilege of receiving their education under such conditions as Ruskin advocates. They would deprive others of the advantages which we thank God every day of our lives for having had. In his *Idea of a University* Cardinal Newman points out that it is not possible to separate Religion and Education. "If the Catholic Faith is true," he says, "a university cannot exist externally to the Catholic pale, for it cannot teach universal knowledge if it does not teach Catholic theology." He shows us that education without any religion results in a false intellectualism, and he gives us Julian the Apostate as an example of the "religion of reason," of the mere philosopher with no religious values. Mere intellectualism, he tells us, can never be substituted for religion. "True religion is slow in growth, but once firmly planted, is difficult of dislodgment; but its intellectual counterfeit has no root in itself; it springs up suddenly, it suddenly withers."

Many persons have the wholly erroneous idea that attention to religion tends to make education less practical, or in other words, that such an education does not prepare one sufficiently to cope with methods found in the outside world. Newman well defines the real attitude of Catholic institutions on this point when he says, "If then, a University is a direct preparation for this world, let it be what it professes. It is not a convent, it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world, with all its ways and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters, never to have gone into them."

If our four years at Emmanuel have given us nothing else they have given us a greater appreciation of those high-minded and self-sacrificing men and women who have devoted themselves to the service of Almighty God in the field of education. We have come through them to realize the wealth and richness of Catholic traditions. The great minds of great writers have recognized the worth of religious as teachers. Cardinal Newman asks for "trained Clergy," and even Carlyle, who could scarcely have been accused of Catholic sentiments, says that "there should be . . . true God-ordained priests for teaching." It is only through such teachers that we can acquire the much desired combination of "sweetness and light." We are surely in a position to testify that the combination of Religion and Education has been successful. When difficulties have beset us the consolation of the true Religion could always be ours. We could always go to the Chapel and seek the One who has said, "Come to me all ye that labor, and I will refresh you." To such associations we can never say farewell, but rather—auf wiedersehen.

MARGUERITE ANN COFFEY, '28.





AUDITORIUM AS RECEPTION ROOM

Parents' Day, May 13, 1928

New-Old Arthurian Legends

LANCELOT

Lancelot, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, is a long poem written in blank verse. We find in it the same background, and, with one or two exceptions, the same characters which form the basis of the *Idylls of the King*. The action which takes place in *Lancelot* is approximately that covered by *Guinevere* and *The Passing of Arthur* in the *Idylls*; but the story differs considerably from that of Tennyson, as Robinson at times follows the earlier version in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* more closely, and at times is led by his own originality to create new scenes.

The poem opens with a conversation between Lancelot and Gawaine in the King's garden. The Grail Quest is over and Lancelot, changed by his brief glimpse of the Light and fearful of an impending crisis, is planning to leave the Court on the morrow and follow in the footsteps of Galahad. The Queen comes, and when Gawaine leaves them, Lancelot confides his fears and plans to her. She makes light of his fears, attributes his desire to leave the Court to his waning love for her, and obtains his promise to come to her that night when the King will be away hunting. Left alone, Lancelot is haunted by two visions: the face of Galahad, and the face of Guinevere, both beckoning to him; Guinevere triumphs.

Arthur, impelled by the treacherous Modred, who in Robinson's version of the story is the son of Arthur and Bellicent, returns home at night and finds the lovers. Lancelot, aided by some of his faithful friends, succeeds in escaping after a sharp conflict; Guinevere is condemned by Arthur to be burnt to death at sunrise. A powerful scene is depicted in the chamber of the King, where, attended by the faithful Bedivere and by Gawaine, who is serious for once, Arthur awaits the dawn. He is practically delirious with anger, heartbreak, and horror, especially as the sun rises and the vision of Guinevere enveloped in flames comes up before him. Just at this moment a loud din is heard and a messenger comes straightway to Arthur with news of the disturbance. As the fagots were being lighted at Guinevere's feet, Lancelot, with Lionel and the other knights, had charged upon the multitude, dealing death everywhere, and had borne Guinevere away. In the conflict, without recognizing them, Lancelot had slain the weaponless brothers of Gawaine, Gareth and Gaheris, who had been unwilling spectators by command of the King.

Arthur, really relieved by the rescue of the Queen, is fired on to war by Gawaine; many are slain on each side in the ensuing battles, but Lancelot, haunted by the wrongs already done to Arthur and Gawaine, refuses to lift his hand against either of them, despite the exhortations of

Guinevere. Rome intervenes and Guinevere against her will is sent back to Arthur on his promise of mercy.

Arthur again makes war on Lancelot, and Gawaine is fatally wounded; but he becomes reconciled with Lancelot before his death. Arthur is recalled to battle with Modred for his throne; Lancelot raises a vast army to assist him but learns upon his arrival that Arthur and Modred have both been killed, and that Guinevere has taken refuge in a convent. He finds her, a changed Guinevere, who says that she will never stand again between him and the Light he seeks. They make their last farewell, and Lancelot, riding on, sees again the face of Galahad, and in the darkness finds the Light.

On the whole, the poem is tedious reading. There are two main causes for this,—long drawn-out conversations, and the involved sentence structure. What Tennyson has his characters say in a few well-chosen words with worlds of meaning underlying them, Robinson prefers to let his characters discuss at length, often with minute analysis. In these conversations, sentences and whole passages are so involved that even by riveting my attention on every word, I often found it necessary to go back four or five lines to find out what a certain "it" or "they" referred to. In my opinion, there is also another defect: the transitions are too abrupt. It is almost too much to expect one's mind to be so thoroughly in harmony with Robinson's that it is prepared for each new move he makes.

There are forceful passages in the poem, and some very beautiful ones, especially the parting of Lancelot and Guinevere and the concluding lines; but the beauty is often marred by a commonplace remark. The poem shows careful workmanship, and is a finished, elegant piece of work, but it lacks the color and richness, the warmth and vitality of the *Idylls*.

To one who has read Tennyson's work, the main characters in Robinson's poem are disappointing. Arthur is no longer the ideal king, blameless, strong, just and merciful; he is now a passionate man, easily swayed by Gawaine, and hard-hearted enough to send two of his noble young knights to witness the horrible death of the Queen in order that they may get used to his justice. Guinevere is less the queen; she has become a petulant woman, constantly complaining of Lancelot's waning love, and only at the end does she show those noble qualities which we feel are always present just under the surface in Tennyson's Guinevere. Lancelot does not suffer so much in comparison with the older poet's conception of the character; he is much the same, if we except a certain tendency to sarcasm and listlessness. Gawaine, on the other hand in his death-bed reconciliation with Lancelot, especially in his pathetic words: "Say to the King that I saw nothing vaster than my shadow, until it was

too late for me to see," shows more character than at any time in the *Idylls*.

In general, I think that the story used by Robinson does not improve on Tennyson's. The idea of Modred being Arthur's son and Arthur's condemnation of Guinevere are repugnant, and the absence of any reconciliation between the King and Queen is regrettable. But added details on the fate of Lancelot and Gawaine counterbalance this; and while the poem does not come up to the standard set by the *Idylls* it is an interesting modern treatment of the theme.

GENEVIEVE McCROHAN, '27.



MERLIN

In comparing Robinson's work "*Merlin*" with Tennyson's version of this Arthurian legend, *Merlin and Vivien*, one might almost say that Robinson began where Tennyson left off. In Robinson's work, the character of Vivian is not quite the same as the wily, scheming character of Tennyson's story, who delights in ensnaring others, and making them as base as herself. She is, rather, the characterization of all earthly beauty and charm, who, as she says, is "out of Time and out of tune with Time," and whose secret desire is to gain the love of the wizard, Merlin.

Robinson's story opens with a picture of Camelot, and the knowledge that Arthur's kingdom and power are fast slipping from him because of his concern over the sin of Lancelot and the Queen. Merlin has gone, so the story goes, to his living grave, in Brittany; where the lady Vivian charms him at her palace in Broceliande. Arthur, in desperation, sends Sir Dagonet, the fool and his last trusted friend, to Merlin, to bid him come to help him in his trouble. Merlin regretfully leaves Broceliande and goes to Arthur. His power is gone, however, and he can tell Arthur no more than he himself knows in his heart. Brittany and Vivian have changed him from an all-knowing seer, whose power had made kingdoms and kings, to one who longed for nothing more than to be back in Brittany. Merlin's loss of wisdom, strength, and power is symbolized by the loss of his great, gray, flowing beard, which Vivian urged him to have cut off. In this there is a reflection of Samson's loss of strength through the shearing of his hair by Delilah.

The picture given of Merlin and Vivian in Broceliande is one of happiness, contentment, and peace. It is as though they were as far removed from the cares and troubles of the world as death itself could

carry them. Vivian's love for Merlin seems more genuine than in Tennyson's version. The Vivien of Tennyson has no real love for Merlin, but simply bewitches and exasperates him beyond his strength, so that she may gain the knowledge of his secret charm. Having received the knowledge of the charm, she immediately throws it over Merlin, and he was "lost to life, and use and name and fame."

After Merlin's visit to Camelot, and his consequent return to Broceliande, he became restless and lonely, and realized that he must be ever moving. The guiding passion of his life was change. When trying to explain his desire to leave, he told Vivian that he was growing old, and therefore he must leave this paradise of hers. He lays the blame for his departure at the door of Fate, which, alone, is the supreme, intangible power.

At Camelot again we see Sir Gawaine and Sir Bedivere speaking of the war which is waging between Arthur and Lancelot on account of the Queen. This war is slowly but surely devastating Arthur's kingdom, and causing the death of all his knights. As Merlin returns to Camelot, he finds Arthur's fool, Sir Dagonet, grieving for the lost knights, and the destroyed kingdom. Merlin told Dagonet that he had seen this end of Arthur's kingdom before Arthur was made king. Merlin's desire is that Sir Dagonet go away with him, to stay with him for the short remaining period of his life. Together, they leave the stricken city of Camelot.

The downfall of Arthur's kingdom, as Robinson tells it, is predestined, and unavoidable. Arthur's kingdom was created to be a "mirror wherein men might see themselves and pause." The two fires that are one day to light and save the world are "the torch of woman, and the light that Galahad found."

In Tennyson's version, Merlin's separation from Arthur is one of the chief causes of the king's defeat. Throughout Robinson's work the causal significance of Modred, who is the illegitimate son of Arthur, is emphasized as the main factor in the undermining, and overthrow of the kingdom.

Robinson uses the form of blank verse in telling his narrative as Tennyson did, but I do not think Robinson's work can compare in pictorial power with Tennyson. Tennyson's philosophy of life has made the Arthur of the Saga a steadfast and stainless character. The Arthur of Robinson, however, is weaker and less perfect, but perhaps more human.

ESTHER M. TURNBULL, '27.

TRISTRAM

The story as Robinson tells it, opens with Isolt of the white hands, Isolt of Brittany waiting and watching and looking toward the North over "a blank ocean and the same white birds, flying, and always flying and still flying," for Tristram, who had seen her when she was a child and had given her an agate to keep, and had promised to come back to her.

At the same time, in Cornwall, at Tintagel, King Mark had married Isolt of Ireland, and was making festival. This marriage had come about through the mediation of Tristram, Mark's nephew, who had pledged himself to Mark's service. Tristram, in battle, had killed Morgans, a kinsman of Isolt, and as a consequence, Isolt hated Tristram although she loved him. Tristram was blind to this and had arranged for her marriage with King Mark, to find out only too late that she loved him and he her. For this reason he could not bear to remain at the festival and had descended to a low parapet where he looked down "where foamed eternally on Cornish rocks the moan of Cornish water." The King, missing him, sends various messengers down to him, among whom are Gouvermail, his faithful friend and servant from childhood; and Queen Morgan, who is jealous of him; and Brangwaine, ever faithful, and finally Isolt, Isolt of Ireland comes down the long stairs to him and they are alone together and confess their love for each other. While there, Andred, who fawns on King Mark, spies upon them. Tristram, discovering him, leaps upon him and they struggle, Tristram finally stunning him. This attracts Mark, who after a heated talk with Tristram, banishes him forever from Cornwall. Tristram goes out into the night and rain, and walks on until he falls exhausted. He is found by Gouvermail and Queen Morgan, who nurse him back to health.

Then Tristram remembers the peace of Brittany and decides to go there. He finds Isolt still waiting. He sees that she has a great need of him, and more out of pity for her than love for her he marries her. They live peacefully until one day a ship comes with Gawaine, who brings word that King Arthur wishes to make Tristram a Knight of the Round Table. So Tristram returns to Camelot promising Isolt, his wife, to come back to her when the ceremony is over.

When he arrives in England, however, Mark is in prison for having forged the Pope's name, and Isolt of Ireland comes to Tristram who forgets Isolt of Brittany and all else as if the realm of reality did not exist. He forgets everything except the violet eyes and blue black hair of Isolt of Ireland. Through a whole summer they forget everyone else until one night when Tristram comes to Joyous Gard where Isolt

was staying, he finds that Mark's men have seized her and carried her back to Tintagel, for Mark has been set free. Before Tristram recovers from this blow, he receives a letter from Queen Morgan advising him to go to Tintagel, for Isolt is sick unto death. Tristram hastening there finds the house open to him, for Mark seeing that Isolt is dying will grant her anything she desires. But while Tristram and Isolt are pledging their love and telling each other that love is stronger than either life or death, a stealthy arm wielding a shining knife stabs Tristram and they die together. Mark, looking at them, where Andred has slain them, is glad, for he says they have found "Peace."

But Isolt of the white hands, all white and gold, is still looking over the ocean where "the birds are flying and flying towards the north where foamed eternally on Cornish rocks the moan of Cornish water."

This is the story as Robinson presents it, but Tennyson takes for granted the first part of the story, which we learn only bit by bit throughout *The Last Tournament*. Only the last tragic scene is given in any detail by Tennyson and this is treated in a far different manner by Robinson. The conversations between Tristram and Isolt found in Tennyson are lighter and brighter than the speeches of Robinson, which sometimes become so long and so complicated that they are quite obscure. Tennyson's story, perhaps because it is briefer, moves with far more vigor and life than Robinson's, this despite the fact that Tennyson's characters are far more argumentative than Robinson's. These regard all matters as if they were impelled by an overpowering destiny, as we learn from Tristram's thoughts on "a sin like theirs that was not sin, but fate."

There are differences in the characterization and action in the two stories, Tennyson's Mark is a violent king who takes his revenge himself, while in *Tristram* Mark's personality is subdued and completely subordinated. Punishment is visited on Tristram in the later version, not by Mark, who would be the logical avenger, but by Andred, who is spurred on by the scorned Queen Morgan's hatred. Mark himself seems to have a kind of nobility of character in the end. A shadow hanging over the whole story gives a premonition of final tragedy. This is skilfully suggested by Robinson's lines:

"England all a shadow on the sea
That was another shadow, and on time
That was one shadow more. If there was death
Descending on all this, and this was love;
Death then was only another shadow's name."

MARY G. TRIBBLE, '28.

On Board "The Emmeline"

It was just a little country post-office, on a warm summer night, with the usual line of wares that are provided for summer colonists, fish-lines, corn-cob pipes, sticky penny-candy, molasses, brown sugar, stale crackers, and obsolete tin-canned goods, well-rusted and dusty. Three kerosene lamps gave forth a wavering light through the gradually blackening lamp-chimneys, and the big millers fluttered round and round the glare till they fell prostrate. The last mail had come in on the steamer, and had been sorted and distributed by the wrinkled and gnarled old postmaster. The summer people had come and had gone home to bed or to bridge; and now only the boat-crew from the Olmstead steamer, "Emmeline," sat outside on the rickety steps, chewing, spitting, yawning in the dim light that came out from inside, where Fred Shortt was tying up the mail-packets for the morning and reading the post-cards going back to the city. "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here, Jim." "Greetings from Meadowvale, Maine," etc.

The night was black, blindingly black, as only nights in the country can be, although the sky was luminous with myriads of stars. In the barn across the road all was quiet, with the quietness of things asleep, disturbed only by a soporific grunt from a pig, or an excited clack-clack from a hen aroused by a fearful dream or by a gnawing rat. From the pier came irregularly, muffled sounds of the steamer moored for the night, rocking from side to side, and up and down on the waves as they came rolling up under her, lighting up the depths at each thud with infinitesimal sparks of phosphorescence. On the lower deck of the steamer, two figures were distinguishable by the ship's lantern, a man and a woman. The man's hands began to move in and out, back and forth in front of him, music broke into the stillness, the plaintive strains of "Home, Sweet Home" rendered tremulously and appealingly as only a concertina can render.

Up the road to the store and the loungers on the steps, the music came weirdly sweet, out of the hush of the night, drowning out the intermittent song of a mournful cricket.

"There's Eddy and his infernal concertina again." The captain shifted his legs, left over right and spit vehemently.

"Gosh, it sort of makes you feel creepy, though. Makes you wish you were back there. It's 'Home, Sweet Home' in this God-forsaken place all right." It was the second mate's first season as a boat-hand, and he was rather susceptible to lonely nights in the country.

"Well, I'm glad someone can find some amusement in this hole. But, Jerusalem, why doesn't he learn a new tune, he's forever playing

that sob-stuff." The mate could imagine the pavilion at Olmstead now, jazz, crowds, girls,—and to be stranded on an island with nothing to do. In deep disgust and despair he turned away from the rest and looked gloomily into the darkness.

The silence crowded up on them again as "Keep the Home Fires Burning" wailed itself into nothingness. One of the kerosene lamps had been smothered out by the accumulation of dead millers. The post-master was laboriously mumbling out numbers as he counted, lost count, and recounted sheets of postage stamps.

"Good-night, fellows, I'm going to bed!" The second mate stumbled to his feet.

"Hey, Willie, be a good kid—run down to the pier first and fetch up that engineer. He's the darndest one at getting up in the morning." The crew had rooms over the post-office.

"Not on your life, Captain, I won't go down that road tonight. Can't see your hand in front of you. I'm going to bed! Besides I don't want to be interfering with him and Daisy."

"You're yellow, that's what!" The mate was stirred to taunt, it suited his cynical mood.

"All right, then go down yourself!"

But they were spared the pains of further words or further action just then. For in the moment of the second mate's last words, an ungodly, blood-curdling cry rose up into the night. The men sprang to their feet and stood there frozen with horror and fear, while the minutes passed. Then again, and still more prolonged, fading off into space with such a note of interminable sadness that the second mate involuntarily caught a sob in his throat. Still again—the heaven-piercing call of distress and absolute helplessness, now weaker, and trailing into distance with a moan of anguish and despair. The group on the porch waited. It was over. Three times it had rent the air, for five minutes the silence had rocked with surges of suffering from some being overwhelmed by a hideous terror and an awful, intangible grief. Night-sounds resumed again, the cricket dirged on, "Alas! Alas!" a bat flopped its great wings against a window, a lamb bleated, and a cow-bell tinkled in the woods, a smart breeze suddenly rustled up the pine trees, became frightened and whimpered off through the fields instead.

The old man had been listening in the doorway with his head thrust out.

"What was that?"

They turned and looked at him, startled back into themselves. They had been projected far from the post-office porch, time, space and personalities temporarily eliminated.

"I guess we'd all like to know," the Captain spoke first, with a shudder.

"There ain't no one out on that water tonight, be there? That noise sounded right off the pier."

"Come on, I'm going down." And the mate was off down the road in the dark followed closely by the second mate and the Captain. Their thoughts had jumped simultaneously to Eddy and Daisy on the boat.

The old postmaster scratched his head, peered after them, pulled his glasses down on his nose, and hobbled back to his stamps. Living alone all winter on the island for most of his life, when the summer people had returned to town, he had become immune to startling sounds, and being so near departure from this world, though he never would have admitted himself old, its sorrows did not reach him. Perhaps because he had slept thirty years in a bedroom whose walls still bore in them the blood-stains and bullet-holes of a murder, he had learned to treat Life and Fate in a certain philosophic irrelevancy. The stamps at last counted, he locked his boxes, blew out the lamps, closed the store, and crossed in the dark instinctively to the farm-house, around which tall spikes of wild rhubarb and wild mustard had erected a miniature forest that sent forth a confusing odor in the night air.

Down on the pier excited groups of people had already gathered. Here and there flash-lights pierced the dark, somewhere a baby shrieked, a woman's voice rose high-pitched in nervousness, and those who had been aroused from sleep shivered and trembled under hastily-donned top-coats.

"Captain, are Daisy and Eddy still at the store? She hasn't come in yet and it's after eleven. She never has been so late."

The Captain turned and looked sharply at Mrs. Nelson, Daisy's employer. She had echoed the fear in his own heart.

"No, they haven't been up the store all night. Must be still on the boat. I heard Eddy playing a little while ago."

"But I've called and called down there and there isn't any answer. I'm so anxious—she ought to be in the house at night. Do you think that might have been they on the water?"

The Captain, seizing a flash-light, hastened forward to the "Emmeline," vaulted the railing easily, and turned his light over the lower stern deck, shouting at the same time to Eddy. But there was not a soul on either side, nor up forward were further searches in the engine room, up the stairs on the upper deck, the pilot-house, or even on the hurricane deck, any more fruitful. The boat was small, there were no hiding-places which the Captain did not know. The concertina, sprawled out on the floor, gave evidence of a sudden departure. Thoughtfully he

made his way back to the tense waiters at the end of the pier. They knew at once that he had found nothing.

"Say, the little rowboat's gone that the crew uses."

Someone had been investigating and had counted the dories at the float. "Well, we'll take a motorboat and look around." Flash-lights and coats were heaped into a boat at the float, and four men pushed out on the water, turning their flashes to all sides in hopes of finding any clues. Others who had gathered at the shore stumbled home in the dark and cold, having contributed lights and coats to the searchers. Two hours later the motorboat chugged back to the float, with the same four men, sleepy and cold. They had encircled the head of the bay until the flash-lights had given out, and had met nothing more useful in their hunt than a very tame seal that persisted in following their boat.

It was hard for the Captain to wake up next morning. He was stiff and sleepy, but Willie and the mate were hammering on his wall. So deep in sleep had he been that it took a minute to place his thoughts and to recall the happenings of the night before. Then jumping up with alacrity, he was soon ready to join the others. If Eddy had not returned he would have to take care of the engine himself on the trip up, and the mate would have to pilot the "Emmeline." As they neared the shore, they saw a stranger in a rowboat landing at the float, with another skiff in tow. He untied the towed boat and fastened it to a ring on the float. The Captain stared. It was green and had "Meadowvale, Maine" painted on its side! The missing boat! The one that Eddy and Daisy had gone out in! The stranger looked up and saw the three men standing, gaping at the boat, as if stricken.

"Is this your boat? It must have drifted away from here last night on the high tide. I found it high and dry on my beach up at Hansom this morning."

"Nothing in it?"

"Not even the oars when I found it."

"We've been looking for that boat, and the two people that went out in it."

"Say, I thought I heard someone calling for help last night, but when I listened again it had stopped."

"We heard it too. That's how we first knew they were out. And they haven't come back." The Captain went on to retell the story of the previous night.

"Have you called the police from Olmstead yet to make a search? They'll find the bodies."

"That's right—and I have to run the steamer up. We've lost a good engineer. Come on, boys," consulting his watch, "it's 6.45 now." The

Captain turned to the stranger. "I'll tell the police, when I get to the city. And thanks for bringing the boat over."

"No trouble. I'm sorry about those young folks. It's mighty sad."

Willie ran up to tell the postmaster of the returned boat, so that after the steamer had sailed, the news spread quickly that the police were coming to search for the drowned bodies. The crowd gathered again in the forenoon, when the gray police-boat stopped at the pier to question Mrs. Nelson, for whom Daisy had worked.

"We'll be back here later. We'll have to bring the bodies here for identification," the inspector announced as they slipped away from the pier again.

For the rest of the day, as long as there was light, they could be seen once in a while, skirting the shores of the islands and mainland above Meadowvale, in and out, from one cove to another. On the way back to Olmstead, they stopped at Meadowvale to report their lack of success.

"We'll wait a few days and see if the bodies drift in any place," said the impersonal inspector. Then after a pause—"Have any of the white sharks been seen up here yet?"

"The sharks?" The people looked terrified.

"Don't you even get newspapers up here? There's been a school of white sharks swimming round. Strangest thing ever seen up this way. There was a man eaten by one down at Hay's Beach day before yesterday. The fishermen have seen them, up in this bay, and they're afraid to go out fishing."

The police had come on Tuesday. Wednesday and Thursday came and went without further results in the recovery of the drowned couple. The sharks were reported seen within two miles south of Meadowvale by several reliable fishermen. Only a few daring persons ventured into or across the water. The "Emmeline" had a new engineer; Mrs. Nelson was looking for a new cook, and people spoke of "Poor Daisy" and "Poor Eddy" in mournful tones. Some families had hastily packed to go home ready to endure the strain of the heat in the city, rather than stay any longer in "this isolated place, where anything might happen." Wednesday and Thursday the newspapers flaunted the story of the "Double Tragedy," the "Horrible Death in Jaws of Man-eating Sharks," showing snap-shots of Daisy and Eddy that had been found in one of Eddy's old shirt-pockets.

Friday came. And with Friday and the noon-mail came a very ordinary-looking post-card to the post-office. The postmaster caught it up with bunches of others and tossed it into Box 32, rented by Dr. Nelson and family, where it lay until duly carried home by little Hugh Nel-

son with the other mail. Mrs. Nelson was in the kitchen, her hands and arms white with biscuit dough. She cast merely a cursory glance at the mail as Hugh threw it on the table, and shooed the children out of the kitchen. Her thoughts did not revert to the cards and letters again until an hour later, when, luncheon over, the dishes washed, and the children out of the house again, she had a "breathing space." She picked out the variegated-colored scene of Main street, Cherry Bridge, Canada, with puzzlement. Who was up there?

"Dear Mrs. Nelson," it read, "I'm awful sorry we had to run away, I hope you didn't worry too much, but we thought we'd be back, till we had trouble getting the license, then we thought we might as well come up here to Eddy's folks. And now they want us to stay. Now we're married Eddy says he's going to settle down here. If you could send my things without too much bother, I'd sure like it. Yours truly, Daisy."

It was a warm summer night, to be exact, the same day on which Mrs. Nelson had received her Canada post-card. Most of the box-holders at the Meadowvale post-office had come for their mail, some were reading letters in the yellow light of a kerosene lamp, some were arguing excitedly outside on the porch and steps. A tall, wiry, young man came up to the post-office window.

"Anything for me, Fred?"

"Hello, there, Dave! Sure, there's a big package been here for you for nearly a week, since last Saturday. Where you been? Out on some more o' your bird-hunts?"

"Yes, sir," he beamed, "and do you know?—I've heard a loon and seen it, too. I've been looking for it for three summers now, and I've found a wonderful specimen." Hauling the package to the light. "Say, these are the first copies of my book!"

It was a large package, and as he dragged it through the doorway, Frank Doyle called to him.

"Wait a minute, Dave. I'm going down your way, and I'll give you a hand. Haven't seen you for a few days, you've missed a lot of excitement."

"Yes, Dr. Nelson told me just now. It's been hard for his wife."

"Seems as if they might have let her know what they were going to do. The Captain had to steer out of the path of the sharks on the trip up tonight. Some poor fellow must have been caught that other night from the sounds. Did you hear them? I suppose they'll find out some day. Well, here's Helen with the milk so I'll go down with you now."

They started along the road, whacking at hosts of midget flies flying into their faces in the dark. As they turned in at Dave's lane they were

startled to their depths, that is, Frank and Mary were chilled with fear, by the same blood-curdling cry that had rung through the air less than a week ago. But strange to say, Dave dropped his end of the package, and burst out in glee at the awful cry.

"Listen, isn't that great! That's my loon!"

"Loon?"

"Come quick! Through this clearing and you'll see it." He dragged Mary with Frank over the underbrush to the shore, and there, following the line of his pointing finger, they saw a dark shape protruding from a weed-bound rock, rising out of the water a few yards from where they stood.

MARY B. McMAHON, '28.



Democracy

(Suggested by a Birthday Bouquet)

A tulip and a rose,
 You say, weren't meant to be
 United in a nosegay
 In close proximity.

A tulip and a rose
 Of course would not agree
 To live in one bouquet
 In perfect harmony.

And yet, why not?—The rose
 Can't lose gentility,
 The tulip can't repress
 Her vibrant gaiety.

Now look at this bouquet
 And read what you can see;
 A tulip and a rose
 That speak Democracy!

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

The Flag

Let the town be poorer than other towns are—
Its gress e'en a-dying,
If there's that on the main street that draws from afar,
The dear flag a-flying.

The street may be narrow, and yet your heart sings
A merry hurrah-tune,
For there the breeze kisses and tosses and flings
A banner all star-strewn.

The house may be battered and streaked by the rain,
Yet you will pass it by daily.
What makes it the friendliest home in the lane?
A flag waving gaily.

Though the hands that unfurled it be young hands or old,
Though they've labored or rested,
They would hie to its service with fervor untold,
These hands that caressed it.

It gives joy to the heart and with courage inspires
The living and dying;
It's the parent of love and unselfish desires,
This flag that's a-flying.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.



Jealous

Why can mere flowers reach out to feel
Your dear touch day by day?
Why can they thrill to your soft caress?
I need it more than they.

ETHEL F. MORRIS, '28.

A Thesaurus

In a stronghold of Protestantism, Kenelm Digby found that inspiration which enabled him to write so appreciatively of the ages of faith in which the flow of Catholicism came to its fullest bloom. In truth, the man who so ardently understood the beauty of the eight beatitudes, and the light they shed upon the life of the middle ages was born, in 1800, in Ireland, into a family whose tradition was strongly Protestant. The first Digbys in Catholic Ireland came from England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The family, during succeeding generations, played a more or less prominent part in the Established Church, and more than one Digby was a bishop. Indeed, the brother of Kenelm, who like his father was an alumnus of Dublin University, was already Archdeacon of Elphin when Kenelm matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was at this college which had preserved such venerable and suggestive monuments of Catholic antiquity that the young Irish boy gleaned his first knowledge of those ages he had been taught to scorn—a knowledge which led him subsequently to the study of scholastic theology, and to return, at length, to the faith of his fathers.

In 1822, while still nominally a Protestant, he wrote the *Broadstone of Honour*. This book, rewritten and published several times, and acknowledged by all to be one of his two most important works, treats of the "Origin, Spirit, and Institutions of Christian Chivalry." In his *Guesses at Truth*, Archdeacon Hare says that in this work Digby "identifies himself, as few have ever done, with the good, and great, and heroic, and holy in former times, and ever rejoices in passing out of himself and into them."

The book which is considered to be Digby's second masterpiece, and which is his first, as far as our interest is concerned, is *Mores Catholici or Ages of Faith*, a veritable encyclopedia of the religious, social, and artistic life of the medieval peoples of Europe. When we consider the vast mass of information, mostly from original sources, which is contained in the eleven volumes of this work, we are appalled. It has been well said that in compiling this masterpiece Digby collected, "like a truly pious pilgrim the fragrance of ancient times." For *Mores Catholici* has none of the marks of an ordinary encyclopedia. Rather is it an encyclopedia of medieval life from the standpoint of an ardently Catholic soul, from the point of view of one who is thoroughly convinced that the period of which he writes is the most perfect period in human history, of one who is a true scholar and is ready to obey the mandate of George Herbert:

"If studious, copie fair what Time hath blurred,
Redeem truth from his jawes."

Mores Catholici, as we have said, is the story of life in the middle ages, but it is a story shaped by something higher than mere chronology. Kenelm Digby, like Giovanni Papini of later day, bases his work upon the eight beatitudes, and proves very conclusively that these beautiful benedictions of Christ were the vital force which governed all life in the ages of faith. In each book, the way in which one beatitude sheds light upon the religious, social, economic, and artistic life of the age is considered. Sometimes, as in the case of the beatitude of divine mercy, two books are needed to explain the effect of one beatitude. Every phase of the question is carefully considered,—weighed, adequately explained. Kenelm Digby is not a modernist, a believer in “Outlines,” a slave of time. He writes as if his very heart and soul were in the happy ages, as though he could never say quite enough of them. His enthusiasm is of the sort which truly makes life worth-while, yet it is not that dashing enthusiasm which sweeps all before it, so characteristic of the present day. It is rather the enthusiasm of one who recollects in tranquillity, smoking at eventide before his fireplace, and seeing in the smoke he blows from his lips, the things he loves.

Would that we might question him in his reminiscent mood, that we might put to him the two questions suggested by our prevailing literary tastes. “Was there a literature in the middle ages? Did the eight beatitudes affect it?” But though we can never speak to Kenelm Digby, himself, we can go to that quaint old book of his, and through its pages we can hear his answer, slow and quiet, “Ah, yes, there was a literature, one comprising sermons, biography, poetry, chronicles, and literary criticism, and the eight beatitudes did most profoundly influence it.” Let us listen to what the book says.

“Blessed are the poor of spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,” was a benediction well deserved by the makers of literature in the middle ages. The authors of that happy time wrote for no praise, for no worldly glory. Because their writings were generally anonymous, they were refreshingly naive,—though characteristically they gave too little, rather than too much, praise to the great of the time. Melchior Canus regrets that pagan authors give more exact histories of the philosophers and the Caesars than Catholic writers give of the martyrs, virgins, and confessors. For the poets it was enough if they composed melodies or hymns for the glory of God or the utility of the Church. Everyone knows the story of Caedmon who, after he had gone “home to his house,” in sorrow because he could not sing with his companions, was divinely given the gift of song; and of how he consecrated his life to the service of God in a convent after he had received this precious gift. The humility of the writers of these ages is seen also in the fact that they sought not for literary perfection

as much as for sanctity. Raban Maur says: "*Magis eligo sanctam rusticam quam eloquentiam peccatricem*"; and Anselm in a book of exhortations urges men to do all for heavenly, not earthly glory. Dante represents the humble Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Paris, in his *Paradiso*:

"Peter, he that with the widow gave
To Holy Church his treasure."

The writers of these ages allude to the work of others with meekness of spirit, and are very careful neither to add to it anything untrue nor to omit from it anything which should be recorded. Froissart's *Chronicles* are eminently marked with this humility of spirit and Richarius, in his *Chronicle of Sens* tells us that because he found nothing recorded of the acts of the successors of the blessed Gundelbert he did not presume to add anything of his own lest he should be accounted a new author of rumors. In these days when it is customary among so many literary men to believe "most willingly that which they wish to believe," and to give to the world their beliefs as gospel truth, this policy of the men of the ages of faith is more to be admired than scorned.

No less did the men, and especially the writers, of the middle ages extol meekness. Venerable Bede, the great Englishman, condemns self-will, exhorts his fellow-men to imitate Christ in doing not their own will but the will of God. And Taulerus, the great mystic, says, "Believe every day lost in which you have not resisted your own will for the love of God." Dante's reply to Guido del Duca, who inquired his name, is full of meekness.

"To tell ye who I am were words mis-spent,
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumor's lips."

The mourning of the writers of the middle ages was, as might be expected, a joyful mourning. John, a Monk of Clunis, in his *Life of Saint Odo* tells of the joy of the saint and of his companions. "They renounced and rejoiced," he says. The beautiful offices in which the Church mourns are turned to transports of joy in the *Laetare Jerusalem* of Lent, and the happy *Gaudete* in the solemn chants of Advent. But the mourning of the middle ages was not the sadness of the world; it was rather a weeping for sin than for worldly loss, an expression of the desire and longing of the human soul, a realization, in the words of Hugues Salet, that "too much joy is wearisome." Petrarch confesses that he was often sad; and Dante, who, in his own words, was "on all sides well-squared to fortune's blows," speaks thus in his *Purgatorio* of a man of mourning: "Behold that lofty shade who this way tends, and seems too woe-begone to drop a tear, how yet the regal aspect he retains."

In the general tone of the literature and the drama, we see that hungering and thirsting after justice, so characteristic of the age. The Spaniards in their ancient comedies recommended justice. Even the poets whose works were sometimes immoral showed a knowledge of the meaning of justice. For example, in all the literature dealing with knights, it is notable that the knights who are depraved do not see the "Sangreal," this honor being reserved for the pure Percival.

The ideal of mercy in the ages of faith most deeply affected literature, for the writers of this age fully understood that "the quality of mercy is not strained" and, "like a gentle rain from heaven," they let it drop upon all their works.

Saint Peter Damian in his preface to the *Life of Saint Romuald* said, "It seemed more useful to recall assiduously to the eyes of the mind our own sins, rather than compose the history of other men's virtues: it is more expedient to weep for the darkness of faults committed than to render obscure with unskillful words the splendid deeds of sanctity." Thus, we see that not only did these holy writers speak with charity of the evil deeds of others, but they also feared to speak insufficiently of their good deeds.

But though the writers of the middle ages were charitable, they were strikingly diligent about providing against abuses of authority, severe in denouncing vices, and docile in receiving correction. Aelred, ending a sermon in which he reproved the monks of Rieraulx, pays them this tribute:

"Video nos adhuc ad plura audienda avidos, sed parcite jam prolixo sermone fatigato."

Such reproof as was common in the middle ages would be not only unwelcome, but intolerable, in these days of self-esteem and self-sufficiency. The people of the ages of faith knew that charity was enriched more in admonitions and even in reproof than in panegyric. But when the writers of the middle ages did admonish or criticize, especially when their criticism is literary, they were careful not to mention names.

Melchior Canus, who literally "boils over" in his criticism of the *Golden Legend* forebore to mention names since he criticized manners as well as erudition, though he says that in dealing with the latter, "censure may be more free." Not only were the writers of the time merciful, but the readers, too, shared the same spirit. Many of the writers prefixed to their works the words of Saint Gregory: "Nor are there wanting little ones who may be instructed by my sayings, nor great ones who can show mercy to my known infirmity. To the one I have spoken, explaining what they should do; to the others I open myself, confessing what may excite their pity. I have not withheld the

medicine of words from the former, nor have I concealed from the latter the laceration of wounds. I pray, therefore, everyone who reads this book to grant me the consolation of his prayers to the strict Judge; and what he shall consider sordid in me to wash out with tears."

Peace, they say, hath her victories no less renowned than war. How well the men of the ages of faith understood the truth of this statement, says the great Dante, in his *Purgatorio*,

"May Thy Kingdom's peace come unto us; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving, thither tend in vain."

Hardly can we find a letter of the Ages of Faith that does not express the desire of the men of the time for peace. Many letters begin with these words, "*Pacem et caritatem diligere*." St. Bonaventure, St. Augustine, and St. Bernardine of Sienna in beautiful sermons, show all the material blessings that follow in the wake of peace. "See," says one, "what are the temporal fruits of peace, all things are filled with joy; agriculture flourishes when martial fury interrupts not the process of nature; men travel securely—no robber is feared by the way; domestic virtues reign; cities are adorned by the arts, literary studies flourish; exercises of piety are performed; the word of God is honored and fructified amidst the multitude of people; everyone has his rights; no one complains of injustice."

The writers of the middle ages were singularly blessed with that "purity of soul and innocence of life" which was given to the Spanish painter of the Immaculate Virgin, and their purity is at all times evident in their writings. There is nothing in the literature of this period for a vitiated mind. Love when it is present in the literature is always "vested all in white."

Finally, we see the love of suffering persecution manifest in the literature of these ages long past. The poet Petrarch says in a letter, "He who wishes to be like the few becomes odious to the many." And the great Saint Augustine says Christ showed men how to suffer persecution for, "through all the pores of His sacred Body issued a sweat of blood because from His Body, that is in His Church, the blood of martyrs was to flow."

Profound, then, we see, was the influence of the beatitudes upon the literature of the middle ages, profound and intense with a profundity and intensity which gave it a passionate unity. But this splendid unity was not to be found in the literature alone. Kenelm Digby traces the influence of the beatitudes upon every phase of medieval life, showing how they made it exalted and inspiring. With his great enlightened genius, he pictures for us the ages of pure joy, ages in which man, seeing God in everything, could know no sorrow. As we read his quaint pages

we catch a bit of his enthusiasm, and turning from them to behold our own life, and our literature, which is but a reflection of our life, we are conscious of something we have lost. Our literature, asking the meaning of life, finds the answer to its question forever a mystery; in its attempts to solve life's problem it invariably ends in despair. It lacks that note of aspiration found in the literature of the people who look to that which is beyond themselves for inspiration.

The life and literature which Kenelm Digby describes, provides for us, if we will but turn to it, a happy relief. So we present it to our readers, hoping that they, too, will find in it a treasure house of knowledge, a perfect picture of a happier age written with all the charm which was Digby's own: "charm which exhibits the genius of the poet, the acuteness of the philosopher, the comprehensiveness of the statesman, and the holiness and purity of the saint."

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.

❧ ❧

Inspiration

When from the rush and haste of present things,
 My mind on former joys returns to dwell,
 The past one joyous memory ever brings
 So full of deep delight, I ne'er can tell
 What pleasure in so many barren hours
 Kind thoughts of you have given unto me.
 And as I think, my spirit ever towers
 And reaches lofty heights alone and free.
 'Tis then I dream and plan what I will do,
 The worthwhile deeds and acts you said I could,
 And try to fill your expectations, too,
 By ever striving to accomplish good,
 For only noble actions good and true
 Are ever worthy of my thoughts of you.

CATHERINE M. DELANEY, '29.

The Who Races

Love was all right, Chris Seymour reflected as he turned another page of *Problems in Civil Engineering*. Yes, love certainly was all right when it did not interfere with everything else! But love did inevitably interfere! And he, of all persons was in love! At any rate he imagined that it was love. He possessed all of the well-known symptoms, that is, all but the loss of appetite—and he probably would soon be reaching that fatal and despairing stage! Chris began to enumerate,—he was bored stiff when in the company of any other girl but one, and that one was the tiny blonde and blasé Brenda Condon of Springfield. Not that Brenda really was blasé; far from it. But she presented to the world an attitude of boredom that could be equalled in appearance only by a fifty-year-old demi-monde, or by a fifty-hour-old baby. Pampered and petted, she surveyed life from the heights, and saw it as an amusing and swiftly moving game. Chris, however, knew that Brenda was more breathless than bored, and that it was with an effort she controlled her breathlessness at every new adventure. He didn't pretend to understand women, least of all Brenda, but when he saw little quivers of sparkles in Brenda's big blue eyes he could tell that some new trick of the game of life had caught her fancy. But to get back to the symptoms—an eight-page letter five times a week for seven months! If that wasn't devotion, it was (eight by five by four by seven), it was one thousand one hundred and twenty closely written pages!!! What could he have said in them all?

The *Problems in Civil Engineering* rudely interrupted Chris' train of thought. "Confound it," he muttered as he sent the book whirling to the other side of the room. "Why should it happen to me?"

Chris got up from the chair and threw himself on the bed that he shared with John Condon. It was an ordinary bed in an ordinary room, that is, ordinary for a Tech student. On a table near the windows were the latest dailies and sport magazines. On the floor in one corner, reposed a pile of unused and dusty textbooks. The walls of the room were divided. On one side was a picture of a girl with a hat on—a picture of a girl without a hat, of a girl in evening dress, a girl in a car—and a girl with an escort standing on the snow-covered step of the Frat house—the girl was the same in all of these pictures, by which we take this side of the room to belong to Chris. The other side was almost bare as to pictures. Besides a large College banner it had a sketch of Chris made by Johnny himself—that with two pinned up paper clippings,—one stating that Christopher Selmour, Tech '28, had the previous evening gained an Intercollegiate boxing title over John Parker of Yale—the other telling

those who may be interested that J Christopher Seymour had been elected Captain of the Varsity crew—whereby we may glean Johnny Condon's feeling towards his renowned roommate.

The door opened and John entered. He closed the door quietly behind him. Chris looked up, quirked his mouth in a semi-smile of welcome, and resumed his usual frown of discontent.

"What's the matter, Chris?"

"The race," Chris replied shortly.

"No need of worrying over that is there?" John asked.

"Isn't there?" Chris answered, "isn't there? Do you know the date of the race?"

"Yes, a week from Saturday. Why?"

"Why? Darn it all, it's the day after your sister's dance!!!" Chris cried.

Whew! That's a bad break! Tough luck!"

"I'll say it is—and I'm not supposed to break training!" Chris continued as he reached over to get a cigarette from the table.

"Not supposed to break training, but—" as he remembered that cigarettes were banned too and reluctantly put back the one he had taken, "but it sure is a temptation!"

"Perhaps you can explain to Brenda. She will understand," said John defending his sister.

"Do women ever understand?" queried Chris. "If they do they don't pretend to, and get along quoting selfishness and self-sacrifice at the same time!"

"Brenda won't expect the impossible," John suggested.

"That's just it—Brenda won't think it impossible for me to go. She'll say if I think more of my crew than I do of her I—Say, do you think I could make it for a couple of hours?"

"Make what?"

"The dance, Johnny, the dance!!! As long as I show up at all—"

"No," said Johnny flatly. "No—it's in Springfield!"

"I might drive up and leave early," suggested Chris.

"One hundred miles? You can't do it, Chris. If it got out about your going, they wouldn't let you row. And if it didn't, well, you'd lose the race! What sort of condition would you be in? Don't you realize, old man, that one cigarette before a race affects your wind? And if you went up for the dance the night before the most important race of the year!!! Just think how you would feel!"

"You're right, I can't go," Chris said to Johnny. But to himself he said, "It means I'll lose Brenda."

Long after the lights were out and Johnny was snoring peacefully that phrase haunted Chris. The timid drip, drip, drip of the rain on the window ledge wailed plaintively, "You'll lose Brenda! You'll lose Brenda!" The watch on his wrist that he wore to bed, despite warnings against this practice—that too ticked out with unceasing regularity, "You'll lose Brenda! You'll lose Brenda!" This was the result of love! Bah! He almost wished he'd never met Brenda. Almost, but not quite—she was so cute!

Girls had never appealed particularly to Chris. He was tall, and rather good looking, and before all else he was an athlete. That meant—any girls within fifty miles of Boston would have been delighted with his slightest notice. Not so with Brenda! She lived twice fifty miles from Boston; and she turned Chris into an adoring slave.

It had happened seven months before. One gorgeous autumn Friday Chris had impulsively cut all of his afternoon classes, and returned to the house confident of finding a pal there, to spend with him the remainder of the afternoon. No pal was there, only a new pledgee whom Chris vaguely remembered having seen around.

The pledgee was sitting in the living-room, reading. At his feet was a bag with the plainly marked initials J. A. C. A brown topcoat was thrown across the arm of a nearby chair, and on it rested a brown felt hat. As he read, the young man glanced now and then at his watch. It was evident that he was about to leave for parts unknown; that is, unknown to Chris—well, he would soon remedy that.

"Where to, brother?" Chris questioned casually as he threw himself carelessly upon the sofa. J. A. C. looked embarrassed—pleasurably so—it was flattering that such an eminent personage as Chris Seymour should deign to ask Johnny Condon his destination. That simple question, "Where to, brother?" was the birth of a friendship to continue as long as these two should live.

"Oh—I'm going home for the week-end. My sister is having a house-party," Johnny explained.

"You sure are a hero," Chris commented, "these family house parties aren't all they're cracked up to be."

Johnny smiled, "You don't know my sister," he said, "or you wouldn't say that."

"Say—er—what train are you taking?"

"The 3:30."

"Tell you what—I'll drive you to the station. Haven't anything else to do, anyhow," Chris offered, then continued, "I'd almost be willing to run up a telegraph pole for excitement—or dive over Harvard bridge. This place is so door-nail dead."

John had a bright idea, a very bright idea. Little did he realize at the time how very bright that idea would be. He hesitated to make it known. Chris was so popular, that—but, after all, he was looking for something to do.

“Oh—er—doing anything this week-end?” John asked.

“Not much,” grimaced Chris. “There’s a dorm dance I may drop in on but—if I go to any more of those things I’ll go batty.”

“Then why not come home with me?”—there the idea was out.

“What?”

“Brenda, my sister, told me to bring some one home with me. Of course there’s never any need for extra men at Brenda’s parties, so you won’t find yourself booked-up for duty,” he explained to the surprised Christopher.

“I didn’t ask any of the fellows because I don’t know them well enough. Er—how about it?”

Johnny did not go home on the 3:30. In fact he did not go within a mile of the South Station, for the deepening dusk found him just outside of Worcester in a low slung yellow roadster. The car was Chris Seymour’s and there on the seat beside Johnny—there behind the wheel—was Chris himself. He drove on Springfieldward at a rate far exceeding the speed limit, and as he drove he thought to himself, “Nice kid, this Johnny—interesting, too—wonder what his sister will be like—Johnny seems to think she’s pretty good, and that’s a bad sign. Still, anything would be better than that dorm dance. The forecast wasn’t so bad, with good weather, good golf, and good company promised.” Chris suppressed a yawn. “Much farther, Johnny?” he asked. “What time are we due there?”

“No special time—we’ll probably get there about eight o’clock.”

They did. Chris parked his car on the drive that led up to the spacious white house. It was the substantial and respectable home of substantial and respectable people; and it was brilliantly lit up. Johnny let himself and Chris in with his key. No one was around. The boys went up to Johnny’s room.

“Might’s well dress,” John said, “everyone else must be—the house isn’t usually as quiet as this when Brenda brings home a houseful.”

Johnny donned a gray lounging robe (a birthday gift from his sister) and went downstairs, reappearing a few minutes later with a plate of the party sandwiches he had sneaked from the pantry. Although they had stopped to eat at Worcester, hard-working men, such as Chris and Johnny were, can always eat, and the two boys fell to. Later they finished dressing. They fooled around until nine o’clock, which brought the strains of music to their ears.

"Um-m," said Chris, approvingly, "Radio?"

"No, orchestra," Johnny replied, "didn't I tell you Brenda always throws in a dance when she has a house party?"

"No—sounds good," Chris said, referring not only to the music but to the prospects of the party that had risen a good deal since early that afternoon.

"Well," he said, "let's go."

Groups of new arrivals were entering as the boys descended. Smart and ultra-sophisticated were the girls in their shimmering evening wraps, their skimpy dresses, their gay high-heeled slippers. Sleek and even more sophisticated were the boys in their raccoon coats, and derby hats. Perfect specimens all of carefreeness and modernity. Perfect—and yet they lacked manners. No formal reception and stiff-sounding phrases of greeting for them. After a while they, as Chris and Johnny had already done, went down another flight of stairs to a region commonly called a cellar by the unknowing, but miraculously converted into a ballroom by the Condons. A wondrous ball-room, with tapestried walls, and smooth, shining floor.

Chris watched the couples dance by—or rather he watched the girls. "Prettier than usual," he thought, "but girls are all about the same. Not much difference. Yes, all the same—but what a knockout! Some girl!" Chris felt rather queer as his eye followed the girl's progress around the room. She was a tiny young thing, her soft golden hair made ringlets covering a small, shapely head. She was dressed in blue—something airy and floating—rather ethereal, Chris thought. He must dance with this goddess. Maybe the queer feeling would pass if he did. There was Johnny dancing with her now—the lucky boy! Well, he must meet her. Determinedly Chris made his way toward the couple. He tapped John on the shoulder.

"John, old boy, save my life."

"Sure—May I present Chris Seymour? My sister."

His sister! What a fine fellow Condon was! Chris and Brenda danced off.

"Where have you been all my life?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, I did think you would be different," Brenda sighed. "That line is reserved for Harvard men, you know."

"Not if you mean it," Chris replied seriously.

"Well, I'm glad John brought you up for my party," conceded Brenda. "I hope you'll have a nice time."

Chris did, in spite of his queer feeling. In fact the feeling increased as the evening passed, and increased still more when that evening became a sacred but vivid memory. That was so long ago that he

could barely call to mind the time when he hadn't loved Brenda—or roomed with Johnny—or spent sweet week-ends at Springfield—or written eight pages daily—or— And now he could not go to Brenda's dance. And Brenda was to give him an Important Answer at that dance—at least she had promised to. And he couldn't go—and he couldn't sleep. Tick-tick, tick-tick—you'll lose Brenda; drip-drip, you'll lose Brenda; you'll lose Brenda; you'll lose Brenda—.

Chris woke with the sun making irregular patches of brightness on the old rug. The rays of the sun seemed hard and cold—yes, cold, as cold as his heart, or his spirits, or whatever it is that cold is when one is disheartened. Nevermore would the rays of the sun warm him. Nevermore would the empty pleasures of the world cheer him. Nevermore. "Nevermore," quoth the raven, "nevermore." Darn Poe anyway! Yes, Brenda was lost to him forevermore. He dare not tell her he could not come to her party. He would have to write pages of inconsequential nonsense for another week, when his heart was leaden.

The days passed and Chris devoted all of his energy to crew. He was in perfect physical condition—all of the boys on the Varsity were. They were trained to a fine point and they were eager and restless in anticipation. At 7 P. M. the crews were on the river for an early morning row. Again in the afternoon the sculls pulled away from the floats for a twelve mile endurance trip. Up and down, up and down the river they went—and Chris rowed as he never had before. His adherence to duty must bring victory as its reward. Harvard must be beaten.

On Friday Johnny went to Springfield for the dance.

"I'll see what I can do for you, Chris," he said, pressing his hand in approved fraternal fashion.

"Thanks, old boy—afraid it won't do much good," Chris answered despondently.

"I'll be back around noon tomorrow—and—if Brenda understands, I'll bring her back with me," John said, "and," he added, "best of luck if I don't see you before the race." Johnny hurried off leaving an almost downhearted Chris, almost, but not quite, for he was confident of winning the race, and that would deaden the pain of Brenda's loss for one evening, and bring glory to his college.

The day of the race, people were parked on the riverway long hours before the time scheduled for the start. There were to be Junior Varsity—150 pound—and Freshman races too—but these were of minor importance. The boys who were to race had eaten the regulation meal-before-race, a lunch of toast with a single lamb chop; and the boys who were not to race had polished their cars, stuck a white carnation in their lapels, and collected their best girls, impatient to follow on land

the course of the graceful pointed sculls soon to skim with surprising speed down the river.

The minor races came first. Tech managed to hold its own, winning two races and losing two. It was up to the Varsity to win the final and all important race. Would they never get to the river?

Indistinguishable in Chris' memory was the last advice of the coach, the placing of the boat in the water, the getting in and pushing off. He found himself at his starting point, alert, tense, and waiting. He was painfully conscious of the starter, a round, unathletic looking man with a gun in his hands, a man who shouted in a somewhat hollow voice, "Ready!" "On your mark!" "Set!" Chris was. "BANG!" They were off.

It was a hard race. Chris sat on his sliding seat and rowed with a capital R. Every muscle straining in perfect harmony, the seven men rowed as one to the clock-like "Infra-Humpr" of the coxswain. The oars cut the water in graceful swathes; the boat fairly flew; inch by inch it nosed past its opponent, with a spurt it put a boat length between; and kept the length ahead through half the race—through three-quarters. Just a few more yards to go—they, Tech ahead—they, Tech winning—No! No! No! It couldn't be—but it was! Number 7 had caught a crab. His oar went too deep in the water; the machine-like regularity of the crew was interrupted for a fraction of a minute—a fraction too long. The Harvard boat had caught and passed them—and crossed the line one-half boat length ahead. Defeat. Bitter, bitter, defeat.

They had bet their jerseys—a racing custom—and lost. Downheartedly they stripped off the dull grey jerseys (with their bright red T's on the fronts) and threw them to the winners with despairingly cheerful words.

"Congratulations."

"Thanks."

"Best crew won."

"Of course."

"Till we meet again."

Then wearily they rowed home sans jerseys, sans glory. They did not blame Number 7 for losing the race; it was all in the game; anyone was liable to catch a crab; it wasn't his fault. Chris not only felt miserable about losing the race, but he got a sock from his oar when it slipped. A whole year's training for—Defeat. Chris could scarcely realize it. His senses were numb with pain. The race—and Brenda—both lost. He hadn't thought of Brenda since the race started. Strange at a time like that how incoherent one's thoughts are. Physical energy was so vitally necessary that the mind simply could not function prop-

erly. This was his last race too. Somehow he had dreamed of winding up his college career in a cloud of glory. Well, he had done his best. No more training for him except business training. The boys were preparing to go on a good tear. Why shouldn't he go too? No one would care. Still these wild parties . . . he couldn't stand it. Guessed he wouldn't go with the boys. He'd finish up some studying, and end his college days with high marks, anyway.

But Chris did not know that one of the spectators of the race was a certain blonde little girl from Springfield. Nor did he know that this little girl wished desperately that Chris would win, for it would make him happy, and she wished desperately for him to be happy.

It took a long while for the boat to row back. The boys were almost exhausted and would be until a cold shower would revive them and make the blood once more tingle in their veins. As they neared the boat-house, Chris might have noticed a familiar roadster stopped there. He might have noticed a familiar little figure get out and wave her arms to some one. He might have, but he didn't. The person to whom the girl was waving evidently did not see her, for there was no sign of recognition from anyone in the boat or around the boat-house. The little figure continued to wave. The boat pulled up, the boys got out, and lifted it, the coffin of their hopes, placing it down gently. A sweet, girlish voice came trailing through the air—it came from the little figure near the roadster.

"Oohoo!" it said, "oohoo, Chris!"

"Someone's callin' you, Chris," one of the boys said.

Chris looked up—he looked at the little figure—he stood stupefied. Two pretty hands waved sympathetically and lovingly to him. Chris waved back. One pretty hand framed a teasing mouth to make distinct the cheery words that the gentle breezes of May wafted to a happy heart. They were,

"Chris! Hurry, Chris, dear, I'm waiting. Hurry!"

And he did.

ESTHER MACCAFFERTY, '28.



Anticipation

Dad says if I just nibble at my food
I'll be a birdie soon—
I'm glad, 'cause I'll fly high and get for him
A piece of the golden moon.

ETHEL F. MORRIS, '28.

The First Apologia

Socrates lives for us, although he never wrote a word. How can this be? Because his favorite and most gifted pupil, Plato, while the words of his teacher were still ringing in his ears, recorded them with such beauty, skill, and power that they live today with the same vigor they had when they were written twenty-three centuries ago. We hear of Socrates and Plato and their famous compatriot, Aristotle, in our Philosophy course; we seldom think of Socrates, the man, of his life, his interests, his daily occupations, his familiar intercourse with his fellow Athenians, and his home life. Since Socrates left no writings by which we may judge him, we turn to the *Apology* of Plato which is supposed to be an accurate account of Socrates' last defence of himself in the Athenian court. I say "supposed to be" because some iconoclastic critics have attempted to prove that Plato has idealized Socrates, has described him as he seemed to him rather than as he actually was. Other classical scholars, among them Professor Jowett of Oxford, have declared that the *Apology*, a short simple exposition of facts, written as delivered by Socrates, with a certain looseness of style and a seeming want of arrangement of topics, is, nevertheless, a perfect work of art, the portrait of the man, Socrates.

It is, as far as we know, the first work of its kind in literature, wherein we find an account of a man's life and works given in defence of his reputation, character, and even, as in this case, his life. We know well the long list of Apologias that have followed this one, which is by far one of the briefest as well as the most complete.

Socrates delivered this defence primarily to exonerate himself from the double accusation of his enemies: that he was perverting the youth of Athens, and introducing false gods. Nevertheless he took the occasion to expound clearly and simply his doctrines, and to review the facts of his life. For us here it is necessary to say that Socrates, born about the middle of the fifth century, B. C., lived during the great age of Athenian democracy, literature, and art. He had known Pericles, he had witnessed the great tragedies, he had seen himself caricatured in the comedies of Aristophanes, he had listened to the orations of Lysias, and he had seen Athens fall under Spartan control. It was at just this point when his tragic death occurred; for, noble and convincing as it is, the *Apology* did not save him from a cruel death by drinking the hemlock in 399 B. C.

Socrates had devoted his life to the moral reform of his beloved city, Athens. To appreciate an Athenian's love for his city is difficult

for us, for however great our love for our native city, it is transcended by our love for our country. To an Athenian his city was his country. He lived in it, talked in it, walked in it. He loved its temples, its groves, its theatres, and its courts. He loved its freedom, its government, its people. He was content never to leave it, except to fight for it. On account of the democratic government each Athenian felt a personal responsibility in every public question, however great or minute. Socrates felt all this for his city, and more. It is always given to a few great men of every age and of every country to look beyond the present and to make plans for the future. We say of these men that they are ahead of their times. It was in this respect that Socrates understood more than others the needs of his city, for he felt the instability of the substructure of Athenian life, and the weakening of the power of the state in legislating the morals of the citizens. To reform the evil growing out of these conditions he constituted himself a teacher; not one of the Sophists, for he abhorred them, not a teacher of oratory or rhetoric, but one whom we should call "spiritual adviser." Nor was it an ordinary vocation that he felt called to fulfill, as he tells us in the *Apology*. He had been designated by God,—Socrates always used the term *theos* in the singular, to refer to the supreme deity who rules the world and destinies of men,—to exhort the citizens of Athens to virtue, just as a gadfly which pursues a noble steed arouses it to action. To follow this vocation he had endured a long life of poverty, a sufficient proof that the calling was divine. His accusers have ridiculed him because he so often referred to the "voice" by which God guided him. Socrates uses the word *phone* which means "voice." This "voice" had been with him since his childhood. It came to him at times, always to forbid him to do something he was about to do, but never to command him to do anything. This "voice" had ruled his life.

In obedience, then, to this "call," Socrates had spent his life in the streets, marketplace, and courts of Athens, magnetically drawing the youths to himself and teaching them his well-known doctrine, "Know thyself." Evil, he held, came from ignorance of virtue. Once they learned their own weakness, and what virtue was, then they would, as though automatically, become virtuous. He denounced the Sophists, the poets and the rhetoricians, who spoke a superficial language and did not teach "solid virtue." Better to be an artisan, he said, and virtuous, than to be a poet and wicked. In order to do this work, Socrates had neglected his family as he tells us in the *Apology*. He was married, and with what happiness is realized by all who know the connotation of his wife's name, "Xanthippe." He had three sons, one grown up, the other two still young. He refused to bring them into court during the trial.

to arouse the sympathy of the jurors and the audience because, to translate his own words, "the world has decided that Socrates is superior to other men, consequently he could not demean himself by such cowardly, shameful conduct, even though others who thought themselves superior in wisdom and courage did so."

Later in the *Apology*, he mentions his children again in a manner quite characteristic of him. He had one last favor to ask of his friends present at the trial: "When my sons are grown up, punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands."

These are the last words of the *Apology* with the exception of one sentence which sums up the spirit of Socrates' life, work, and death: "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows."

Throughout the *Apology* we are given an exact account of the government, the religion, and the social conditions of Athens during the turbulent years which in history mark the downfall of Athens at the end of the Peloponnesian Wars. How Athens could have suffered such dim vision as to put to death one of her greatest citizens we cannot understand. That he was such a man of high moral virtue, noble ideals, and culture,—the word of scholars has testified during the twenty-three hundred and twenty-seven years that have passed since, surrounded by a group of friends, while leading a discussion on the immortality of the soul, he drank the fatal hemlock.

ESTHER V. FOX, '28.



PARADOXES

Of course we know that strength is power
But, oh! the might of a wee frail flower;
Firm, sound solidity is best,
And yet superb is a sea-wave's crest!

KATHLEEN M. ROGERS, '29.

Prayer of the American Eagle

Lord, let me be majestic still,
Lord, let me soar o'er every lofty hill
O'er mountain top and tree!
Above the blueness of the sky,
Lord, let me never, never die,
Nor fail to soar towards Thee!

Not from the bitter weight of pain,
But from the burden of unholy gain,
Keep, Lord, my soaring free!
That men may see in my strong flight,
The glory of unchanging right,
Now and eternally!

Lord, be with me throughout all days,
Throughout all trials and up the devious ways,
My soaring soul must see!
Till all my people win their quest,
And find in Thee the perfect rest,
Of immortality.

MARY RITA O'CONNOR, '28.



Vita Amoris

Let love have two flamings, but only one flame.

Let one be the first startled glow of the candle,
The break of the morning on grayness and drab,
The flight of the bird into regions of cloud.

Though its life be the calm, steadied burning of candle,
The unchanging brightness and blue of the noon-day,
The nesting of bird on a tree close to earth,

Let its death be the flickering death of the candle,
The burst of the sunset all red and all golden
The bird's flight at even toward the west and towards heaven.

Let love have two flamings, but only one flame.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.

Better Than the Best

Ena leaned on her elbows on the wide window sill, and gazed out into the sunny courtyard. It was a little after twelve o'clock, the whistles had just stopped blowing, and people were scurrying out into the yard and through the big iron gates. They were huge massive gates—utterly symbolic of restraint. They were relentless, those gates. Ena always liked to watch the rush of people. At two minutes to twelve there was a great stillness in the big mill, broken only by the hum and the whir of the great machines, but on the dot of twelve o'clock the whistles shrilled, the bells tolled, and a perfect stream of people—big, little, serious, laughing—all kinds of people, came rushing madly out to their respective dinners. Most of the men, that is the younger men, ran full speed across the courtyard, out through the gates, over the bridge, and so out into the street. At ten minutes past twelve all was still again. Ena sometimes joined the hurrying crowd, but often, as today, she brought her dinner. All through the big room, and in the yard groups were scattered with their dinner pails. Sometimes Ena's brother Angelo carried her dinner, but more often she brought it herself. "Carrying dinners" was quite a profession among the younger generation. One made twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five—even a dollar at this occupation. Ena couldn't afford to pay and Angelo—if Ena had occupied another station in life she might have said that Angelo was somewhat "difficult," but occupying no particular station Ena merely characterized her younger brother as a "fresh kid" and let it go at that.

She turned from the window to her spaghetti and bread—she wished it was pastafazoola—but of course that was a luxury hardly to be expected, things being as they were. At this thought Ena put down her bread and her big brown eyes filled with tears of mingled joy and sorrow as she thought of how soon things were going to be better. She counted on her fingers—two, three, four, one month and Angelina would be home! And then! And then! No more getting up in the early hours, no more sorting, sorting, the unspeakable wool, no more cheap clothes, no more slaving for the whole family. Angelina would stop all that. And wouldn't all their sacrifices be worth while then!

As she worked through the long afternoon, Ena thought often of Angelina. The whole family had worked and deprived themselves, sometimes even of the necessities of life, to give Angelina a musical education under the best masters in Europe. Day and night had the Rospiglinis—father, sons, and daughters—worked and labored. Once Angelina herself had worked side by side with Ena in the wool-sorting

room, and she was even casting glances at the aristocracy of the mill, the mending room, but such a voice as hers could not, of course, be wasted. Everybody agreed to that, and Angelina herself most of all. Passers-by had stopped to listen to her, singing as she worked. The Pastor had advised that they consider well—was it fair to take Ena from the school where she was doing so nicely? And then there was Rosie—but Ena had spoken up and declared that Angelina should go, she, Ena, didn't matter, anybody "could learn out of books, but everybody couldn't sing like Angie." And so Angelina went. How her father swelled with pride as he accompanied her to the boat, explaining to everyone who would listen "My daughter—see? Fina gal. Be beeg singer some day, you bet!"

That seemed such a long time ago and Ena had been in the mill ever since. She didn't like to think of those terribly lean years, brightened only by Angelina's fervent and happy letters home. For her sake Guiseppe Rospigliani had toiled long hours washing wool; Tony Rospigliani had cheerfully—that is he was generally cheerful but the young have not the patience of the old!—carried the heavy cloth from the mending room down to the wash rooms; Rosie Rospigliani had minded babies by the hour, and even the difficult Angelo had at irregular intervals made uncertain offerings to the common cause. And how they had all besieged Saint Anthony, the patron Saint of all good Italians! Every day Mama Rospigliani made a visit to the shrine of the good saint to ask him to please make her Angie a good girl. If riches came, Mama Rospigliani would be content, but she never prayed directly for them because that would be wicked; but she did want her daughter to be a "good girl" no matter what else happened.

When the five o'clock whistles blew, Ena dropped her work along with the rest, and hurried out to wash her hands. It was a matter of a few moments to wash, don street clothing, and run out. Ena never stopped to lay on thick coats of paint and powder. Pulling her old felt hat over her abundant hair, donning her light suit coat, she was ready to face the world.

Jennie Stefano, her chum, was waiting for her at the door. Jennie was bursting with news.

"What d'ya know, Ena! Bet you can't guess!"

"Aw, tell me Jennie, aw, go on—"

"Well," Jennie was panting in her eagerness to impart her news, "you know Gus Hepples, the guy that used to go with Angie? Well he's marryin' Eva La Bouchais. Bet Angie cares."

Ena threw her head back and laughed.

"Like fun she does. Say, a swell singer like her wouldn't even look

at a guy like Gus Hepples. Say, counts and millionaires don't mean a thing to her. You shoulda see the letter my father got last week. You should hear the grand reception she got in Milano. Gus Heppples! Not much!"

"Don't get mad. I don't mean nothing. I know she's gonna be a big singer. Anyhow I heard that the loom fixers ain't goin' to be workin' very steady after this month. But lissen, Ena, Stephano Milanese wants I should make you come to the Italian Young Men's dance Friday night."

Ena laughed, "Papa—he'll kill me if I go to a dance. Not for me. I don't like them much, anyhow."

Jennie shrugged her shoulders but was silent. Ena held her head even higher. Dances were not for her—she should mix with such a crowd! Didn't her people, poor as they were, come from Naples?

The two girls lived in the same tenement house on Green street, the little Italy of Laurel. Jennie lived on the second floor and Ena on the third. Jennie's mother could always be seen at an advantageous position in the front window. No matter what time of day or night one strolled or ran up or down Green street he or she did not escape the vigilance of Mrs. Stefano's watchful eye. As Tony Sastero, whose habits were somewhat uncertain, could testify, Mrs. Stefano never wavered in her self-appointed watch.

"She's maka me seeck," said Tony frequently and vehemently.

Both homes were above a store. Stores flourished on Green street. Almost every building had its lower part converted into a store. Fruit stands extended out into the sidewalks and when the grape season was at its height one could not walk on the sidewalks for huge piles of boxes, many with their decaying fruit exposed to the elements. On the corner was the bank presided over by the little father of the poor of Green street, and the patron saint of many of them. It was he, who, with his own hands carried firewood and food to the starving Grazzias; he, who, during the great ice strike in the middle of the summer saw that Green street got as much ice as could be possibly secured; he, who had brought the little sunshine there was into the gloom of Green street. They all thought of him as they passed the bank, and reverently crossed themselves for the Signorino was, alas, gone from them since the Feast of the Three Saints.

They stumbled through the dark hallways, and up the stairs, the whole place reeking of garlic, and various oils. Calling goodbye to Jennie, Ena opened the door on the ever familiar scene. Her father, his mustachios bristling, was eating spaghetti with great gusto, breaking the large loaf of bread into big chunks. Her mother was stirring the inevitable pot, and the inevitable baby was loudly making its wants known.

Tony was whistling that ever popular American classic which he had obligingly translated for his mother. Many hearing carolled;

“E del mio cuore la carina,
E dimor’ nella nostra vallettina”

would never have thought of that well known refrain;

“She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our valley.”

Ena was so used to all this confusion that she scarcely heeded it, but picked her way over to her room—that is Rosie’s, the baby’s and her room. In a current novel Ena had read of a girl in her position, who, wearied of the noise of the house, had retired “to the privacy of her own room.” It had caused Ena and Jennie much amusement. With seven or eight people and the ever-present boarder, there was hardly much privacy to be had in the few rooms occupied by any family or families on Green street. As she crossed the room, her mother turned from the stove, wiping the perspiration from her brow and pushing back her hair. If one looked closely enough one could see that she was not so old, but oh, so careworn and bent with toil! All the women of Green street were like that. For a while they were bright young girls, with dusky hair and large, luminous eyes, but work in the mills or the cares of large families soon brushed the bloom from their cheeks, and the light from their eyes. They never complained, they never whimpered—they are the ones, who, on the Last Day will “lead all the rest.” Mama Rospiglini was no exception.

“Ena,” she cried, “look! A letter from Angie! Next week she comes. Papa, show Ena.”

“Yeah,” spoke up Tony, “’bout time.”

“Shame, Tony Rospiglini! Your own sister. What’s the matter you’re all the time talking about your sister? Papa, speak to Tony.”

A torrent of Italian ensued with everybody talking at once. When peace had been restored, Ena clutched the letter tight, lifted up her eyes and said simply “Grazie.”

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In March, Angelina Rospiglini sang with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. The critics praised her highly, spoke flatteringly of her beautiful appearance and her voice. One ended his account, “It by no means detracted from Miss Rospiglini’s performance to note the presence of a highly excited and proud family in one of the boxes.” Angelina always laughed when she read this. They certainly had been excited, and oh! so proud. But of course, they had reason to be. She was, without doubt, the best singer in America. Nobody could equal her range and tone. Her dear family—she was really very fond of them. In fact she was on her way now to pay them a surprise visit. She loved

them all very much but, she simply couldn't be expected to keep them with her all the time. She sent them what money she could spare but her expenses were heavy. She owed it to herself to keep her position up. "Noblesse oblige," she thought and smiled at her companions at the idea. Today, as always, they were her dashing maestro, and the young Burton Graves who was sufficiently interested in the lovely Angelina to provide considerable financial backing.

"They'll be at Church, of course," she smiled. "It would be just as well to go there at once. I haven't been to Mass yet, and it certainly will not injure you to go with us, Burton."

"My dear, wherever you go—"

The luxurious car drew up before the Church that Angelina had known since childhood. Mass had already started, and the usher, recognizing Angelina, bashfully led them to a seat not far from the back. Angelina sat next to Jennie who was not at all awed by the presence of the famous diva. Angelina knelt in prayer for a few moments and then surveyed her surroundings. Yes, Saint Anthony's had not changed; there were the banker's daughters, once the leaders of fashion, and now swathed in deep mourning, ah, too bad—he had been kind to her too; there was her family—how old her father looked; her mother really should learn to wear a hat, that old shawl! wasn't that—yes it was Gus, that girl beside him must be his wife, she'd heard he had married, wasn't she shabby; if she, Angelina, had married him—well, she didn't, and thank the dear heavens she hadn't, but an involuntary pang that smote her heart was quickly brushed away. How fortunate she was!

Jennie whispered to her, "Ena's goin' to sing now—your place—"

Angelina smiled patronizingly—her place, indeed!

Clearly, beautifully, the strains of the *Ava Maria* poured out. Her shabby jacket clutched around her, the one sister gave forth the golden notes of the inspired song with all her heart. Below, the other sister clutched her costly furs; and envy and jealousy tore at her heart. She saw the maestro, saw young Graves, look amazed—heard his whispered, "What a voice, Angie, who is she?"

Deliberately Angelina smiled a trifle regretfully, shrugged her shoulders and whispered softly:

"Yes, a lovely voice. Too bad nothing can be done about it. She enters the Venerini Order in August. I know her well."

"Too bad," murmured Graves, "that's the best voice I ever heard."

And the sun in all its glory faded away from one sister's face leaving it dark and shaded, while it shone in all its radiance on the face of the other.

MARGUERITE ANN COFFEY, '28.

Two Studies of Fear

In *Lord Jim*, by Joseph Conrad, and *The Coward*, by Robert Hugh Benson, we find two characters of similar nature. Each youth was of a nervous and romantic temperament. Both Jim and Val possessed vivid imaginations. In time of crisis the imagination was stronger than the will, with failure as the result. But after the failure came the attempts to regain self-confidence, and to restore self-respect. In the end, each proved that he was not a coward, although his actions were misunderstood by the world at large.

Jim was a youth of a respectable English family, well brought up and trained for the sea. "When yet very young he became chief mate of a fine ship, without ever having been tested by those events of the sea that show in the light of day the inner worth of a man, that reveal the quality of his resistance and the secret truth of his pretences, not only to others but also to himself."

Jim experienced the most unfortunate events of his life while an officer of an old steamer, crossing the Arabian Sea with a large band of pilgrims. His superior officers were coarse, brutal men not worthy of their responsible positions. Jim was one who lived much in his imagination. He liked to picture himself in dangerous situations, conquering the difficulties, and being proclaimed a hero. In his mind he was always alert, and prepared for his dream difficulties. Yet when the real opportunity came in which he should have made use of his hero-like qualities he failed miserably, in the eyes of the world.

The antiquated pilgrim ship, the "Patna," collided with some unknown object; the officers knew that the bulkheads could not withstand so much pressure. The atmosphere grew heavy, tense, oppressive with the fast-approaching squall. Death hovered in the very air. It was a miracle that the ship held together so long. There were not sufficient lifeboats for all the pilgrims, so the officers jumped to save themselves. Jim was strongly determined to remain with his ship, but, as he later explained, without knowing just how it happened, he jumped overboard and, struggling, reached the small lifeboat. How he despised himself as he saw the black hull of the ship on his downward leap! What a chance he had missed! The opportunity of his lifetime gone! Wasted! Oh, the bitter thoughts of the lad!

The pilgrim ship, under the guidance of Providence, was saved. What an ironical misfortune! Deserted by her officers, yet saved! Jim alone, of all the officers, was brave enough to face trial. He was sick at heart, morose, friendless, until Captain Marlow, moved with pity for the youth, befriended him. Jim remained silent before his accusers,

proffered no excuses for deserting his ship, and despair gnawed into his very heart. The court withdrew Jim's papers as an officer, and his final disgrace fell upon him.

Through the kindness of Captain Marlow, Jim obtained a position as water clerk, performing his duties with great ability. He was known as Jim—nothing more. As soon as his incognito was pierced, he would throw up his job and depart.

Jim was a very sensitive youth, and although he seemed to be evading the consequences of his deed, I think that he was in reality trying to regain his self-respect and self-confidence. He eagerly awaited another opportunity to display his real character. The chance came to him on the island of Patusan. By his leadership he won the respect of the natives and their firm loyalty.

Jim gained the friendship of Doramin, the chief, and his son, Dain Waris, and the affection of a young girl named Jewel. She recognized the presence of some evil coming between her life and Jim's. It was the shadow of the "Patna." She was afraid that he would flee from the island, and leave her alone, and this she could not face. Her life was bound up in his with a pure, simple, and confiding love.

The advent of an English scoundrel, Brown, disrupted the island, and there was a struggle between the two factions, and, worse than all else, treachery to Tuan Jim (Lord Jim), as the natives called him. The English scoundrel, violating a truce, treacherously shot Dain Waris, son of the chief. As Dain Waris wore Jim's ring, a pledge of fidelity and a symbol of success, his father, Doramin, thought that he had been killed through Jim's planning, and he demanded that Jim should pay the penalty with his life.

Jewel tried every means of persuasion to make Jim defend himself, and his faithful servant, Tamb' Itam, found a way for him to leave the island. But the shadow of the "Patna" affair at last fell between Tuan Jim and Jewel. Jim recognized the opportunity of regaining his self-respect and becoming the hero of his dreams. "Fight?" "He was going to prove his power in another way and conquer the fatal destiny itself." He made his last farewell to Jewel, thrust her aside, and with a determined step he hastened to the camp of the chief. Jim looked down sorrowfully on the bier of Dain Waris, his friend, whom he had not betrayed.

Doramin sat stolidly in the funeral chamber, and, as Jim approached him, he rose slowly with the aid of two attendants. "Jim waited awhile before Doramin," and said, "I am come ready and unarmed." "While Jim stood stiffened and with bared head in the light of torches, looking him straight in the face, he clung heavily with his left arm around the neck of a bowed youth, and lifting deliberately his right, shot his son's

friend through the chest." "He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic." Here was success surpassing his wild, boyish dreams. For it may very well be that in the short moment of last proud and unflinching glance, he had beheld the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side.

In *The Coward* we enter into another atmosphere. Val Medd was the second son of an old English family which traced its ancestry to days before the Norman conquest. Thus his background was one filled with deeds of patriotism, loyalty, nobility, heroism, and above all, the protection of the family honor. Val was made to feel that he was decidedly inferior to his older brother, Austin, from his childhood days. It was always Austin who brought home the prizes from Eton, and lorded it over Val. Thus it was that Austin and Val were not on the friendliest of terms, and Val withdrew more and more into himself, living in an imaginary world, where he himself won the prizes, and Austin was the one entirely neglected.

The first incident drawing attention to his lack of bravery occurred when he was out riding. Val was thrown by a very gentle horse, and making out that he was badly hurt, he refused to ride for several weeks afterward. He evaded the issue and was unwilling to admit that he was afraid. Shortly after this event, Austin and Val went to Switzerland with friends. The two young boys did well in their early attempts at mountain climbing. Val, indeed, showed foolhardiness, at one time refusing to obey the commands of the leader. He was childishly pleased with his rash daring. But the real test came in the ascent of the Matterhorn. The party had been climbing for the greater part of a day, exposed to the glare of the ice and snow. They reached a difficult pass where it was necessary to make a formidable jump. Val, perceiving the steep valley of ice which he must cross, became panic-stricken, and lost all control over himself. He wailed, "I can't! I can't!" He looked like another being. The party made a long detour, and at length reached the hotel. The guide, making explanations, declared, "It certainly was within his physical power. But it seems not to have been within his moral power."

The Medds received the news of their son's actions in silence. The memory of the affair was almost blotted out by Val's thrilling rescue of Gertrude Marjoribanks from her runaway horse. But he kept hidden from the world the fact that he "had meant to draw off if the edge of the quarry came too near." On the same evening Gertie and Val became secretly engaged.

Many happy days followed, and at Easter time, Austin and Val, their sister May, and her guest, Gertrude, journeyed to Rome. As they

looked at Rome from the Pincian at sunset, a startling thing occurred. Gertrude was insulted by a young Italian. Val struck him on the cheek and immediately there was an uproar. The Italian gentleman (although he did not act the part of one) was the younger brother of a prince, and, as such, he demanded that the affair should be settled by a duel. Val, inexperienced though he was, consented through family pride. But when the hour of the duel approached, Val's imagination had worked him into such a state that he was positively ill with fear. He did not have the nerve to go through with it, and "let Austin go to the duel in his place."

The affair could not be entirely hushed, and the family felt as if the name of Medd had been disgraced forever. Gertrude broke the engagement, and the poor young man was totally ignored by his family. After one outburst on his arrival at home, the General had nothing to do with Val. His old nurse, Benty, tried to comfort him, but met with stark failure. Then the temptation came to him—he would end it all by suicide. The poison was ready, and the appointed hour was almost at hand. Val went over his past life, through the present, and then on to the future. He had been assured by a professor of science that "death ends all things." As the idea of annihilation pierced his mind, Val suddenly discovered that it would be braver to live, and to face the consequences of his act. The appointed hour passed by. And he wanted his old nurse. "He was only a boy still."

Making a very brave attempt, the next day Val visited Father Maple down in the village. The boy had never had any religious training, and he did not understand the work of the will. Val simply and honestly told the priest that he was a coward, and he had come to him to find out what to do. Father Maple explained that "a really brave man doesn't allow himself to be dominated by his imagination. He rules himself through his will." So Val was to exercise his will and "starve his imagination." And Val prayed that he might have a chance to show his new power when he was a little stronger.

A few days later Val was in full charge of Medhurst in the absence of the family. In the middle of the night the house caught fire. Val took charge in a splendid fashion, and directed the servants in rescuing valuable articles. Suddenly he remembered the muniment room where the precious papers of centuries were kept. His opportunity had arrived! The situation did not look terribly dangerous, but he knew that it required courage to face the heat and the smoke. Val rushed to the second floor and threw out the greater part of the documents. As he turned to leave he was met by a wall of flame. Imprisoned in a blazing room, he became a raving maniac, tearing at the barred window, and cursing.

During this terrible scene he was in plain view of the village people, until, at last, with a merciful suddenness came the end.

His parents could not understand, and they could never forgive him his last actions and the final disgrace to their name. Father Maple sent for the boy's mother and told her that they need not be ashamed of their son. He said that Val did not have "the physical courage of the brute, but he had the moral courage of the man." His first morally brave deed was in confiding in the priest. And Father Maple had explained that "a man who did a thing he was afraid to do was a far finer creature than the man who was not afraid to do it." Val had asked, "Suppose, after all, when the thing was done—done deliberately, knowing the danger—I collapsed and behaved like a fool again, would that be cowardly?" The priest replied that many people collapsed when the thing was done, and thus show the strain they must have been enduring, "and how splendidly they must have been controlling themselves." Val had fought against his cowardice, and tried to control his imagination. "God gave him exactly the opportunity he was asking for. He knew the danger perfectly . . . and then, when he had done his work, he collapsed."

But his mother did not understand even then. She saw only a minister of religion whose business it was to console and to say soothing things, not a priest whose business in life it is to understand motive and intention and to interpret events by those things.

So, it seems to me that neither Lord Jim nor Val was a coward. They were only human beings with vivid imaginations which too often dominated their wills, but after repeated failures, their wills triumphed in the end; they conquered their imagination and bravely faced death. We may well apply Browning's words to our own lives as well as to the lives of these two young men:

"'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!"

M. GERTRUDE McCOURT, '28.

St. Brendan the Voyager

While the world is manifesting so much interest in the attempts of pioneers to span the ocean in airplanes, it should not be forgotten that centuries ago, another pioneer, perhaps the first to succeed in such a daring venture, set out in a fragile bark seeking North America. And so, the character of St. Brendan, this early voyager, is noteworthy, not only because of his admirable life of sanctity, which gained for him a place among the saints of the Church, but also because of his historical importance. It has been asserted by admirers of the voyager, who have carefully studied his biography, that he actually visited America during his expeditions. Although this supposition has not been established as a certainty, since it cannot be adequately proved, there is material sufficient to maintain its probability. It is historically true that the Celts were an adventurous people, possessed of exceedingly masterful tendencies. We can readily believe, then, that such a race did not confine its activities to its own lands, but rather, that its inhabitants were excited and stimulated to seek the unknown and mysterious lands in the west. It is not unlikely, therefore, that daring attempts made by them would be sometimes rewarded by success.

But, St. Brendan possessed not only this inherent spirit of adventure,—he had yet another incentive to urge him on. He had the words of the Gospel exhorting him, as an apostle of the Lord to leave his home, family, and country, that he might carry the Word of God to the remote corners of the world. And, with burning zeal for the salvation of souls, St. Brendan undoubtedly set sail. Many of these ideas are contained in a poem by D. F. McCarthy, a national poet of Ireland, who speaking in the person of St. Brendan says,

“I left the Hill of Miracles behind,
And sailed from out the shallow sandy Leigh.”

In Father Knight's *Life of Columbus*, we find that Fra Juan Peres, who finally secured for his friend Christopher the patronage of Queen Isabella, in deep sympathy with the thoughts and aspirations of the discoverer, longed for the discovery of new lands, where Christ's Gospel might be preached to more men. A scientist by nature, Fra Peres built an observatory on the roof of his convent, and there he utilized his leisure moments in contemplating the stars and the ocean. In like manner we are told by Rev. D. O'Donoughue in *Brendaniana* that, many centuries before, St. Brendan had gazed from his lofty observatory on Brendan peak, and in the same degree, was animated by hopes and yearnings. This sanctuary of St. Brendan on Brendan peak, soon after his death, became a favorite place of devout pilgrimage.

It was as a result of these meditations that St. Brendan decided to set sail. With his higher motives, he could look upon his adventure even more fearlessly than Ulysses, whose thoughts Tennyson expresses in the lines:

“It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.”

The *Irish Life of St. Brendan* relates that the voyager made two journeys, and the close of the narrative seems to confirm the fact that St. Brendan did eventually accomplish his mission, for “they reached the land which they had been seeking for the space of seven years, even the Land of Promise.”

Such marvelous tales have been reported of the incidents occurring during the voyage of St. Brendan,—incidents that sound so much like Irish folk-lore or legends,—that it is difficult to credit many such tales which grew and “improved” from generation to generation. That he encountered violent storms and severe stress from hail and rain, it is certain. In these days of the modern ocean liner with its luxurious equipments conducive to comfort, we cannot fully realize the difficulties surrounding this courageous voyager whose poor vessel could scarcely withstand the cruel onslaughts of the sea. Despite St. Brendan’s unflinching courage, it was due to divine intervention that his ultimate safety was secured.

Even though the historians who accept as a fact St. Brendan’s discovery of the new lands are incorrect in their suppositions, there still remain vestiges of prehistoric Irish settlements and missions in North America, before the tenth century. From the earliest times, among the Greeks and Latins, there was held a belief in the existence of a great western land. In one of his writings, the great philosopher, Aristotle, professed his belief “in a land lying far to the west, beyond the pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar), which was remarkably fertile, well-watered, and abounding in large forests.” An allusion to the “mysterious Atlantis” is found in Plato’s *Timaeus*. This same belief in the existence of Atlantis persisted through the ages and so was handed down to the inhabitants of ancient Erin, who regarded it as an earthly Paradise, “the Land of Promise.”

In addition to the numerous tales of the sea, involving the discovery of new lands there remained some very interesting traces of early Christian missions by Irish ecclesiastics on the continent of North America. History tells us that when Cortez and his six hundred companions landed in Mexico, they were overwhelmed by the cordial reception tendered them by the natives. The Mexicans considered this visit as the realization of an ancient tradition. Upon this same tradition, Lew Wallace based his novel, *The Fair God*.

Many centuries ago, according to Aztec mythology, a white man came across the ocean in a boat with "wings" like those of the Spanish vessels. This voyager, by his great wisdom and learning in divine matters, by his piety and his many godlike virtues, won the esteem and veneration of all the people by whom he was known as Quetzalcoatl, or the green serpent—"green" in their language meaning what was rare and precious. In *The Fair God* we find that Quetzal, a wonderfully kind God, taught agriculture and other arts to the rude and savage people—"above all, he taught the princes wisdom in their government." This fair God was unlike the Aztecs in appearance.

For many centuries the natives preserved a minute description of Quetzal's personal appearance and habits. They described him as a white man, advanced in years and tall in stature, with a large beard and long, wavy black hair, and dressed in a long garment, over which he wore a mantle marked with crosses. It seems impossible that the Mexicans, who had never seen a white man, could invent such an accurate portrait of an early European ecclesiastic. The strange and unnatural combination of Christian beliefs and morality, with the bloody rites and idolatrous practice of pagan barbarisms in the religion of the Mexicans in early centuries, may be interpreted as vestiges of the teachings of Quetzalcoatl.

An Irish writer, Mr. Dominic Daly, has suggested that this enterprising missionary, undoubtedly from Ireland, was no other than St. Brendan himself, the date of whose voyages (early in the sixth century) fits in with the period of Quetzal's sojourn in Mexico. Another interesting feature in this curious legend is the fact that "wherever Quetzal went, all manner of singing birds bore him company." A very prominent feature is mentioned in the legendary history of St. Brendan, namely, his association with "singing birds," as one may read in the account of his visits to the "Paradise of Birds." This is most certainly a notable coincidence, which greatly favors Mr. Daly's opinion.

The legend of St. Brendan exercised an influence on geographical science down to a late period, and it entered as an important element into the feelings of the Spanish sailors when they set forth to discover America. We are inclined, therefore, to agree with the Reverend Denis O'Donoghue, "that if we could disentangle the story of St. Brendan's voyage from the fantastic effects of the teeming fancies of story-tellers, we would probably find that the famous voyager was, in the Atlantic expeditions, a great and successful missionary, and the pioneer of many other Christian missionaries, not only among the islands of the northern seas, but also upon the shores of the great western continent."

MADELEINE L. KELLEY, '29.

Camp Life

The advantages of camp life are innumerable for both the camper and the councilor.

For the camper the two guiding principles in athletics or elsewhere are fair play and good sportsmanship. In this rôle she is thinking not of herself but of her team, and her opponents. What makes a girl a good camper is the complete absence of the idea of mere personal credit, and the continual practice of unselfishness. She is offered an opportunity to form a great number of friendships which are as true and sincere as those proved by the passing of years. The contacts she makes at camp are more broadening than in any other field because she is constantly meeting people from various States who live in environments differing from her own, and whose viewpoint on life may or may not be in perfect agreement with hers. Some one once said, "The only way to know a person is to live with her." The truth of this statement is shown at camp where we have the advantage of living with people whom we are gradually learning to understand.

As a camper a girl is trained from the age of seven to care for herself, to do little tasks which, if occurring at home, would be slighted without close watch. She is allowed to decide for herself in what activities she wishes to engage, the proficiency in those being brought out by the spirit of camp play urged by competition. In this way is inculcated a sense of consideration for others which forms in a young girl's character traits that mould her into a charming personality.

The guidance of youthful minds, the infusion of camp spirit, a sensible self-reliance, and a power of independent action, all enter into the duty of the councilor. She plays the rôle of teacher, differing from the teacher of the class room in that she directs the play of the children with all it entails. It is her opportunity to study the psychology of the campers and, in an unobtrusive way, to help them when help is needed. However, the life of a councilor is not an incessant formal instruction; it is the example which she gives that produces the best results. From her the girls learn that in tennis doubles, the partner must also be given her try at the ball; that in swimming the team depends on the co-operation of each individual; that in no kind of competition does bitterness lead to success.

Thus it is, if we are in a camp of fifty or two hundred and fifty, if it is a camp of tents or of wooden structures, there is ever present that feeling of comradeship, of good fellowship, of working not for self, but for groups.

MARY CAMPBELL, '28.

Finale

Senior Orchestration

Are you ready, firsts? Are you ready, seconds? All right, let's take a look over the score while we wait for the audience to settle down after that last piece. It went rather well, didn't it? Remember, our concert's about over now; this is our last number, our grand finale. Let us try to make its melody linger in the minds of all here.

Now, in the first movement (prosaically known as Freshman year) you see the staccato notes, the little triplets, the never-ending surprises, yet withal a deep-lying rhythm showing the unity and strength so prevalent through the whole piece. There is a constant note of newness entering, delightful little runs as of birds trying out their wings. It ends with a very pleasant arrangement still holding the rhythm introduced in the first measures. It starts off very well, doesn't it?

The second movement, our Sophomore year, retains the same rhythmic beauty but along with it there is a sureness, a hint of a *marziale* tempo, proceeding with a vim and vigor that shows a great development over the preceding movement.

The third movement, Junior year, starts in with a medley of little gigglesome passages contributed by our little sisters, the Freshmen. This subsides into an even lively tempo until one slowly realizes that there is a gradual crescendo that begins as a murmuring, and rushes on in a sweeping cadenza to a grand climax. It is written in a strong major key; it is the most effective part of the number, but immediately the key changes to a low minor filled with little troubled passages with a discord here and there, like the agitated roaring of a river futilely beating itself against an unyielding dam. It gives way to a weakened protest, and for the time being there is a desultory stretch. But unexpectedly there come two lines full of sparkling runs, mischievous mordants and really surprising gayety considering the immediately previous tempo. It slumps again, however, and ends with an even tempo, without animation or ambition like something from which the spirit has been taken.

The fourth movement opens with a joyous, proud tune, a rustling as of peacocks preening their feathers; a new note of dignity creeps in at the same time. There is a strong, glorious exultant strain telling of trials and difficulties of the past all over now, and a new era begun. Following are little intricacies, little separate melodies caught up and woven together until it reaches a wonderful lyric strain, breathing victory in every note. Sweeping runs, marvelous cadenzas, crashing chords—. But enough! I am not used to directing such a score as this. It is not my line. I shall turn my baton over to our President who is more experienced in this type of score.

ELIZABETH V. TOBIN, '28.

ORGAN

For the keys my fingers groped blindly; I would play me a soft refrain and the mellow notes of the organ would take me back again. Back to the days as a Freshman when I wandered about in bliss,—innocent, eager, ambitious—such a confident little miss! . . . The notes of the organ pealed softly, the pictures before me were dim: Latin, English, and History—my days were full to the brim! The picture faded in passing, but stay! that melody again.—There is something so sweetly familiar about that old refrain. My courses passed in procession, and incidents with them, too, but my heart did swell and a smile did grow as History passed in review,—the romantic Crusades the Napoleonic Wars—all these were properly dispatched, and stern was the task and arduous for those who had relaxed! “The hours I spent with thee, dear heart—” those exams, those maps, those notes.—Whatever else will leave me, thy memory lingers close. The notes of the organ flowed softly in colorful melodies; and my tears of regret at leaving became smiles at my memories.

KATHARINE CONNELL, '28.

VIOLIN

Senior days:—Happiest of all. How often do we now hear the question, "Are you glad you are getting through?" Universal answer, "No!" Many times, from Freshman year on have I often envied the Seniors, but now that the state is attained, the Freshmen hold the enviable position. Just think, after a few more weeks I can never again wield my bow as a member of the class orchestra! Today at practice the sweet strains of "our" music bring vividly to my mind recollections of our "Freshman Tea Dance." Perhaps this memory has remained so vivid because, during my High School days I always took delight in reading of "college-girl" parties. Then imagine my thrill on that day of days. Soft light, sweet music, to say nothing of partners and others. To the end of my years I am certain that the memory of our Freshman Tea will ever remain clear and entrancing, and, when I have attained the age of sixty plus, that same memory will help me to understand "the Younger Generation."

KATHLEEN M. O'DONNELL, '28.

CORNET

It was a short, sharp note which fitted in so perfectly with the many other notes that were short and sharp. My mind which usually centered around the Math Room returned there with that note which brought in its wake a few measures of discord. Yes, I thought of what was almost discord in the Math Room one day when, bursting in, I finished a conversation begun outside with, "Oh, the old crab . . .!" With a sudden jerk I realized that my exclamation, heard by the rest of the group, had been taken as applying to an important one among them. It was a tense moment, but the discord happily subsided. Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should prevail?

ELEANOR R. McDONALD, '28

FRENCH HORN

Our symphony of memories calls to my mind various experiences of my college career as I await the signal to join the ensemble. Now it is my turn to add to the already harmonious melodies, and as I play on my French horn the various incidents of my days at Emmanuel pass in procession through my weary brain.

Now I am playing in martial time; the music recalls the vivid description of the colorful procession of Spanish royalty moving into the elaborately decorated boxes for the social event of the season. What a magnificent sight to behold! And lo! in the midst of this splendor I see a familiar figure, garbed in black, but filled with the holiday spirit, moving towards a front-row seat. And I recognize the jovial countenance of my former Ethics professor. The grandstands and balconies become filled with an anxious and riotous throng; fair señoritas in gaudy array flock to the balcony seats anxiously awaiting the hero of the hour.

"Diminuendo!" A silence swiftly falls on the excited audience and a whisper can be heard as a herald announces the anticipated celebration. Each one holds his breath as the matador, in gala costume and with great bravado, enters the arena waving a scarlet banner to receive the plaudits of the excited throng. The music is quick now, and bespeaks the anxiety and impatience of the crowd. One loud blast, and cheers rend the air for the noble matador. Sudden silence . . . and then, in the full volume of my horn resound the excitable yells of the spectators as an angry bull rushes into the arena.

Staccato notes of my music bring to mind the shrieks and gasps of the over-excited señors and fainting señoritas as the brave matador barely escapes the cruel horns of the enraged animal. The symphony takes up a minor melody now, and my expressive instrument recalls the blood-curdling affray; and now the music dies down to a single note, the last, faint struggle of the heroic matador—all of which occurred in the Ethics class!

GRACE L. CURLEY, '28.

DRUM

Boom! rat-a-tat-tat! Boom! Boom! Boom! Personally, I think I'm over-working this drumstick, and besides my arm is getting tired, so I guess I'll confine my musical endeavors to foot-work, while I dream. . . . Your school life is almost over, Eleanor, but it has been an exceptionally happy life for you. Yes, college days are made up of many events, some serious, while others are not quite ridiculous but yet are far from serious. My fondest memory from my four years at Emmanuel is not of the sublime type, although it might well be expected to be, since it concerns the Classical Society.

The Classical Society held a fashion show! Great preparation was given to the numerous costumes worn by the "Romans." Sheets of all sizes and descriptions were draped around the members of the society, and forth they went to greet and welcome their audience with a song. But, the sheets were slipping, and I fear we were a sorry looking band of Romans. Of course, in the little scene of Pyramus and Thisbe, the wall fell! Poor lovers!

ELEANOR MCHUGH, '28.

PIANO

As I started to play the selection which I had been practising for several days, it occurred to me that there could be a comparison made between the keys on the piano and the expression on the various faces emerging from the Office of the Dean around the fifteenth of every month. When I struck a very low bass note, I visualized one of the unfortunates departing from the office with that gloomy expression which means "a disconcerting monthly report." . . . Suddenly there was a change in the theme of the selection, and as my fingers passed from the bass to the treble, my thoughts were still at the Office door; behold! as I played a merry little tune on the high notes, a countenance, different in every respect from the preceding one, appeared from behind that portal, and the happy owner of that countenance tripped gaily along the corridor, with her every feature plainly saying, "The world is mine!" And so my thoughts raced on in this same strain until my fingers reached the final chord, and my mind was intent enough on the music to remember to strike the closing chord "forte." As I did so it seemed to say, "This is the end of those little monthly trips for you. Your school days are over!"

CLAIRE MACGOWAN, '28.

SENIOR DIRECTOR

This last selection of our ensemble has been played with the technique and finish that has always characterized the work of the Class of 1928. At the end of our season we can look back with satisfaction at the enjoyment we have furnished our audiences, and the pleasure we have had in working together. This general happiness that we share with one another is the counterpart of the happiness of the director, that happiness which comes to one who knows that her players work in perfect harmony with her. In the future when you advance into the larger orchestras that await you, in the wide, wide world, you will ever be spurred on by the memory of the success we have experienced from having practised "keeping together," and you will bear always in mind the words of the poet:

"And be you Violin, Cymbal or Flute,
In this orchestra of your Lord,
Or only the Drum, neither tuneful nor sweet,
Yet filling all gaps with its generous beat;
Told to sing low, or told to sing high,
What matter? so long as up to the sky
Rings a full and perfect chord."

MARY D. GRADY, '28.
Class President.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Sophia Agatha Riley, mother of Mary Riley, '26.

Mr. Francis X. Rice, father of Dorothy Rice, '27.

*Ipsis Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum
refrigerii, lucis et pacis, ut indulgeas, deprecamur.*



Memorare

O thou, implored before the Spirit came,
By those thy Son had gathered at His side,
Remember they invoked thy powerful name,
And that thy kindly aid was not denied!

O thou, implored by martyrs offering all
In testimony of the Truth, thy Son,
Remember thou didst answer to their call
And as they asked of thee, so was it done.

O thou, implored by those who named for thee
The most impressive temples ever known,
Remember that these shrines would never be
Had not thine answering mercy first been shown.

Remember, Blessed Mother, that by thee
No prayer has been refused to one in pain,
Oh! let it not be said this day of me,
A child of thine has fled to thee in vain!

HELEN E. BRIDEY, '28.

E. C. Echoes

This, our last edition of the ETHOS before the long awaited summer holidays, will survey the events from the middle of March up to the most important happenings of the scholastic year, Commencement week.

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DEAN KENNEDY LECTURES

On March 15, Dr. William H. J. Kennedy of Teachers College, delivered a most interesting illustrated lecture on "Ancient Coinage." This event was offered by the new, but far from unimportant, Historical Society, and was its second lecture for the year. Dean Kennedy showed us slides of the gradual evolution of the earliest coins and simultaneously related their history.

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PRESENTATION OF "THE UPPER ROOM"

Our Lenten play this year was given on three days, with great success and acclaim. Many favorable comments for director and players, who gave so generously of their time, were heard after the performance. So deep an impression did the play produce that there was a noticeable hush throughout the audience at its close. The vividness of the portrayal and the spirit of reverence underlying this famous Benson play transported us for the time being from this swift-moving, thoughtless world of ours, and helped us to realize the meaning and value of the deeper things of life. We appreciate the able direction of the coach, Miss Theresa Chisholm, and the high ability of the cast, who made this play a success.

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SOPHOMORES RUN BRIDGE

Benefit Foreign Missions

During Easter vacation the Sophomores invited us to attend a bridge conducted in aid of the Foreign Missions at the Somerset Hotel. It was held on April 10, with Ann Mullin in charge, assisted by the president of the class, Patricia Gahagan, also Alice O'Neil, Anne McNamara, Margaret Burke and the officers of the Society,

Mary O'Shea, president; Ethel Morris, vice-president. The money was presented to the Foreign Society to carry on its noble work among the heathen people of far-away lands.

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"LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME"

While we were enjoying our Easter holiday, the members of the French Club were giving up much of their time to prepare for the presentation on our return of Molière's clever comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The play was well presented and was entertaining even to those of us who have a very limited knowledge of French. Phyllis Joy, as the ambitious father, was excellent, as was the rest of the cast, which included the officers of the club, Marguerite McDermott, president, and Elizabeth Linnehan, vice-president. An added feature was the specialty dance by Genevieve McCrohan, '27, and Mary Cahill, a Junior.

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JUNIOR CLASS DAY AND EVENING

The Juniors gave us a very pleasant day on April 18 in allowing us to participate with them in some of the joys of their Class Day. Our first recognition of the happy occasion occurred when at assembly the Junior section of the auditorium was a mass of white and red, for each girl was decked in white with a shoulder corsage of red. We were even so proud of them that we allowed them to pass out of the auditorium first, marching to the strains of a song composed for the occasion.

In the afternoon they put on an original musical comedy worthy to rival any of the current shows in town. Their programs were most ingenious and the performance of "The King's Choice" was excellent. The committee is certainly to be commended; it consisted of Kathleen Rogers, chairman; assisted by Anne McCarthy, Mary McDonnell, and Mary Sheehan.

The night of this eventful day was

the occasion of the Junior Class Dance. The committee for this was headed by Ruth Nelligan, chairman, with Catherine Foley, Catherine Larkin, and Antoinette Pelletier. If the Juniors all retained the joyous pep and vivaciousness of the afternoon's performance, the evening must have been a great success.

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SPANISH CLUB PLAY

"El Club Español" of the College gave two one-act plays in the Auditorium on March 26. The first was, "One of Them Must Marry," in which the parts were taken by Mary Grandfield, Sally Carroll, Josephine Alberghini and Mary Perrin. The second was an "Episode in a Room of a University," portrayed by Jacqueline Lamarca, Susan Murdock, and Mary Kilcoyne, the president of the club. Between the two plays a vocal duet was delightfully rendered by Susan Murdock and Mary Kilcoyne.

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MEMORIAL CANTATA

In honor of Blessed Julie Billiart, the Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, the Musical Society of Emmanuel presented a Cantata on April 25. It was a most appealing and unusual program of selections by the Orchestra and Glee Club. We were carried in spirit through the various episodes in the life of this wonderful woman by means of readings and musical numbers. Those of us to whom Blessed Mother Julie was merely a name came away with a definite appreciation of her invaluable work and our great debt to her. Those who had prominent parts, besides the members of the Orpheus Club and the Glee Club, were: Mary O'Shea, Phyllis Joy, Kathleen Rogers, Elizabeth Linnehan, Mary Cahill, Esther Fox, Katherine McLaren, and Agnes Shaw.

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FRESHMEN RECEIVE BANNER

The Juniors, headed by their president, Catherine Sullivan, presented the Freshmen with their Class banner at a short meeting consisting of joyous songs of welcome and sisterly interest, sung by the Juniors. The Freshmen will now be represented by their banner at all functions in which their class participates.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DANCE

On Friday evening, May fourth, it was the pleasure of the Seniors to act as hostesses to their sister class, the Sophomores, at a dance given in the Sheraton Room of the Copley-Plaza. The stately beauty of the palms which line the room was an attractive setting for over one hundred couples, who glided about to the scintillating strains of Meyer Davis' orchestra. As an unusual feature of the evening, the committee arranged that one dance be reserved for the Sophomores and their escorts alone, while the Seniors "sat out" and applauded their little sisters. It was our pleasure and privilege that evening to have as our guests and chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Bart Grady, father and mother of our Senior President. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Grady enjoyed themselves as much as we enjoyed having them with us. To Marguerite McDermott, chairman of the dance, and the committee in charge, Isabel Brosnan, Mary Campbell, Katherine Delaney, Mary Grady, and Margaret Hession, we are deeply grateful for the success of the party.

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BRIDGE TO BENEFIT ORCHESTRA

The members of the Orchestra arranged a bridge in the College Gymnasium on May 7 for the members of the College. There was a large representation, who attended with the twofold purpose of raising money to supply lights, so that our musicians will not have to strain their eyes to read their music on Dramatic Day, and also to while away an afternoon playing cards. The afternoon was in charge of the Musical Society, whose officers are: Eleanor McDonald, president; Elizabeth Tobin, vice-president; Phyllis Joy, secretary; Rosemary Stanford, treasurer, and Marie Owens, Freshman representative.

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CLASSICAL CLUB VISITS

The members of the Classical Club were invited to a tea and a talk on Rome by the Classical Club of Teachers College. By these interchanges we are able to become acquainted with this neighboring College and establish friendly relations with them. Miss Eleanor Colleton addressed the group in an informal manner and told us about Modern Rome. Tea was served

to terminate a most delightful afternoon. Catherine Maloney, the president of the Classical Club, with the other officers, are to be congratulated on their initiative in bringing this youthful club to its present high standing.

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BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

The Seniors kept up their good reputation even to the end when their basketball team won the second semester championship, after taking the honor in the first semester also. We suggest that the under-classmen practise up during the summer!

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PARENTS' DAY

A decidedly new departure for the College was Parents' Day, held on May 13. The Auditorium was transformed into a vast and luxurious reception hall for the occasion, and the parents of the girls were given an opportunity to see the College and to meet their daughters' teachers. Tea was served from three to six, during which time a string trio played and a male octet gave some special selections. The College colors were carried out in the candles and accessories on the tea tables, where the committee in charge dispensed tea and sandwiches to be carried to every part of the hall on the many dainty tea-wagons. The affair was a great success, and for this we are greatly indebted to the committee, which consisted of Marguerite Coffey, Mary Grady, Katharine Connell, Mary McMahon, Mary Campbell, Esther MacCafferty.

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DAY OF RECOLLECTION

The day of recollection for the Senior Class will be on May 25. The exercises will be conducted by the Reverend George E. Hanlon, S.J.

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COMMENCEMENT FORECAST

Play Chosen

The play to be given as the first event in Commencement week has been chosen and the cast has been named. Preparations are now being made to present Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" on Saturday, June second. The cast is as follows: Malvolio, Agnes Shaw; Duke Orsino, Katherine McLaren; Sebastian, Kathryn McElroy; Sir Andrew, Mary O'Shea; Sir Toby, Mary Sheehan;

Olivia, Kathleen O'Donnell; Viola, Katharine Connell; Maria, Doris Donovan; Feste, Elizabeth O'Leary; Fabian, Marguerite McDermott; Sea Captain, Mary Delaney, and Antonio, Mary Dowd.

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PRIESTS OFFICIATING IN COMMENCEMENT

The list of priests who are to assist in the events of Commencement week combines our new faculty with the old, giving duties to each. The celebrant for Baccalaureate Mass will be the Reverend Eric MacKenzie, S.T.L., and the sermon will be preached by the Reverend Patrick J. Waters, Ph.D.; the Reverend John J. Lynch will be deacon, with the Reverend John B. Mullen as sub-deacon, and the Reverend Joseph Keenan as Master of Ceremonies.

The Reverend Francis L. Keenan, S.T.D., will present the candidates for degrees. His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, will confer the degrees.

The Commencement address will be delivered by Mr. Louis Wetmore.

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JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

The Junior Class elections were held on Wednesday, May 9.

The results were as follows: For Senior Class Officers the Juniors chose Miss Katherine Skelley, president; Miss Maura Gallagher, vice-president; Miss Alice Johnson, secretary, and Miss Estelle Donovan, treasurer.

Epilogue elections followed: Editor-in-chief, Miss Mary Fowler; Art Editor, Miss Lucietta Piscopo; Business Manager, Miss Elizabeth McMahon. Assistants to the Editor-in-chief are the Misses Anne McCarthy, Mary Sheehan, and Alice Willard. To assist the Art Editor, the class chose the Misses Grace Norton, Madeleine Mahoney, and Susan Murdock; as assistants to the Business Manager, the Misses Mary O'Brien, Helen Callahan, and Mary Sullivan.

ETHOS elections followed with these results: To assist the Editor-in-chief, Miss Kathleen Rogers, the Misses Arlian Priest, Madeleine Kelley, and Jacqueline Lamarca were chosen. The Business Manager, Miss Mary Walsh, is to be assisted by the Misses Dorothy Denning, Catherine Sullivan, and Catherine Larkin.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Symphony Ensemble, consisting of artists under the direction of Mr. Paul Shirley, gave an enjoyable concert at the College on Sunday, April 23. This concert is an annual event given by the College to students and friends. The program was well-chosen and ably executed. Miss Marion Leadbetter, coloratura soprano, the assisting artist, sang among her selections an "Aria from Louise" and also three delightful little songs, one of which was "Little Raindrops."

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NOTRE DAME SCIENTIST

From the "Watch Tower" comes this news item which we are sure will be extremely interesting to the read-

ers of the ETHOS, since it concerns one of our Sisters, Sister Monica Taylor, who is professor of Biology at Notre Dame Training College, Glasgow. In a recent lecture at Marygrove College, Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S., well-known scientist and Professor of Ethnology in the University of Toronto, made the following reference to Sister Monica: "One of my friends, a nun of Notre Dame de Namur, is the greatest living authority on the amoeba. She was invited to demonstrate her methods before the most eminent scientists of Great Britain at Glasgow. She solved an extremely significant problem for them, that is, how to keep pure culture of the amoeba."

JACQUELINE LAMARCA WINS "LA PRENSA" PRIZE

The Spanish newspaper, *La Prensa*, of New York, with the co-operation of The American Association of Teachers of Spanish, organize every year a country-wide contest open to all teachers and students of Spanish. The contestants are divided into the following groups:—High School pupils, undergraduate college students, graduate students, and teachers of Spanish.

There are six Regional Committees and one Central Committee of professors to examine the essays and determine awards.

Jacqueline Lamarca, '29, who during her course at Emmanuel has taken a prominent part in the activities of El Club Español, entered the *La Prensa* contest, taking for her subject: "Becquer-el poeta español que mas me gusta." She was awarded one of the prizes in the undergraduate group and her essay will be printed in *La Prensa*.

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Carry On

God give me grace as days go by,

To carry on!

When morning breaks in eastern sky,

To carry on!

When noon-day sun is scorching bright,

To carry on!

And still when shadows come, and night,

To carry on!

To take whatever time may bring,

And carry on!

Receive the stones that Life may fling

And carry on!

Through years with plans I cannot guess,

To carry on!

God give me grace with fearlessness

To carry on!

HELEN E. BRIDEY, '28.

The Ethos

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER

No. 4

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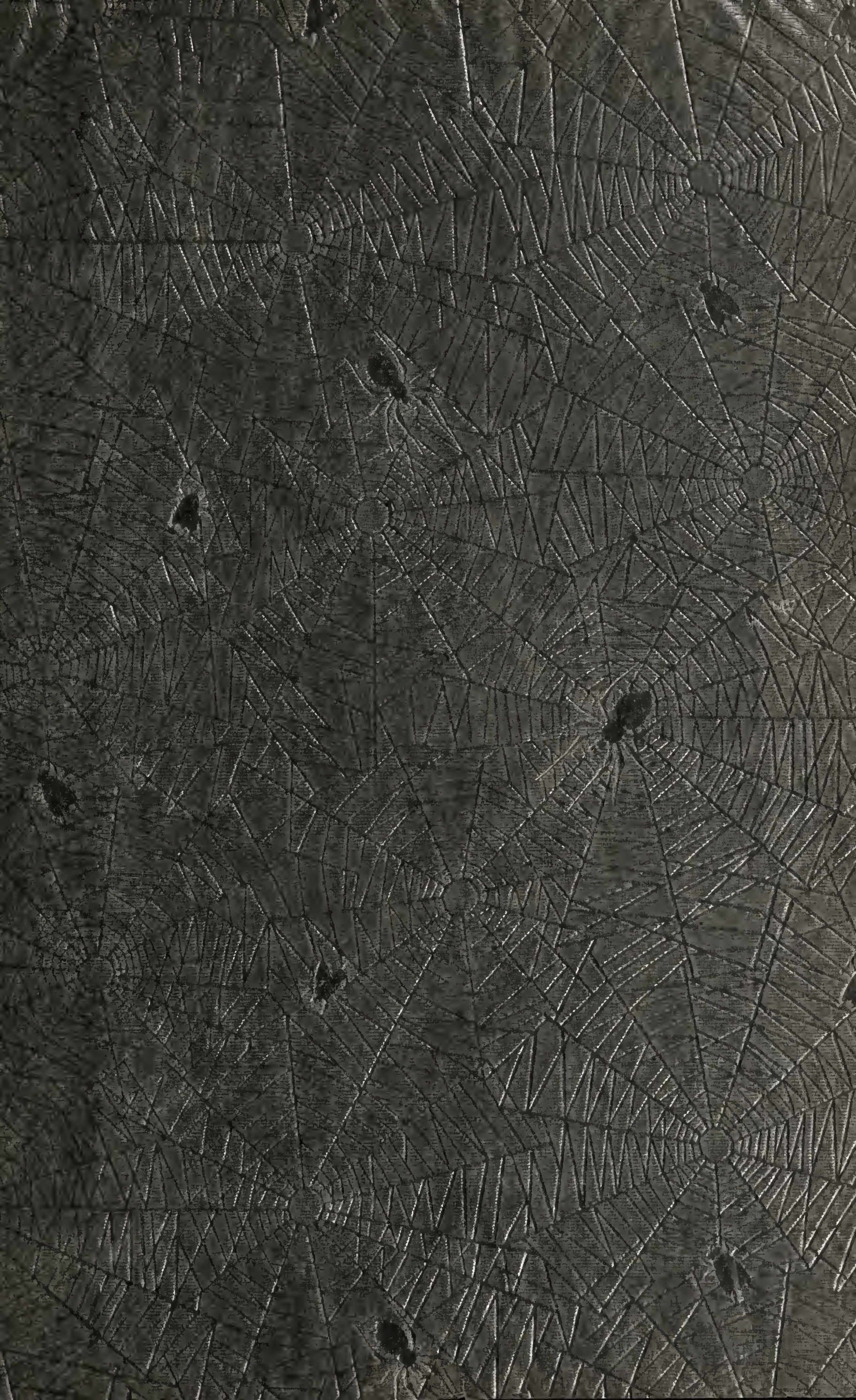
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OUR LADY OF GOOD STUDIES

(see p. 178)





The Ethos

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1928

No. 4

Winter Warmth

Winter stars are haughty stars
And proudly bright,
But once a scornful winter star
Shed mellow light!

Winter winds are bleak, bold winds,
And turbulent,
But once these biting blasts were meek
And penitent!

A cave is comfortless and cold
It lacks all cheer,
When winter stars and winter winds
Are lurking near.

But on one wind-tossed, star-lit night,
Long years ago,
A cave gave welcome to a King
Come down below!

And ever since that distant night
Each winter time,
A Babe brings warmth within our hearts—
His love sublime!

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

Notre Dame In America

Every page of the "American Foundations"* reveals the characteristic spirit which motivated the lives and work of the Sisters of Notre Dame from the very beginning, and which we, who are privileged to know the successors of these noble pioneers, see exemplified today. We, perhaps, cannot easily understand the courage and fortitude needed to meet the difficulties that awaited those first Sisters in 1840. They were in a strange country, far from their relatives, from their Mother House, and Superiors. Communications and travel between countries were not then what they are now. It took six weeks for them to cross the ocean and twelve days to go from New York to Cincinnati. On arriving in Cincinnati they found different customs and language from those in which they had been reared. Moreover, religious women were practically unknown in that city of almost forty thousand people. "Many humorous anecdotes are told," says the annalist, "about their early relations with their Protestant neighbors, who regarded them with fear rather than aversion. But closer contact revealed the fact that the Sisters were harmless, even human and kindly."

As the years passed, the Sisters found themselves face to face with difficulties, sometimes with bitter antagonism, but they quietly persevered in carrying on their work for the noble cause of Catholic Education. Although they were supported in such difficulties by the earnest encouragement of the Catholic clergy and by the loyalty of friends and pupils, we can read between the lines in the modestly phrased account of the hardships which seem to have been characteristic of every new foundation the Sisters made, the revelation that it was not from encouragement without, however sincere and inspiring, but from the religious spirit within, from the strength emanating from religious discipline, from the heritage of virtue implanted by the noble pioneer Sisters, fostered and developed by each new generation of their successors, that the foundations were made possible and that they prospered. This is the explanation of the heroic courage which prompted another band of Sisters to undertake, with their valiant leader, the Reverend Father de Smet, S.J., a seven months' sea voyage from Antwerp in 1843 to enter upon the work of evangelizing the Indians in Oregon. It is the explanation, also, of the success that has attended the African Missions founded by the Belgian and English Provinces of the Institute, and in our own day it has prompted Sisters, one or two of whom most of us can boast to have known and loved, to leave their homes and country for the distant and difficult mission of making the Japanese the children of God.

**American Foundations of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur*, Dolphin Press, 1928.

But did this spirit show itself only in undertaking "foreign" missions? Do we not find it, likewise, revealed in the dauntless energy and keen foresight and vision which, in 1897, prompted Sister Superior Julia to take steps to found Trinity College, the first Catholic College for women in the United States? Situated in the District of Columbia, in the vicinity of the Catholic University to which it has always been affiliated, Trinity College stands a monument to the many Sisters, unknown to the world, who have given their lives, energies, and talents to bringing about the success it has unquestionably achieved.

In 1919, the Sisters of Notre Dame established Emmanuel College, the first Catholic College for women in New England, which has grown and prospered, increasing in number from the twenty-five students of the pioneer class to the present student body of two hundred and ninety-eight. Emmanuel can trace her beginnings to the first Boston foundation on Stillman Street in 1849, where the Sisters had poverty, inconveniences, and hardships in their new, difficult mission. To the dauntless courage of these Sisters of three generations ago, Boston owes much. They were the first Religious successful in maintaining a Catholic school in Boston after the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown. From their convent in St. Mary's parish they went to the other city parishes for Sunday-school and thus personally influenced thousands of children. To them is due the credit of forming the first Sodalties in this city. We read in the Foundations that, "The most memorable occurrence of the year 1853 was the organization of the Young Ladies' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the first sodality in Boston, which held its initial meeting on the feast of the Annunciation." Five years later, on the same feast, the Married Ladies' Sodality was formed. Both of these societies are still in existence, and have accomplished during all these years the good which their pious projectors anticipated.

It was on the grounds of the old Berkeley Street Convent that, for the first time in the history of Boston, our Eucharistic Lord was carried in an open-air procession. On the twenty-first of June, 1865, feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, titular feast of the chapel, Bishop Fitzpatrick gave permission for a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the convent garden. This was not only the first time in those quiet precincts, but "for the first time in the open air since Boston exists," as the French annalist naively expresses what is equivalent to "since the creation of the world." Until the Sisters left Berkeley Street for the Fenway, a pretty shrine of the Sacred Heart marked the spot on the terrace where the temporary altar had been erected for Benediction. These processions were kept up every year at the Convent, until they were established in all the various churches as part of the celebration of Corpus Christi.

It is with special interest that we follow the growth of this community from its humble beginnings in the North End, through the decades spent at Berkeley Street to the present year of its flourishing work in both the Fenway Academy and Emmanuel College. Who can measure the value of the work accomplished in the seventy-nine years since the coming of the Sisters of Notre Dame to Boston? Not mere statistics, which tell us of the thousands of pupils and sodalists who have come under the care of the Sisters; for the lives that have been influenced for good, the souls that have been saved, cannot be counted unless by the angels in Heaven.

The history of the convents and schools in and around Boston naturally holds a special interest for us; but that does not prevent us from appreciating the noble work accomplished by the Sisters from the Atlantic to the Pacific during these past nine decades.

It is with laudable pride that we read the statistics that show that the first colony of eight courageous Sisters of Notre Dame who, in 1840, came to Cincinnati from Namur on a then "foreign" mission, has developed, under the guidance of the successors of Blessed Mère Julie at Namur, into an organization numbering three provinces, seventy convents, and 1,921 Sisters, and 93,431 pupils and Sodalists. We, who are now reaping the benefits of the fruitful eighty-eight years of labor which the Sisters have carried on in our country, are certainly interested in these numbers which show a growth parallel with that of the growth of Catholicism in the United States. As a recent reviewer of the book has said, "the American Foundations of Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur" accentuates how much source material the future historian of the Church in the United States will find in the records of religious communities."

ESTHER V. FOX, '28.



Poetry

Mild music of God's merciful, kind voice
Flung o'er the earth to reassure men's minds,
A harp adown the winds of time, a song
That tells of love triumphant over pain.

MARY G. TRIBBLE, '28.

A Vagabond King

The sun was descending over the dunes in a last blaze of glory. The dunes were golden now; golden except for crimson splotches which were beach-plum bushes colored by the dying day. A gray weather-worn house tucked itself under a mound in the distance. But for its neutral roof and the oyster shacks on the shell-strewn shore, the landscape was entirely uncultivated, with the wildness of the primeval about it. A screeching gull wheeled aloft, profaning the twilight's repose and heralding the approach of an old, bent figure which entered the gray house with an air of familiarity and ownership.

About five miles further along the sandy road that skirted these dunes was situated a tiny village that fifty years ago had been a bustling seaport town. Now the only source of livelihood for the inhabitants was the uncertain fishing industry, rapidly diminishing; and the summer boarding possibilities, gradually increasing. Other towns along the coast, less beautiful but more modern, had been popular summer resorts for many years; but quiet, rural, sea-loving Hanover found it difficult to break with the old traditions and make way for the new; perhaps because most of her people were the descendants of the old daring fishermen who sailed the whalers to Newfoundland.

Every evening there was a slight stir of activity in the center of the village, and this evening as usual a group of the town's folk were gathered about in the store, one part of which was devoted to the duties of the Post Office. Little Dr. Howard had just discovered something of interest in the weekly paper, and his near-sighted eyes were eagerly scanning the lines.

"Wal, I guess that one newspaper's got a story straight for the first time in the history of reporting. Says here, 'Meanest thief in world visited Hanover' and I guess that's right."

"It sure is, Doc."

"I guess so, too."

"You bet your new slicker and rain boots, that there's a big scoop and I betcha it'll even be copied in the Boston papers—mebbe." The last speaker was the modest editor of the weekly sheet, the "Hanover Eye." He was also Postmaster, General-Store Manager, Undertaker, Photographer, and Jeweler. The conversation thus introduced by the little medical man was now gaining ground and everyone was talking about the tramp-thief and his brazen effrontery, only silly Miss Sadie Lane had a good word for the poor old thief, and her charitable remark was promptly squelched by Hattie Perkins' emphatic grunt of disgust.

It was nearly a year since that the tramp-thief had come to Hanover. He had walked all the way from Briarcliff, and good old Mr. Marston had found him more dead than alive down by the oyster shacks. After a substantial meal of codfish and boiled potatoes, the vagabond felt better and offered to work a little in payment for his sustenance. He ate more meals and he offered more work in payment for them. So the tramp stayed on, apparently unmoved by the wanderlust and everyone was glad that Mr. Marston had an agreeable companion at last. Of course there was his son Jake, but ever since he had graduated from High School, he had been serving over at the life-saving station. Even when he was on leave, he had little time for his quiet old father and their lonely homestead. Folks said Jake was like his mother, who had been a waitress in Briarcliff when his father married her. She had run off the year after Jake was born and no one had heard any good of her since that time.

Mr. Marston had never thought that his life had been particularly lonesome. He loved the dunes and the scrubby beach-plums, but above all he loved the sea—the throbbing, smiling, angry, happy sea. He knew her moods and he respected them as his father, the sturdy fisherman, had taught him to respect them. He had been satisfied with the fishing, net-mending, and scalloping, and an occasional walk into the village for supplies. The infrequent visits from Jake were rare events and more than satisfactory. But now that the Tramp, Bill Bailey, had come, things seemed to take on a new interest, a fresh color. Certainly, it must have been lonely before, without Mr. Marston's knowing it.

The heart of the tramp also appreciated the sea. Somewhere in his past he had roamed its vast expanse as a sailor. His understanding was not unlike that of his benefactor and the two vaguely felt a common bond in their affection for the mighty ocean. Now after a half century of the vicissitudes of life, Bill Bailey was glad to settle down. Besides owing his life to Abe Marston, Bill felt that he had at last met a friend. Yes, the debt he owed his rescuer was no trivial one, and yet friendship's debt was infinitely larger.

Abe Marston never tired of telling Bill of his son Jake; and he often showed him the picture of Jake taken by "the city fella" the year of his graduation. Jake would always be the joy and pride of his father's heart, the owner of the heart would confidently boast to the newcomer. Bill did not see much of Jake at first, but the more he saw of him, the less he liked his intolerant air toward the patient old man who idolized him. Of late Jake had been coming home more often, for Bill surely made things interesting. Even silly Sadie Lane recognized this fact, as her frequent visits to the little gray house to borrow everything and anything proved. It was Bill who had suggested that Abe should buy a

radio. A radio, Bill explained, would be a great thing during the long winter evenings, when the sea was too ferocious to be companionate and dulness and sad memories would be almost inevitable. Then with a turn of a wee knob, the glories of the world might enter the gray weather-worn house, tucked securely under the mound of a dune; and banish therefrom the memories and the dulness! Jake was interested in the plan, too; but he had not saved any of his pay to contribute to the price of the small set. Abe, therefore, planned to draw out of the village bank two hundred dollars of his hard-earned money and take it home with him the next time he went to the village. Then he and Bill would be ready to start early the following morning for Briarcliff, where there was an efficient agency and they could select the radio.

The morning of the appointed day dawned, dripping a heavy autumnal mist. Abe prepared to go to town while Bill did the chores. A chicken coop with its occupants had made its appearance since Bill's advent; and complicated in a small way his duties. He was busy until the return of his hospitable host in time for the mid-day meal. Jake came early that afternoon and assisted at the ritual of hiding the money in the large wallet for the morning's errand. He went away shortly afterward, saying something or other about "Being back to the station for mess."

After supper that evening the two men, the fisherman and the tramp, sat down as usual to their game of checkers. That these two old men could have adjusted themselves to each other so easily and have found each other so agreeable must have seemed quite strange to the villagers. They never wondered about it themselves, perhaps they knew enough of each other's life stories to realize that their pasts, though so different in setting, were alike in a fundamental disappointment, a devastating sorrow. At any rate, a tacit peace enveloped them now as they sat quietly over the checker board, speaking but seldom and then in monosyllables.

Outside a cold, bleak rain was descending in torrents and the wind was howling fiercely as it blew the sand against the panes in a staccato tattoo that would be disconcerting to any but dwellers in the little gray house. Tonight, on account of the next day's business, they put the checker board away early on the shelf Bill had made for it behind the door, and Bill went out in the storm to see if the chicken coop was fastened snugly against possible marauders. The rain had ceased and a pale moon was trying to peer through the clouds, but the wind was still driving at a terrific speed. Bill reveled in the rush of clear, sweeping air, in the strong salt scent of the black water in front of him, as he paced the beach with brisk steps before "turning in." Meanwhile he was thanking God in his heart for the happy respite from his inces-

sant wanderings. Gypsying about the world was one mode of escape from one's self, but this was another—a better way. Now that he had found this heavenly isolation, he would stay here with the only man in his life who had proved a true friend, with the man who had cared enough for "a down and outer," like himself, to aid him and receive him into his own home as an equal.

His thoughts and pacing were alike interrupted by a dark figure on the shore. He supposed immediately that it was Jake waiting for the boat to take him over to the bar. He was about to hail him, but on nearing the youth, he noticed that he was furtively burying something in the sand. The eerie moonlit atmosphere suggested the possibility of pirate treasure; twentieth century common sense, however, vetoed the probability of any such fantastic occurrence. He ducked behind a clump of bushes in time to verify his first supposition, without being himself discovered—it was Jake. But where had he been? Presumably he had departed for the life-saving station about three o'clock that afternoon. Perhaps, though, the gossips were right after all and Abe Marston was wrong. Jake must be spending his time with the loafers over at the abandoned airport. The villagers said that at the port instead of dismantling the place they were disfiguring themselves with their "continual gambling and whatnot." Jake was not a simpleton and he must know that the tide would sweep away his cache before morning. Ah, but of course, that was what he wanted. By this time the life-guards' boat had pulled off toward the bar and Bill was uncovering Jake's secret—a large awkward pocketbook, his own father's wallet; the very one the three of them had hidden so safely a few short hours before, when it had been bulging with bills. Now it was shrunken, empty. Poor Abe would feel this terribly, but Jake had evidently gambled and lost. This was the way he repaid his father's devotion. Well, it was lucky that the old man found out in time.

The moon sailed behind an ominous, scudding cloud and darkness and rain descended simultaneously. Bill stuffed the evidence in his pocket and hurried for shelter.

"Say, Bill, there's few fathers have such an upstanding, handsome son as mine, if I do say it myself. Look at this now!" And Abe extended the picture he never tired of admiring when the object of the adulation was not present to be admired in person. Bill nodded half-heartedly as he hung up his rain-soaked coat by the fire. How could he tell him about his boy's perfidy now? Better let it rest till morning and let Abe have one more night of happy trust.

So they retired, Abe little realizing the sad awakening in store for him; Bill secretly dreading it. Yet, not even Bill knew what the storm

was brewing. About midnight they were rudely awakened by a loud knocking at the door. Shouts were heard and lights were flashing through the storm. Men were admitted, huge, lumbering men, a delegation from the life-saving station. Their message was brief but awful. An hour ago a distress signal from a sinking ship had summoned the life-guard crew to action. Jake had gone with the others, but though he had assisted in rescuing all hands aboard the threatened vessel, he himself had slipped in the darkness and perished, despite his comrades' valiant efforts. Abe Marston received the shocking news as the father of a hero should, and the men departed. Words of comfort were useless and the fire, lit when the messengers came, was dying now. They climbed the narrow stairs to their rooms, but there was no more sleep for them that night. Abe mourned his hero son; Bill mourned for Abe's worse sorrow that was waiting to dispel the beauty of the son's deed. In the morning a dazed Abe would miss the money and report his loss. Sympathetic townspeople would all be interested in finding the thief for their unfortunate neighbor. It was almost inevitable that the inquiring village gossips would remember Jake's habits and connect the robbery with the gambling. A subsequent investigation must discover the real thief. Oh, that the happy memory of the loving father should be torn from him! Death was cruel, but the disgrace of such a discovery would be unbearable for Jake's adoring parent. Bill took the wallet from his pocket and regarded it with a sad, sad face; the evidence. If there was only some way to fool the townsfolk, to cheat them out of this appetizing morsel of scandal! But the only way was impossible. Where could he "plant" the wallet? He could not implicate an innocent person, he couldn't, not even for good old Abe's happiness. He had no right to ruin one man's chances for another's illusion. Least of all could he implicate himself. Why, that would be deserting his benefactor, his friend, at the critical moment—deserting! A man who could leave a friend in such a crisis really could steal from him. Of course that would make the case against him stronger. . . . If only Abe did not think so much of the dead boy; but he did. In the next room now he was picturing the boy's heroism, the glorious deed, the fatal slip,—grieving, grieving, grieving. He would always grieve; but he would always remember, too, that *his* son, Jake, the pretty boy in the picture, was a hero. His fine son a hero!

Thus the night wore away, daybreak found Abe dozing, exhausted with sorrow. But Bill was not in the little gray house. He was heading over the dunes toward Briarcliff; and under his bed was the empty wallet!

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

Our Lady of Good Studies

She is seated in the Doctor's chair above which broods the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding and Knowledge.

At her feet are the symbols of Art and Science, and her merciful eyes are turned to these; and therefore, to her children who use them. Upon her shoulder she holds aloft as a Beacon Light, her Divine Son, Lux Mundi, and from His Heart rays of light stream on to the instruments of learning.

He holds in His left Hand a Cross because without toil and self-abnegation no good studies are possible; but the cross is the hilt of a Sword, to show that learning and scholarship are to be used to advance His Cause and to defend His Church. His right Hand blesses studies and students.

Finally there blooms the lily to signify that the intellect will be acute only when the heart is pure.

The picture is the work of Sir Bernard Partridge, brother of Sister Mary Xavier, S. N. D. She was for many years a member of the faculty of Notre Dame Training College, Mt. Pleasant, Liverpool, England. Her memory lives on in the many beautiful hymns included in her volume, *In Hymnis et Canticis*. Her tender devotion to Our Blessed Lady as well as her zeal for Christian education inspired the picture of Our Lady of Good Studies which her brother designed at her request; this same devotion is expressed in the best known of her hymns, *Mother of Christ*, *Mater Amabilis*, *Our Lady of the Wayside*, and *Sedes Sapientiae*.

On June 1, 1915, His Holiness, Benedict XV graciously blessed the picture of "Our Lady of Good Studies" as the special Protectress of the Colleges and Schools directed by the Institute of Notre Dame, renewing in particular connection with it, the indulgence attached to the ejaculation, "Mother of Good Studies, pray for us."



Holy Communion

I need no ladder from the stars
To swiftly mount and see
My Lord and God, for He comes down
To love and stay with me.

ETHEL F. MORRIS, '28.

John Singer Sargent, R. A.*

When we think of the great men who have excelled in the art of painting we are apt to look back to Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other geniuses of their day; yet even though we can never hope to equal the well-known Madonnas and other religious works of medieval times, we must not forget that there are outstanding artists in our own time. One of the most consistently admired of these moderns is John Singer Sargent whose death occurred as late as April, 1925. In the two and one-half years since that date his work has stood the test of popular favor and is admired now as much as at any period since he did his first work as the pupil of Carolus Duran. His oil paintings and water color sketches have been sold at fabulous prices and the biography of John S. Sargent by Hon. Evan Charteris, K. C. has enjoyed a wide circulation.

Although Sargent was born in Florence, Italy, in 1856, and lived most of his life as an artist in Paris and London, he was descended from old American families, and late in life because of his American citizenship declined the honor of having his name proposed for knighthood at the Court of St. James. His father was Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent of Gloucester and Boston, Massachusetts, a descendant of Epes Sargent of Gloucester (1690-1762), and his mother was Mary Newbold Singer of Philadelphia. From the former he inherited the stern Puritan characteristics that were noticeable in him throughout his entire career, and from the latter he derived the artistic traits of the musician and the painter. Although it is said that there was at least one painter of note among his paternal ancestors it is doubtless from his mother that he received, by inheritance and example, the gift of painting.

So many of his forbears had attained distinction in their chosen walks of life that it was expected that the son of Fitzwilliam Sargent would win renown,—and as a member of the United States Navy. So his father determined. But the artist in the boy was too deep-rooted to allow his interest in ships to go farther than the painting of them. His talent was fostered in the sympathetic atmosphere of Florence where he grew up, and he spent much of his time in the famous art galleries copying the old masters. It soon became evident that the boy's gift could not be wasted, and the father finally saw the design of God in his son's skill with the brush and determined that, if artist he was to be, he would be a great artist. Accordingly, in 1874, at the age of eighteen, after being educated in Florence, Rome, and Nice, John Singer Sargent left Italy sustained by the stern Puritan principles of his father and took up the Bohemian life of the Latin Quarter in Paris as a pupil in

*Hon. Evan Charteris, K. C.; *John S. Sargent*.

the studios of Carolus Duran. The young man easily became a favorite there and the master who had been chosen to direct him proved to be just the right one to bring out Sargent's native talent.

Under the tutelage of Duran this promising pupil learned to make the best possible use of the artist's eye and hand that were his, and to paint objects truthfully as he saw them. A trip to Spain, where he was greatly influenced by the work of Velasquez and Goya, helped to add to the brilliant Frenchman's teaching. Soon the Salon was receiving Sargent's pictures with a fair amount of praise and blame combined, but in the artist there was that practical common sense which enabled him to face the criticism and disregard the praise, and "to treat those two imposters just the same." However, even in spite of the criticism his success was marked from the beginning. In 1884 he moved to London and took up his portrait painting in earnest. He worked hard and loved his labor among a selected group of friends; he belonged to various art clubs; his sisters lived near him; and, finally, he was able to devote his spare hours to music. His close friend, Abbey, tells us that if Sargent had not been a painter he surely would have been a musician.

Sargent did most of his best work in England and much of it in the country districts, but strange as it may seem, he has painted very few pictures of the English landscape even though some of his best work consists of natural scenery of Italy and the continent. But if we consider that the chief characteristic of the English countryside is its hazy atmosphere, and that the chief characteristic of John Sargent's painting is the boldness of his stroke and its rugged masculinity, we can readily understand this fact. Sargent painted things just as he saw them, with clearness and precision, and his remarkable eye saw right down into the very nature of the object at hand. The naturalist could learn his science from this artist's work and a psychologist could read a sitter's thoughts from Sargent's canvas. Because of his sympathetic treatment, Sargent was eminently successful with the portraits of children. Hon. Laura Lister and Miss Beatrice Geolet are examples of those wise little tots, with an air of sophistication, whose images have been recorded by his brush.

In 1890 came the visit to the United States and the order for the work in which we, as Bostonians, are most interested. The Boston Public Library in Copley Square had just been completed and the trustees commissioned Sargent and Abbey to do the mural decorations for two of the rooms. Sargent had never done any of this kind of work before, but he was familiar with the Venetian decorators, Tintoretto and Tiepolo, and during his student days his master, Carolus Duran, had painted a ceiling for the Louvre. This young man of thirty-four

went about his stupendous task with high courage. At first, he purposed to decorate the hall at the head of the marble staircase, which had been assigned to him with subjects taken from Spanish literature; but as the scope of this was limited he finally turned to religion, not with the ardor of an enthusiast but with the calm, dispassionate eye of an artist who had found a fitting subject for his masterpiece. The subject settled on was "the development of religious thought from paganism through Judaism to Christianity."

When Sargent was ready to leave America he went directly to Marseilles and from there proceeded to Egypt to gain first-hand knowledge of the Egyptian myths, legends, and traditions which he wished to incorporate into his work. When he returned to England he spent most of his time working in Abbey's studio at Mayfair until in 1895 the first part of the decorations was installed at the north end of Sargent Hall at the Library. This consisted of a frieze of the Prophets, a symbolical picture of the religions of pagan countries on the ceiling, and in the lunette a representation of the children of Israel oppressed by the Egyptians and Assyrians, raising their arms to God in supplication for deliverance. In 1903 he finished the frieze of the Redemption, the Crucifix, and the lunette containing a representation of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity for the south wall. In 1916 the ceiling on the south end was decorated with the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, the niches on either side with reliefs of the Madonna and Child and our Lady of Sorrows; and the same year saw in their places the "Fall of Gog and Magog," "The Law," and the "Messianic Era" in the eastern lunettes, and "Heaven" and "Hell" in the western lunettes. These are so arranged that the "Fall of Gog and Magog," and "Hell" with their scenes of upheaval are on the side nearest the Old Testament pictures of fear, and the "Messianic Era" and "Heaven" with their contrasting idea of hope are at the opposite end. In 1919, the final instalment was made: "The Synagogue" and "The Church" in the panels on the eastern wall. Up to the time of his death in 1925, Sargent had not touched the central panel on that side though it is said that he intended to place there some New Testament subject. Although this remarkable achievement of Sargent's is the work of thirty years the finished product is in complete harmony attained by the use of a gray-blue background throughout and the predominance of gold in the color scheme.

In trying to comment on the work in Sargent Hall, one can do no better than to quote from the "Handbook of the Boston Public Library" which says, "This is not the place in which to attempt an estimate of the beauty or the artistic importance of the Sargent paintings. Their harmony and variety of color, their boldness and power of design, their

combination of subtle intellectual quality with unfailing artistic propriety are obvious to any beholder; no one can visit this room and not know that he is in the presence of the product of genius, handling a great subject greatly."

When I stood at the head of the staircase and gazed around the hall I felt indeed that I was viewing a stupendous work capably carried out, and on close examination my first opinion was more than confirmed. I tried to decide which part of the work I like best, and, while I marveled at the accurate representation of the Catholic dogma at the Christian end, and especially the sympathetic treatment of the mysteries of the Rosary and the pictures of the Blessed Virgin, I was more impressed by the work at the north end of the hall. The frieze of the Prophets is a splendid procession with the majestic figure of Moses standing out boldly just as his character stands out in the Old Testament. The "Children of Israel" is an awe-inspiring representation and the symbolism in this and in the "Pagan Religions" on the ceiling is remarkable. There does not seem to be a stroke that is without special meaning, and when we consider that Sargent did all the sculpturing as well as planning the electric light fixtures and mouldings, and doing himself the decoration of the vaulting, the great frames over the stairway, and the symbolic reliefs on the ceiling we realize that, regardless of the hundreds of paintings that are distributed over two continents, Sargent Hall in the Boston Public Library will always be an adequate and lasting monument to the genius of John Singer Sargent.

MARY T. SHEEHAN, '29.



A Prayer

No place within the envied walls,
Where Fame has laid her dead away,
Nor glorying epitaph be mine
To mark my watch till Judgment Day.
No tears to make my going sad,
No prayer save this, "Thy will be done."
But, oh! to have one happy heart
Know I had brought her life its sun!

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

BOSTONIANA

Reading the Past Through the Present

Many have written about historic Boston, but if we wish to find out about Boston in prehistoric times, we have only to spend some happy hours with *Boston Through the Ages*, by Irving B. Crosby. Imagine volcanoes spitting out fiery floods of lava where our Boston now stands! Think of earthquakes upheaving tremendous hillsides and completely changing the landscape! It seems incredible that all this could take place in the very spot where majestic, towering structures now repose. Geologists have proved, nevertheless, that such is the case. For just as each of us leaves indelible impressions on the locality in which he lives, so Nature leaves her marks and signs inscribed in the rocks. A whole science has been built up on the facts acquired by studying these present evidences of prehistoric events. We must, therefore, begin our story of the physical development of Boston, not with the founding of the city in 1630, but with a period many, many centuries ago.

Perhaps half a billion years ago, scientists proclaim, Braintree slate, the oldest rock found in Boston, was formed in the ocean. In the slate are fossils of prehistoric creatures, especially a lobster-like crabfish. After the formation of this slate, liquid rock from the inner hot regions of the earth forced its way up into the slate, melting it. When the mass cooled, granite and other igneous rocks resulted. The making of the granite was a most important event for Boston, since it is the famous Quincy granite which is in such demand today for buildings and monuments.

Then long ages elapsed, during which Nature held calm and peaceful sway here until the quarrel of the giants, as our story books used to tell us. According to the account, giants inherited this region many years ago. As a rule they lived in perfect harmony one with another, but at a certain feast they began to quarrel. Their wrath became so great that they one and all took huge pieces of the delectable plum pudding which should have been their dessert, and threw it in all directions. The pudding slowly hardened and became what we know as the Roxbury puddingstone. The rock does resemble a pudding with huge plums just pushing themselves out to tempt the appetite, but science has taught us a far more accurate and, at the same time, more wonderful explanation. As the rains fell and winds blew, the rocks were slowly rattled and broken up. The products of this weathering, gravel, clay, and sand, were carried by streams to the sea. The land began to sink as its surface was thus washed away, and more and more gravel and sand were deposited on top

of the first layers. The clay, carried in suspension by the onrushing waters, was transported further from the land and released in the sea. When the deposits had become hundreds of feet thick, the increased pressure due to the great weight of earthy material, hardened the lower strata to rock. Natural cements left in the sediments by the water, bound together the pebbles of gravel. Thus the Roxbury puddingstone came into being.

But meanwhile equally interesting changes were taking place below the surface. Deep down in the earth the molten rock was becoming uneasy, and commenced to burst out in the form of volcanoes. Successive outpourings of the hot lava cooled, one on top of another, until a high cone was built up. Stones found today in West Roxbury prove conclusively that such an active volcano was once there.

For centuries the conglomerate puddingstone, slate and lava piled up until the floor of the Boston Basin was raised many feet. This increasing load finally caused part of the earth's crust to settle down. Great cracks or "faults," as they are called, grew in the rocks and the intervening masses of dirt and rock sank, causing terrific earthquakes. In this way the Boston Basin was continually lowered while the land north and south of it maintained its lofty position. Soon afterward, hot molten rock from the caverns of the earth rose and filled the gaping "faults." These "dikes" of lava are easily seen in ledges today where the fine surface material has been washed away. Following the formation of Boston Basin and the "dikes," the process of erosion went on for many years, carving the land into something like its present aspect.

Still later great changes were destined to come about. Following the period of erosion, there was an uplift of the surface. This was accompanied by a colder climate and increased snowfall. As more moisture fell during the course of the winter than melted in the summer, a thick layer of snow accumulated. Gradually an enormous ice sheet was formed, much like that which covers Greenland today. After lasting many years, the ice sheet slowly melted away, moving out from the center across New England. Slowly it passed over hills and mountains, carrying with it rocks and sand. Pushing fiercely over the north side, it smoothed the hills; but as it left the south side it froze onto the rock and as it progressed, tore away great blocks. The bridges of *débris* which it piled up resulted in the formation of our "moraines," long, irregular ridges of earth. Clay, in the form of huge boulders, was deposited on rocky knobs, forming "drumlin" hills. The presence of enormous boulders on the top of Mt. Washington and other lofty heights is explained through the action of the ice sheet.

But when the glacier had melted for many years, a narrow tongue of it, extending across the present mouth of Boston Harbor, continued to

exist. It stubbornly held in the water from the melting ice further inland. Glacial Lake Shawmut resulted. As the huge glacier melted, many streams on it flowed down into the lake, carrying earthy substances which had been picked up by the ice sheet. The deposits in the glacial river beds then dropped down through the melted ice, and formed winding ridges, known as "eskers." The tongue of ice which had brought about the existence of Lake Shawmut finally disappeared, the lake drained into the ocean, and left a region much higher than at present.

New rivers then developed and eroded new valleys. Slowly the land sank and the seas flooded the river valleys, forming deep bays. Our shore is, therefore, the result of the submergence of land. The waves stirred up the sandy bottom of the bays, and beaches were made; at the same time the incessant beating of the ocean's waters wore away the craggy hills along the coast. The topography of the site of Boston was thus modified to look much as it does today.

Through the long geologic ages, Nature was constantly introducing new changes to prepare the ground for the site of a great city. First the Boston Basin itself was formed,—a broad lowland eminently fitted for the founding of a large city. The building of the harbor with its protecting beaches enabled man to build an important seaport town. The peculiar formation of the broad basin with its surrounding hills later was to become an important factor in the determining of our history for the drumlins and other hills of Boston figured prominently in the Revolution. The numerous streams with their cheap water power made possible many factories. Finally, man learned to alter the existing topography to suit his particular needs.

The geological story of Boston proves beyond a vestige of doubt that the country as we see it today is just "one page in the long history of events; that many changes have occurred in the past and that many more are yet to come." The very hills which look so permanent and invulnerable, are but temporary; as they have been formed from sand, mud, and gravel, through the intricate workings of Nature, so they will eventually be washed away as clay and sand, for as Tennyson says,—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree,
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

MADELEINE O'BRIEN, '30.

The Romance of Old Boston's Streets

When the poet wrote,

"And there is healing in old trees
Old streets a glamour hold . . ."

he must have been thinking of Boston, for the very mention of old streets calls up historic Boston, with its past steeped in the struggles of a nation's birth and the ghosts of a nation's forefathers treading its narrow and crooked thoroughfares. Here in the Cradle of Liberty, upon the very ground that the Bostonians walk today, were the rude homes of the Puritan fathers; here the sturdy farmer of old Boston-town drove his cows to pasture across the great field that we now know as the famous Boston Common, proving that there is truth indeed in the old saying, "Boston was laid out by cows." "There has been much speculation and a great deal of fun in regard to the crooked and narrow streets of Boston," says Annie Haven Theving, "but we have borne with equanimity the good-natured banter of the wits of all ages and like the loyal Bostonians that we are, we stand firmly in our love and admiration for the historic streets that cross and recross, twist and turn throughout the modern city that was Boston-town."

In appearance the old town cannot be pictured today except by exercising the imagination, for time with its attendant changes has not passed Boston by unnoticed. But considering the whole place as a great field and realizing the diversity of types among the colonists, it is not difficult to understand how the town was divided into the sections whose boundaries, with some exceptions where expansion of business has necessitated overstepping the original lines, remain to this day almost the same. "Each settler," says the historian, "chose the spot best suited to his needs." Those interested in trade chose the vicinity of the dock. The market place must be near the center of the town, close to the dock. Those interested in fishing chose lots on the waterfront. A few who liked rural life went farther away. Gardens and pastures were allotted in the western part of the town. As people went from one house to another to help in building, or to attend meeting, for every one went to church in those days, or drove his cows to pasture, they made paths for themselves—paths which became streets when these busy people had more time to attend to roadmaking. The first record of the laying out of streets is in January 1635-1636, when it was agreed that every man should have a sufficient "way" to his allotment of ground and that men should be appointed for setting out these "ways." In the same year are records of a way to be made "in the field towards Roxbury," and "some laid out in the North End, the most elegant and populous part of the town," where dwelt many of "the best families." What a contrast today is any street

in the vicinity of old North Square! Where once stood the dignified home of old Cotton Mather, hundreds of dark-skinned little Italians now wildly play in a riot of confusion before a dark brick block, over-populated and poverty-stricken. And yet this was the location considered important enough to be the first part of the town to boast "laid out" streets.

Hanover Street stretching through the heart of the North End is rich in historic memories. Before receiving in 1708 the name by which we know it today, it was called "Houchin's Lane," "the way leading out of Boston to the water mill," "the broad street," and other names that are too numerous or too lengthy to mention here. Thomas Child, the painter, lived on this street, and the coat of arms of the ancient guild of painters, which he placed on his house, may yet be seen on the new building erected on the site of his home. The corner of Hanover and Union Streets is hallowed as the boyhood home of Benjamin Franklin, although some historians insist that he was born on Milk Street. Five churches on or near Hanover Street give the street another claim to historic interest. In the northeast part of the North End bounding Copp's Hill on one side is Commercial Street, formerly called Lyn Street, noted especially for its shipyards. The famous "Old Ironsides" was built here by Edmund Hart, and was launched in 1797. In Dock Square stands Faneuil Hall, built by Peter Faneuil in 1742 in the centre of Boston's business section. In its neighborhood are Merchant's Row, Exchange Street, Cornhill, and Court Street, renowned as the site of the prison to which Captain Kidd was brought in 1699. Farther up Washington Street is the old South Church and nearby is the Winthrop House. School Street running towards the present Tremont Street was the home of King's Chapel. Continuing up Washington Street we come to the heart of the present-day business section; but in the early days of the city business was confined chiefly to State Street and its vicinity. It did not begin to move "uptown" until the middle of the nineteenth century.

The South End, too, was a residential section of Boston, where the rich and fashionable built their spacious homes and cultivated their charming gardens. This section extended south of School Street and Milk Street to Boylston and Essex, and from Tremont Street to the present Purchase Street. Tremont Street in 1667 was a lane issuing out of the Common! And the Washington Street of that time was a very different street from the one we know. Here stood the old Province House, the official residence of the provincial governors. Between Winter and School Street, Bromfield Street was laid out by Edward Rawson in 1669 and named "Rawson's Lane" in his honor. Winter Street was undoubtedly one of the cowpaths to the Common; but developed automatically

into a street called at various intervals, "Blotts' Lane," "Bannisters' Lane," "Willis Lane," and in 1708, Winter Street. Some authorities attribute this name to the bleakness on the corner of Tremont Street. Samuel Adams lived in Jackson Place, adjacent to Winter Street, and so made memorable this street for all patriots.

Boylston Street, the distinguished Boylston Street, was called for many years "the Lane," and later "the Frog Lane," and not until 1809 "Boylston Street." On the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets John Foster set up the first printing press in Boston at "The Sign of the Dove." Indeed, there is after all, if you except the Common, which hardly resembles our picture of its early days, and the old South Church, which in spite of its stand for so many years, has not kept a modern florist shop out of its very basement, no tangible reminder of other days to the average citizen until he climbs Beacon Hill and sees before him in all its simple grandeur the State House, its golden dome sparkling in the sunlight, its Bulfinch architecture preserved in its original brick simplicity.

Now no treatise on Boston streets, however limited, can be completed without a reference to the aristocratic Beacon Street and its neighbor, Park Street. Robert Means Lawrence tells us that in splendor of building and nobleness of situation, the summit of Beacon Hill, in the opinion of Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, was, towards the close of the eighteenth century, unrivalled on this side of the Atlantic. Bound up in its history are the precious memories of grand old Boston society, which ate and drank and danced in splendor within its historic mansions, while above the stately Capitol looked out over a city of "pedigree and promise"—old Boston—its "seventy white steeples" piercing the clouds, and its happy old face wrinkled by those treasure-houses of its history, the narrow, crooked streets of Boston-town.

ANNE MCNAMARA, '30.



Saint Boltoph's Early Playgrounds

If I could only go back sixty years or so I know I should enjoy Boston far more than I do now! Why should all the amusing and picturesque customs and scenes have vanished before my time, and left me with only a few accounts of their existence to comfort me? How can I appreciate the Boston Public Gardens as they are when I know the history of the place, or how can I enjoy the beauty of Boston Common as it is today, when I compare it with the glamour it held for the young people of sixty years ago? It seems almost unfair to have changed things so, to have "built up" the physical aspect of the old scenes, but in reality to have "torn down" their wealth of associations in the upheaval.

Away back in the sixties when our great-grandfathers were playing in the Public Gardens, the place was an informal playground. They would have laughed at the idea of walling the "Frog Pond" in cement! Why should a "swimming hole" be so embellished? As for the swan boat that proves a tireless delight to the children of our generation, it is well that the first merry-makers in the Public Gardens cannot see it. A mechanical device for converting their old trysting place into a money-maker would surely meet with their heartiest disapproval. Even when the first swings were introduced after a lengthy consultation of the "Board" they were coldly received, and the installation of "fandangoes," the predecessors of the modern ferris wheel was met with disfavor on all sides. Perhaps our far-sighted ancestors foresaw the disaster that would result if the Public Gardens were converted into a professional playground. They wanted it to remain forever what it was then—a handy place for skating in the winter, for swimming in the summer and for top spinning and kite flying in between seasons. There was just one innovation they admitted in the program, and that, we all agree, was a necessary and worthy one. It happened annually, or at the very most semi-annually, and for weeks in advance the streets rang with the cries of children by day and of the town crier by night: "The circus is coming." When the much-heralded day arrived and the hour for the fulfillment of the prophecy was at hand, the circus made the Public Gardens its headquarters, and bright colored triangles hung from every branch of the willow tree overhanging the water. It was on these occasions that Frog Pond accomplished its loftiest ambition. The elephants, one by one, lumbered down to its bank, waded in for their daily bath and all its attendant ceremonies, while the throngs of spectators clapped and shouted and in general showed their appreciation of this special attraction. All this has changed now. Could any editor of a Boston newspaper today hope to use the "Public Gardens" as the scene of a prank as one editor did so successfully back in 1866? It was April Fool's Day, April the first, when the article proclaiming the discovery of gold in the Public Gardens appeared in the newspapers. The inevitable happened, of course. Every man, woman and child for miles around rushed to the "gold field" and saw a huge canvas-covered erection in one corner of the playground. The crowd was given permission to view the interior and one by one they filed in to return in a few minutes with a sheepish expression, but with an encouraging word to their brother-victims. The whole thing, of course, was a game sponsored by the newspaper as an April Fool's trick, but how simply the old Boston residents fell prey to the hoax! To our enlightened minds the Public Gardens and gold mines sound incompatible, but that is because the Gardens have been altered, their spirit has decayed, and they are no longer informal playgrounds.

A similar change has come over the Boston Common. When the boys and girls of Civil War days played hockey on the Common and staged those bitter intersectional snow battles, they little dreamed that sixty years after there would be a lofty formality in the atmosphere of the Common, and benches placed beside cement walks and under cultivated greenery. When the boys of the North End met the boys of the South End here on neutral territory, and "fought to the death" for the right of freedom of the streets, they surely did not think that their great grandchildren would be forced to play there with decorum, if at all.

Perhaps the most vitally changed scenes of sports of old Boston are the old hills that were used for coasting. What child would now dare to use the "Song Coast" from the corner of Park and Beacon Streets to West Street entrance? Or the Joy Street coast, where the annual races were held and all society gathered to see "Old Derry," a West End sled, beat "Black Beauty," owned by a South Ender or vice versa? Those were days of real sport, undisturbed by fear of motors or electric cars, and productive of real men, unafraid of machine-monsters or of each other; they fished when and where fancy dictated, whether it was from Perch Rocks bounding the Charles, or on a Sunday, and played marbles with as much freedom in Park Square as in their own back yards! Why could these ideal playgrounds not have lasted? Why did machinery, progress, and power deprive our generation of all this, and force us to regard these old playgrounds either as too formal and spectacular for everyday play or too dangerous for any but iron-clad pedestrians? The combination of beauty and freedom embodied in these old playgrounds has never been attained since, and we of this enlightened age must admit that in the present playground system the beauty factor is generally ignored, leaving us just so far behind our forefathers in the problem of youth culture. Is there any hope of reviving the lost spirit of these old places? It would pay us Bostonians to try it, at least!

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.



The Wayside Inn

It was a cold, dreary day in January when we first beheld the Wayside Inn in actuality, and the cheery, orange color of the building, in direct contrast to the somber, weatherbeaten air of the old carriage-house, seemed very hospitable indeed, promising both warmth and welcome. As this carriage-house provides the entrance to the grounds around the Inn, as well as the Inn itself, we stopped there first, and gazing through the window saw, in the dim interior, the outline of an old-time coach. Immediately pushing open the door, we entered to obtain a better view, and there we found, not one, but two ancient coaches, complete in every

detail and perfect counterparts of those which journeyed, on their rumbling way, from the Hotel Touraine in Boston to the Wayside Inn, in years gone by. They were high, rather awkward-looking vehicles, which would inspire fear in the heart of a modern traveller, accustomed as he is to every possible convenience. The very appearance of this carriage-house served to place us in just that receptive state of mind necessary for a proper appreciation of the wealth of historical treasures awaiting us. The old bell, which long ago summoned the hostler, and sent warning to the housemaid to prepare refreshments for the guests, still hangs from the building, seemingly ready for instant use. We might have lingered and dreamed a bit, but the Inn was the thing.

Yet again we were coaxed from the straight path to the Inn proper, and followed, instead, a narrow wooden walk leading to an old-fashioned garden, which must have been delightful when the hundreds and hundreds of flowers were in bloom. That day it only seemed cold and desolate, owing to Jack Frost's work, and added greatly to the general air of bleakness which hung over everything. The ground was damp underfoot, and shivering a little, we turned to approach the Inn.

There triumphantly swinging to and fro was the ancient sign with its gaudy red horse. Weatherbeaten and grimy-looking, still the horse prances gaily, promising a welcome as sincere today as it was years and years ago, when the figure of the horse was a favorite symbol of publicans.

To go back a bit in the history of the famous establishment, we find that the Inn has been open to the public for nearly two hundred years, the greater part of the time being occupied as a tavern. In the old days the Sudbury road was of the greatest importance, and since the Inn was within an easy day's journey to Boston, it became a very convenient halting place for travelers. That its reputation for good cheer was second to none, is attested to by Longfellow in his "Prelude" to the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be
Built in the old Colonial day
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality."

The name of the Inn was formerly the "Red Horse," but with the publication of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* and the subsequent recognition of the "Red Horse" as being the one referred to, popular opinion adopted the name "Wayside Inn," and such it has remained. From the year 1714 to almost the completion of a century and a half, the Inn was kept by generation after generation of Howes, but gradually passed from their

control and in 1923 Mr. Henry Ford purchased the Inn and has since labored diligently to restore its ancient grandeur.

Opening the colonial door with its brass knocker, we found ourselves in a spacious reception hall, where we were greeted by a charming hostess and given a cordial welcome. Registering in the huge book placed there for that purpose, we began our tour of investigation.

The room was crowded with genuine antiques, and although the present furniture, in all respects, is not the original which was scattered through auctions, yet a great many pieces have been located and gathered up, and nothing is lacking which might, in some way, convey a more vivid picture of that by-gone period. This common room was a cheery lovable place, the floor of which was constructed of pieces of board, some eighteen inches wide, while cracks, guiltless of any filling, gazed up at us. A huge table in the center, so old that it proudly displayed a patch and which certainly looked its age, drew our attention, and from there we wandered to the fireplace with the heavy looking andirons and the black pots still hanging from a rod at the side. Above the fireplace hung an old flint-lock which history says was used by a Sudbury man in the battle at Concord. Perhaps the tiny bar in the corner would arouse the most interest, since bars are so very, very scarce in these days. At this same bar, whose wooden portcullis could be raised or lowered at pleasure, there once gathered governors, magistrates, and generals, with scores of others, whose names are remembered with honor, to quaff a health, or even to indulge in a drinking bout. Just beyond the bar is the tap-room where the wine was stored and as a proof of the tremendous thirst of the travelers, we find a small closet door torn almost to shreds by the sharp implement with which the host opened each bottle, immediately thrusting said implement into the door again. Old jugs and odd shaped dishes, which would delight the heart of the antique collector, graced the cubboards.

The breakfast room seemed very dark with its low-hung ceilings, heavy beams and small windows. The wooden table, guiltless of any covering, was all set with rare pewterware; a heavy little two-pronged fork with an ivory handle, a ferocious looking knife, and a broad little spoon completed the array. A stiff-backed low-seated chair stood at each place, bearing such an air of expectancy that we should not have been surprised to see the meal served at once. It was at this very table, indeed, that the famous Lafayette, and our own Washington, once dined. We wanted to linger but the thought of the kitchen lured us on.

We found ourselves in a huge, old-fashioned room, the ceiling again uncomfortably low; to be truthful, I found myself half-expecting it to fall any minute. The large table with its sturdy-looking chairs, the

yawning fireplace with the turning spit, the oven close by in which were baked such delicacies as Indian pudding and cakes; the picturesque cupboards and the imposing array of old pewterware, the waffle iron, the toaster which resembles our own electric toaster very much, the lanterns hanging from the ceiling, the huge wooden bowl in which the butter was patted into shape, the little butter churn, the high old spinning wheel; all these together bring to our minds a picture of rustic conviviality which mere words could never paint and made me think of Celia's approval of Corin's cottage, "I like this place and could willingly waste my time in it."

Into the downstairs bedroom we marched, gazing with interest, but most decidedly not with envy at the high bed and heavy canopy. I am quite sure that I would have more than one nightmare, with all that material hanging over my head. We saw another fireplace and resting beside it a tiny wooden cradle, which looked suspiciously like a doll's, but which truly is a baby's cradle. The lovely shining highboy topped with antique silver pitcher, the mirror high up on the wall, in which we see a distinct picture of our own very modern console mirror, the warming pan for taking the chill off those spotless sheets, the bellows to blow the flame to fire, the chair drawn close by, the little footstool, all speak of a comfort, which, indeed, might not appeal to us, but which was most satisfactory to that generation.

We stepped through a small entry, and found ourselves in the parlor, which is, perhaps, the most interesting room in the house to a lover of literature, for in this very room did Longfellow place the setting of the "Prelude" to his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The *Tales* were not written here, indeed, but were planned, and in our mind's eye, we can behold the picture which he drew of all his friends gathered around the huge fireplace, each telling his tale. The Landlord, the Student, the young Silician, the Spanish Jew, the Theologian, all return to our memory, and over in the corner, just above the spinet which, by the way, is not the one to which Longfellow referred, but an exact duplicate, we saw the pictures of these very men, and under each, the name of the character each man portrayed in the *Tales*. Just above the fireplace we recognize the "Landlord's coat-of-arms," and on each side a portion of that famous window pane, on one piece of which Major Molineaux had written this jolly little verse with his diamond ring,

"What do you think,
Here is good drink,
Perhaps you may not know it;
If not in haste do stop and taste
You merry folks will shew it."

And upon the other his signature:

Wm. Molineaux, Jr., Esq.

24 June, 1774, Boston

Both pieces have been placed on black velvet, and framed, to insure their protection. Just beyond the fireplace we see "Princess Mary's pictured face," and the tall "somber clock" which has just recently been added to the collection. In the next corner we find a desk which once belonged to Daniel Webster. There were pictures everywhere of men famous in history, and literature, specimens of handwriting, and on the floor lovely, soft rugs hooked by hand, and in the center of the room a genuine gate-leg table.

Again we passed into the hall, the walls of which were lined with valuable prints and pictures, and just beyond, we found the very modern dining room, which has been installed, and which would look decidedly out of place in these surroundings, were it not for the lovely, dingy chandelier suspended from the center, the wax candles replaced by electric candles so cleverly made, that at first glance they are deceiving.

We ascended the stairs; a word as prosaic as "climb" could never be used in regard to this staircase, and found ourselves in the upper hallway, which was almost an exact reproduction of the lower, with the exception that the prints and the pictures seemed even more numerous and closer together. Hanging on the wall was a copy of the Declaration of Independence, with the name of John Hancock standing forth in bold, black letters.

Walking into Lafayette's room, we found a high canopied bed, the fireplace ready for instant use, the picture of Lafayette hanging on the wall, and close by, one of Washington, both old prints somewhat faded with age. Then in the corner we spied a small battered trunk lined with newspaper which was torn to shreds, and yellow with age, yet with enough left to tell us it was a sheet of the *Centenal* printed in 1818.

From there we passed to Longfellow's room. Here again we found the inevitable high bed with the canopy, the fireplace, the tall dark high-boy, the leather water pitcher, the mirror and twin candles, a letter written by Longfellow and since framed and hung on the wall, and here and there a straight, stiff, high-backed chair.

We are out in the hall again. A short walk, a turn to the left, and we are in the ballroom, a cheery place which seems to shine with the joyousness of former years. The dais at the end for the fiddlers, the wooden benches fixed to the wall, the seats of which could be raised at will, the floor smoothly polished by dancing feet, and the walls covered with gaily colored prints, all combined to make a picture of old time

grandeur. Minuets were once measured here by dainty feet, but the place is silent now though seemingly bursting with lovely memories.

Down the long, broad stairway again, and into the lower hall, where we take one last look around at all the lovely objects in view. A sigh of regret escapes us, a sigh springing partly from disappointment that our tour is over, and partly from delight for the wonderful time we have had, re-living the past in that charming old Inn, which almost seems to have stepped from the pages of a book.

We lift the latch and find ourselves once more in the frosty air. The ground is damp underfoot, the automobile horns shriek madly. Ah, yes, indeed! We are back in the hectic, modern world again, and our dream is finished.

HELEN MORGAN, '29.



"Not Even a Mouse"

" 'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring . . ."

Perhaps no one in the house was stirring, but some one, something, was busy outside the French window that opened onto the wide verandah. Against the bright winter moon a stooped black figure was silhouetted.

But there was some one else astir. Billy, with the newly attained dignity of his fourth birthday, came softly, softly, down the stairs. He was big now, too big to believe that there were things in the dark that "got you," especially if you had been eating Susan's jam or playing with Pat's hose. Hadn't Mother Dear told him that there was a bright shining angel following him, always? Mother Dear's counsel was never wrong. Billy stopped on the fifth from the bottom step, his little heart filled with consternation. Mother Dear had warned her son to be safe in slumberland when Santa paid his visit, and here he was not only wide awake, but almost, almost down THERE! For a full second he wavered, but the thought of his poor woolly-bear all alone behind Daddy's armchair protecting Billy's own secret from goblins and things—because although they didn't touch little boys they might touch little boys' secrets—drew him down another step.

He stared over his shoulder up, up, into the darkness. It would be easier to go back if he had woolly-bear to hold tight. Down another step, another, slowly, the library door, and at last he was safe behind the big chair. He hugged his woolly-bear close to his racing heart and a choking sob shook his little body. Poor, poor, woolly-bear—Billy wouldn't leave him!

O-O-oooh! The French window opened—just a crack—and a thin stream of silvery light shot across the floor, under the chair, and stopped right at Billy's feet. Wide-eyed, he contemplated the intruding silver ray for it could mean but one thing—Santa had come!

Why, oh, why, hadn't he obeyed Mother Dear? How disappointed Daddy and she would be when they saw the beautiful Christmas tree standing just as they three had left it early in the evening when Billy had skipped happily up the stairs to bed. Ah, but it had been a happy, expectant tree then, standing there, filling a whole corner of the living room, its thick, green, branches fairly tingling as they awaited the beautiful crystal bells and balls with which benevolent Father Christmas would deck them. Long ropes of tinsel that glistened like a million tiny diamonds, little delicately fashioned birds that glowed in an intriguing, mysterious manner, and a big, big, silver star to stand on the tip-most twig—poor, poor Christmas tree! How sad Mother Dear and Daddy would be, and Billy would have to tell them—.

He didn't care much about the toys—that is not very much—but the poor tree. Perhaps, oh, perhaps if he explained to Santa that woolly-bear had been down here in the dark, all alone, guarding his precious secret, perhaps Santa would understand.

Bravely he stole out into the moonlight, woolly-bear clutched under one arm and the secret hugged tightly against his breast. The dark figure with the bag over his shoulder paused in the library doorway.

"H-h-hello, Santa, I'm Billy," quavered the tiny voice. "Please, don't be cross 'cause I comed down stairs! Woolly-bear was so lonesome behind the chair and he was such a good bear taking care of my precious secret, I des couldn' leave him there—in the dark. I—I don't mind awfully much if you don't leave me any toys, 'cause some children don't ever get toys anyway. That's what my secret is for. I've just saved and saved all my pennies and nickels and even quarters and the dollar Uncle John gave me—saved them all in my little gold bank, and I'm going to give them to some poor children who don't get any toys for Christmas—just clothes 'n' useful things. I know it isn't your fault, Santa, 'cause Mother Dear 'splained how they'd rather have warm coats and gloves than toys, but I think just a tiny game or maybe a weeny woolly-bear would be nice. Don't you think so, Santa?"

Billy's voice was gaining confidence and his face glowed as a happy thought came to him.

"Couldn't you take the money, Santa, and p'raps there are some stores still open where you could buy some toys? Please, Santa, couldn't you?"

Billy's pleading eyes sought Santa's in the dark as he held out the little gold secret.

"Please, Santa!"

"Billy—Billy—" Santa's voice sounded rather choky as he swung the bag from his shoulders and gathered the boy into his arms—"I'll be glad to do that for you. I think I know some little children who would welcome the toys and—and woolly-bears. You will make them very happy, Billy."

"Oh, Santa, thank you! Woolly and I will be happy, too!"

"Now, Billy, hadn't you better be getting back to bed? Will you be afraid to go up in the dark?"

"Oh, no," came the tiny voice from the foot of the stairs, "didn't your Mother Dear ever tell you about the shining angel that takes care of you in the dark and keeps away things? 'Night, Santa."

"Good night, Billy."

Santa stood for a moment, head hung, staring at the little bank and tears filled his eyes.

"It was my first job, Lord," he whispered, "my first job. I wouldn't have done it only for the little ones. Thank you, oh, thank you, for sending a tiny angel to lead me through the darkness of temptation."

All was white and silent on that Christmas morning and no one saw a dark figure with an empty bag softly close the French window behind him as he stepped out into the beautiful sparkling snow—no one—

". . . Not even a mouse."

ANNE MCCARTHY, '29.



Candle-Life

Flickering, fading, gleaming brightly,
Candle, will you live the night?
Minutes men have measured by you,
By your quivering, golden light.

Hungry winds and gentle zephyrs,
Little things may mark your doom,
Yet you shine on, all unmindful,
Lighting up the dusk-filled room.

Human life is like your burning,
Rising, falling, fitful flame,
Always reaching, never finding,
Never two lights just the same.

JEANNETTE CHMIELINSKA, '30.

Just Outside

On crooked streets in Bethlehem,
A winter's moon shone down;
But star-shine swept the hillside,
That was just outside the town.

The children sang in Bethlehem,
And mothers laughed or sighed;
But they heard angel's caroling,
Who listened just outside.

They closed the doors in Bethlehem,
As fearful townsfolk will;
But the cave that had no door at all,
Was the heart of an outskirt hill.

So life went on in Bethlehem,
All dull and drab and brown;
But a Baby smiled, the world was saved,
'Twas just outside the town.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.



Mary, Queen of Winter, Too

A glimpse of blue through clouds of gray
Our eyes have seen;—
(Your cloak has trailed the sky today,
O Mother Queen!)

The icicles that hang festooned
Are diamonds now;
(You smiled—they gleamed and gleaming yearned
To deck your brow!)

The sparkling streams of crystal ice
Are pure and clear;
(Your single glance has plumbed their depths,
O Mother dear!)

A feathery robe keeps warm the earth
And bars the cold;
(Today you gave the angel host
New wings for old!)

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

LEADERS OF AMERICA

I'll name to you the presidents from Washington to "Cal";—
I wish that I could add to them the name of noble "Al."

The first, as everybody knows, was Washington, the true;
Then after him John Adams came, sincere and loyal, too.

Succeeding him came Jefferson, in politics renowned,
Who soon made way for Madison with doctrines safe and sound.

Monroe them ruled the country through an era of good will,
Till once again an Adams came, whose term was all up hill!

Bold Andrew Jackson served his term by enemies unmoved;
Van Buren then succeeded with ability well proved.

Poor Harrison for just a month held office till he died,
So Tyler was the president, and stern the laws he plied.

James Polk came next in time of war to guide the ship of state;
Then Taylor governed for a time, a true Whig candidate.

A Fillmore, who was next in line, pursued the golden mean;
But Franklin Pierce soon governed all, — a politician keen.

Buchanan was a president who sought in vain for peace,
Before the greatest man of all, Abe Lincoln, made war cease.

The next was Andrew Johnson, called a stern and fiery man;
Gen. Grant's term started when they passed the Reconstruction Plan.

And now came Rutherford B. Hayes, an earnest citizen;
James Garfield ruled for six short months, a model true for men.

When Chester Arthur gained control, he exercised great care;
Then Grover Cleveland managed things with insight deep and rare.

Ben Harrison, who followed him, became esteemed by all;
Calm Grover Cleveland came again, elected in that Fall.

McKinley was now president, his term was marked by fame;
And Roosevelt, who followed then, has honored well his name.

But after Taft, who always was a genial man of law,
Came Woodrow Wilson who, we know, was active in the war.

Then Harding governed for a while, "good-will" and "peace" his word;
Now Coolidge is our president, who's seen but seldom heard.

And since election day has passed with Time that mighty mover,
I find I must look forward to the rule of Herbert Hoover!

MARY McDONALD, '30.



AFTER ELECTION

A meteor flashed across our sky,
Its brilliancy went shooting by;
But souls who saw the heavens that night
Are glowing still with the meteor's light!

K. M. R.



SILVER DAYS

My wish had come true. During the long night the snow had fallen adding with each passing moment to the fleecy coverlet already enveloping the little mountain village. The world is hushed in an expectant silence, as if waiting for some new manifestation of God's bounty. Clearly and sweetly through the air, like the call of some early bird, comes the sound of sleigh-bells tingling in frosty glee, sending forth an invitation to come out and revisit summer trysting places in their new garb of silver. The very day seems to scintillate as the sun catches the gleaming icicles on window and tree. So forth we go, Mercury's wings—our long Swiss skiis on our feet, and adventure in our hearts. Into the quiet mystery of the woods we glide with increasing eagerness, where we see, as the poet Whittier did, that—

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl."

As we reach the top of the hill there spreads before us a panorama whose beauty in summer is only equalled by its glistening loveliness in winter. At our feet lies the lake—changed by some miracle of the great Alchemist's art from glowing sapphire to gleaming diamond; far to the north sketches the line of dauntless hills, like battlements of old—sheltering our beloved valley from the full vigor of the storm-wind's fury.

As we roam along the shore, we find even the blackened rocks of our campfires—once glowing in genial warmth, now encased in a silver armor of ice. Not far away is the Ring, no moss now to favor fairy feet, only the circle of shining birches showing the place of the Fire-Fly Ball. Even the birds have left us; but no, that is not quite true. There is one little friend who stays the long winter through, and here she is in her quaint little shawl of olive-green, calling a cheery "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," from a nearby bough.

Everything is changed and yet we are content. Eagerly we race to the dell, where in summer the brook pleases our ears with liquid music,—and yes, here at least is one friend unchanged—fair promise of another summer with its warmer glory,—we heard the brook:

"A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool
Like pearls, and now a silver blade."

On the long trail back to the comforts of our cabin, we think of the many poems we have read which so beautifully compare our human life to the four seasons. On re-living the quiet joys of these silvery winter days, however, it seems unjust to have winter always typify a cheerless old age. Rather is it happier, and more appropriate to the beauty of the season to have it typify a peaceful old age, which looks to the future not with dull dread and bleak cheer; but which, seeing the promise of the running brook, looks forward with contentment to the glorious Spring of a new life in an even more perfect world?

PHYLLIS M. JOY, '29.



DEATH COMES FOR THE FAERIES

The other day a little lad with eyes kissed by the angels came across the twilight to me and said, "Are there still faeries in Kensington Gardens? Somebody told me that they had all gone." Touched by the sweet sadness of him I drew him to me and told him that faeries just wouldn't put up with our climate but they would always remain among the sweet clover globes and reedy little coves of Kensington Gardens. There, where good little girls and boys come with bags of bread crumbs

to feed black swans and baby ducks, is a shrine visited by young, but devotional pilgrims, Peter Pan, of course. All day long little children climb over Peter's faery pedestal, with its winged folk and wood folk all in bronze, chatting of Captain Hook, the pirates, the crocodile, and Peter and Wendy. We do not ask where the faeries come from, for since Barrie told the secret we know that when the first baby laughed for the first time its laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about and that was the beginning of faeries.

It was twilight, the faeries' hour, and my little lad and I were hiding in the gloaming to hear faery music in the dewy grasslands. Through shadowy leaves pale magic showed us Tinker Bell darting in and out among the primrose bushes, and the shadow people passing to and fro through the little elfin cities. My little lad was telling me that a little while ago some faery had died and was carried up to heaven wrapped in a sunset all rose and green and gold. He was waiting for a cloud to vanish and he would see the faery stand forth in the sky, a twinkling star. He, who was most ably informed on such matters, told me that all faeries were not carried up above in this way, indeed not, I, a mere grownup ought to know that leprechauns and goblins were carried up in a flash of lightning accompanied by a crash of thunder.

This meeting with my little friend brought to my mind a lovely book that I found not long ago, all green and gold with queer little pictures on the cover—a picture of a lovely lady listening to the song of a late lark, a song of the passing of a dear one—a picture of a youth with dreams of a degree from Cambridge and of a mother who was half faery. This biography of Frances Hodgson Burnett was the story of the lovely lady told by her son, the youth with the dreams, for you see both the lovely lady and her son believed in faeries, and they had reason to, for the lovely lady was blessed by the faeries at her birth and endowed with strength, yet gentle too. The nicest faery of all, one all shining like a rainbow, put faery wings on her pen and gave her the gift of words. She put her holy thoughts into silvery white and shadowy purple words and throughout all of her writing is a strain of laughter gay and dim, but woe be unto the person who tries to bring death to the faeries for the imp in her will out at that one.

Now, the faeries had not forgotten my little lad because he, too, like the lovely lady, was born at sundown, you know the faeries have gifts for the babies who are born when the sun is setting. A faery with the fragrance of wild crabapple blossoms on him had put white moonlight on my little lad's brow and "the moon's white mood in his silver mind."

May my joyous little lad with eyes kissed by the angels always walk in the rose colored garden of life seeing flowers instead of weeds,

gold instead of gilt, truth instead of sham, kindness instead of cruelty, life instead of death. Perhaps he will be disillusioned, but is it not far nicer to have had a glimpse of the world of fancy than to have always travelled the narrow road of practicability. You know practicability is a rich, ugly old maid wooed by a phlegmatic temperament, who insists that one hang his coat on the proper hook and eat what is good for him. She had with malicious intent made death come for the faeries, scads of them. When I am in the legislature I intend to have a law passed making practicability a felony, punishable not by electrocution, that is far too mild, but by hanging and quartering.

GRACE JOYCE, '31.



LIFE

You sparkling gross thing so strange,
I love you—I loathe you in turn,
With your galliard joys—your grim pains,
Your power to give and to spurn.
Who are you—what are you anyway?
Is it brazen, futile, to ask?
Must I go on day after day
Merely to peek under your mask?

You czar of moments and of moods,
You clinch me in brilliance and fog,
You stir in my soul petty feuds,
Yet my heart you keep all agog.
You thrill, trick, honor, and humble,
You own me as no mortal could,
You flit by and watch me fumble
Yet I know you not as I would.

Egotism, you fear—ah, nay!
Rather, an idle effusion.
'Tis seldom I stagger this way
I take you as an illusion.
Tonight I'm in the station drear—
Missed my train—two hours to wait
'Tis all right, isn't it Life, dear?
If I whip a few words at Fate?

DORIS M. MELANSON, Ex., '28.

FANTAISIE LITTÉRAIRE

Chaque livre que je lis ajoute à ma liste de vrais amis; il y en a grand nombre et pour les rappeler on ne doit que mentionner les noms de leurs patries. En France, j'ai fait beaucoup de belles amitiés, celle de *Madame la comtesse d'Autreval*, de *la belle Violaine*, et de ce galant homme, *M. Jourdain*! En Italie et en Espagne les glorieuses saintes *Catherine* et *Thérèse* me montrent les lointains sommets d'une haute spiritualité. Le nom d'Ecosse est presque synonyme pour celui d'un de mes héros les plus aimés — *Wallace*. Mais outre tout cela, j'ai un autre pays où, je puis rôder à mon gré, royaume toujours proche—bien que je ne le visite vraiment que pendant l'été. C'est celui de l'Imagination, où je vois de grandes montagnes—couronnées de sapins, reflétées dans un lac souriant. Ici je trouve une grande compagnie de gens que beaucoup de lecteurs n'aiment pas—parce que là, il y a trop "d'enfantin," ou peut être de "fantastique."

Dans ce pays, si je m'appuie sur un banc moussu, la petite *Graine de Moutarde* me préserve des moustiques. Après que sa reine, Titania, l'a appelée, je me mets à me promener entre les arbres au bord d'un ruisseau. Dans le soleil je vois le lustre d'une armure luisante; en m'y approchant, je me joins à un groupe de chevaliers et de dames. C'est la cour du roi Artur, et j'y puis discerner *Gareth* et *Lynette*, le *Sire Galahad*—même *Geraint et Enide* de Tennyson. Ivanhoé est là, et avec lui un de mes amis nouveaux, le *Sire Ivain*, que je reconnais par un lion aimable qui le suit. Ces deux chevaliers sont accompagnés—l'un de son amie, la Juive, toujours fidèle, l'autre de sa protectrice—l'attrayante et vive Lunette.

Ivain et Rebecca partent pour projeter encore une fois l'échec des barons scélérats. Peu après, *M. Gauvain* arrive, et moi, en manière de Cupidon—j'arrange que Lunette et lui fassent une promenade ensemble. Puis, moi et le sire Ivain, nous causons de beaucoup de choses, et plusieurs heures très agréables y sont passées. Vers le coucher du soleil nous retournons au bord du lac et je sais que mon héros doit me quitter pour faire quelque oeuvre chevaleresque de miséricorde. En le suivant du regard vers l'ouest j'aperçois que ce qui a paru n'être qu'un tas de nuages est réellement les créneaux éclatants du "château des trois cents pucelles"; et, comme toutes les femmes, je dois me résigner à laisser partir mon chevalier pour s'acquérir des honneurs. Je suis sûre, toutefois, qu'il reviendra, car il m'a laissé son lion—un lion très désappointé mais qui est assez courtois pour ne pas me montrer qu'il préfère en réalité la compagnie de son maître à la mienne.

PHYLLIS M. JOY, '29.

EGOISM

I travel in the mighty wind;
 I mingle with the rain;
 I soar among the mountain heights;
 I frolic on the plain.

The light of day would not appear
 Without important me,
 And I am in the very midst
 Of night's obscurity.

Without me there would be no sin,
 No ruin, pain, nor strife,
 Yet, lacking me, the world would lack
 True happiness and life.

All things would fail without my aid;
 I shape each man's desire,
 And missing me the maid grows mad;
 I live in ice and fire.

Some say I am an egoist—
 A name I don't deny,
 For surely I can praise myself
 Since I am famous I.

PLACIDA VILEIKIS, '30.



Exchanges

We acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Watch-Tower (Marygrove College, Detroit)
The Holy Cross Purple
Smith College Weekly
The Boston College Stylus
The Rosary College Eagle (River Forest, Ill.)
The Fordham Monthly
The Simmons College Review
The Providence College Alembic.

Canon Sheehan and the Irish Cause

Of what account is ancestry, or as Shakespeare puts it, "What's in a name?" To Canon Sheehan it represented the guiding principles of his life. He was a true Sheehan in the Irish sense of the word, that is a lover of his kind and of his country; and the family motto, *Pro virtute et Patria*, became the object of his highest endeavor.

His interests were a hundredfold, but they were all subordinated to his love of Ireland and the betterment of the position of the Irish peasantry. The problem of capital and labor and its solution constantly engrossed his mind. He felt keenly the injustice of a harsh, unsympathetic government, and he determined to turn his literary ability toward the improvement of these conditions. He reflects that the "litterateur is a greater power than the politician." "Newman," he says, "will be an active perennial force when Gladstone is but a name. The one left behind him thoughts, the other deeds."

The preparation for his literary career began in the pretty, little town of Mallow. Here he spent his childhood and he recounts how he and his companions "in the dear old glen, first learnt the art of poetry in its wild flowers—the primrose and the cowslip, and the wild hyacinth whose fragrance, like the perfume that hangs around old letters, comes back across the years." Not only did he commune with nature, but he also acquired a spirit of patriotism, which was to dominate his later writings. All about him he saw the Fenians drilling to be prepared in case of a sudden uprising. These Fenians felt that Ireland had sorrows to be avenged, and wrongs to be redressed; and they were ever looking forward to the day "when they would help to crown that dear old Motherland with the royal symbols of independence."

Having acquired a love of nature, and a patriotic zeal for Ireland, Patrick Sheehan was sent to St. Colman's College at the age of fourteen. Here he received a classical education in preparation for the Theological Seminary. His first novel, *Geoffrey Austin*, tells of his experiences at St. Colman's. A predominant love for the classics, for music, and for nature were instilled by the professors there; and he was also introduced to the mysticism of the German poets. The cultural tastes, which the boy developed then, were to take root and become important elements in forming his literary career.

At Maynooth, the Theological Seminary, he found the study of Philosophy rather dry, and he was often glad to exchange the *Barbara, Celarent, Darii* for the moonlight and melody of Tennyson as Reverend Dr. Heuser tells us in his book "Canon Sheehan of Doneraile." Later, however, he realized the value of this study and used it as a standard in comparing the theories of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. While at Maynooth, he read much of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Goethe, and

Swinburne. Next to Milton, Shelley, and Keats he was attracted to Browning and Ruskin; and in studying Italian he became an ardent admirer of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. With this cultural background, he began his priesthood and also his first literary attempts.

Not long after his ordination he was appointed to an English mission in the Cathedral at Plymouth. In this way he was enabled to see the Irish question from an Englishman's angle, and here began his tendency to compare the two races in his writings. His novel entitled *Luke Delmege* contains many reflections on his life in England. When the Canon reprimands Luke for being two minutes late for a service, he remarks, "God be with old Ireland, where the neighbors meet leisurely for a seana-chus on Sunday morning and sit on the tombstones, and talk of old times. And no one minds the priest being half an hour late." On returning to Ireland he found it difficult to reconcile the straight, deliberate, poised English habits with the somewhat inexact ways of the Irish. He brought home the idea of improving the Irish people after the model that he had learned to admire in England. He could never understand why it was so difficult to bring the people over to his new ideas. Through one of his characters he says, "there is no understanding this mysterious people." And imagine Englishmen who do everything by rule and compass attempting to govern them for seven hundred years." In *Lisheen* he presents the character of the ideal landlord, who is generous toward his tenants, providing them with employment and well-ordered cottages, and at the same time uplifting their minds by cultural benefits. By writing this novel he probably hoped that "the pen would live longer than the voice," as he himself said in his book entitled *Under the Cedars and the Stars*. The theme of *Lisheen* is, undoubtedly, his solution of the Irish landlord problem.

In Canon Sheehan's most popular novel, *My New Curate*, the charm of the book lies in the kindly delineation of priestly life in Ireland; but beneath this there are certain corrective lessons directed against some Irish customs;—such as those pleas against some lingering superstitions; the lamentations concerning the power of Jews and Free Masons in Ireland; and the insistence on organization among the people as a great necessity. Writing was his way of preaching, and when he heard of the enthusiastic reception of the book, he was greatly pleased for he felt that some of his theories in regard to Ireland might become powerful factors in the uplifting of Irish character. On one occasion the Reverend Matthew Russell, S.J., wrote to Canon Sheehan telling him that he has influenced many minds and the Canon replies, "I can only say that my intentions were always upright and sincere, in trying to lift the minds of men to higher levels of thought, through the medium of literature. How far I have succeeded cannot yet be known." In these few words we read

his aim in writing, and his sincerity of purpose. His ambition was to see justice prevail in Ireland.

Since political and social conditions in Ireland were uppermost in his thought, he devoted his last two books to the discussion of his ideas on these subjects. *The Queen's Fillet*, although it dealt with the French Revolution was intended to be an object lesson to Ireland. It was meant to be a warning against such excesses as political upheaval, and the destruction that revolutions bring in their wake. He tells Father Russell that he wished "to exemplify his own favorite theories:

"that justice begets justice; and that fear has been the cause of the world's greatest crimes."

Having taught these lessons, he began his last novel dealing with socialism in Ireland. This volume was called the *Graves at Kilmore*, which tells of the Fenian insurrection of 1867. It ends abruptly and leaves the reader under a sense of hopelessness for the cause of Irish emancipation. No man was more anxious than Canon Sheehan to see Ireland governing herself, but he did not believe that political agitation would be conducive to freedom. He did much to steer his country aright, especially by his proposal of educational and economic reforms. He took a personal part in the struggle and his propositions brought about actual benefits. The book is not optimistic in tone, but it is a story penetrated with tender devotion for the motherland. Had Canon Sheehan lived a few years longer, says his biographer, he would have seen that none of his warning was in vain.

His object in writing was to teach, but on the surface of his novels this was not always visible, for he was able to intermingle with stern lessons that love for nature, which he had acquired as a boy in the little country town of Mallow. As Mr. Heuser tells us, "He saw everything beautiful, the trees of the forest, the stones of the quarries, plants, minerals, animals, in short the wonders of the earth and sea, the sunlight and the stars, and above all mankind in every phase of life." *Under the Cedars and the Stars* is in itself a liberal education touching on nature, philosophy, and literature from the time of Aristotle to the twentieth century. Scarcely a philosopher or littérateur of note is left unmentioned. All the learning of a mind trained to reason by the methods of scholastic philosophy is summed up in these essays. The culture of the classics as well as that obtained from German, French, Italian, and English literature is reflected upon by Canon Sheehan in an intimate style.

The final impression left by the biography and works of Canon Sheehan is summed up in the words of his friend, William O'Brien, "He was one of the truest men of genius who have illustrated the Irish name, and one of the truest saints who ever sanctified Irish soil."

ALICE WILLARD, '29.

E. C. Echoes

REGISTRATION DAY

Emmanuel once more opened its portals wide to welcome back many of its former students and to extend a warm welcome to its new members. For the first time in the history of the College the Juniors brought their Freshman sisters to register in the morning—perhaps to initiate their little sisters to nine o'clock classes gently,—leaving the afternoon free for the Seniors and Sophomores.

In this, the tenth year of its existence, Emmanuel strode forward in rapid progress to receive the largest number of students ever, fifty-six Seniors, sixty-nine Juniors, seventy-eight Sophomores, and seventy-six Freshmen, to whom we say, "Welcome to our Emmanuel!"

To the fifteen graduate students, we extend a particular greeting, for we are very, very glad to have them back with us again. They bring the total registration for 1928-1929 to two hundred and ninety-four. Thus, Registration Day was gloriously bright with new hopes and higher aims. Old friends met and mingled with old friends, and new friendships were begun. Even Old Sol smiled his sweetest, and another scholastic year started.



FACULTY CHANGES

On October 8, we were sorely confronted with the fact that Time goes on winged feet, for Sister Superior Mary, who had been with us as President of Emmanuel for six years, left Boston to take up her work in other fields of Notre Dame. We shall miss you, Sister Superior Mary, and we shall always remember that to you we owe a precious memory because you, with other kind and persevering pioneers, made Emmanuel College a living thing, an institution of higher learning, upon whose tablets we proudly place your name. We wish you every blessing, Sister Superior Mary, and we shall always remember you as "Our President."

On October 15, Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart, our new President, came to Assembly, and was introduced to the Student Body by the Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine. Miss Katherine Skelley, Senior President, in the name of the students offered a few words of welcome and assured Sister Superior Frances of our sincere co-operation in all her work for the College. To most of the students, Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart is no stranger; some of them learned to know her first through their mothers, as she was the Superior of Berkeley Street Convent for many years. In coming to Emmanuel she is, in more senses than one, coming to her own.

We were all sorry to hear of another change in our Faculty, and yet, on reflection, we realize that our regrets should give place to joy because the change brought one more of Emmanuel's Alumnae into the higher paths of the religious life. Miss Aloyse Doherty, of the class of '24, and teacher in the Latin and French departments of Emmanuel since 1925, resigned her position on the Faculty to enter the Novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Waltham, Mass. Those of us who heard Miss Doherty's letter of congratulation to the Seniors on Cap and Gown Sunday feel certain that she is extremely happy in her new life, although we are the losers.

Miss Doherty's place has been filled by Miss Genevieve Steffy, '27.

We also regret the loss of the Reverend James Fahey, S.T.D. Professor of Philosophy 4. The Reverend John Consodine is now giving Philosophy 4 and Philosophy 3 instead of Philosophy 2.

A new member on the teaching staff is Miss Helen Bridey, A.B. We all appreciated Miss Bridey's exceptional ability as a student, and we are glad to welcome her now as instructor in Freshman Latin and English.

Miss Dorothy Rice, '27, is now a Laboratory Assistant in the Biology Department.

NEW HISTORY ROOM

Former history students will be interested in the fact that we have acquired a lovely new locale for history, which has already received the appellation, "Sunny Room." In spite of the fact that sunlight seems to make some of us rather sleepy, we take comfort in the thought that if we are not as bright as we should be, the room always is.



GET-ACQUAINTED PARTY

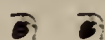
The Senior Class assumed its well-known rôle of hostess on Wednesday afternoon, September 19, the first day of school and began its year's social activities by cordially inviting the Faculty and the Student Body to a "get-acquainted" party. At 3.40 every one in the College hastened to the Gym, while perplexing schedules and innumerable conflicts were promptly forgotten or packed safely away in lockers, for the first party had started. We were ready "to fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden World."

The gymnasium was prettily decorated in blue and gold, our Alma Mater's colors, and everywhere there was the spirit of fun and friendship. Name cards or name tags were worn by every one, and the upper classmen greeted one another, "Lest auld acquaintance be forgot," while the new members were introduced to the Faculty by their big sisters, the Juniors.

Miss Katherine Skelley, Senior President, greeted the new students in the name of the College, and Miss Burke, Junior President, and big sister to all the Freshmen, renewed the welcome to all.

The opening addresses were followed by musical numbers. Miss Phyllis Joy sang, accompanied by Miss Esther Barrett, and Miss Barrett also gave a piano solo, as did Miss Grace Adams. The Junior quartet, whom we know of old, sang a few selections, each of which was duly appreciated as was attested by the hearty applause.

There was general dancing, and indeed a lovely afternoon together, closed with an appropriate ending when refreshments were served in the cafeteria.



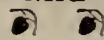
SENIOR DRIVE

In the "students' hour," on Monday, September 24, the Seniors presented

an original "skit" called, "It Pays to Advertise." The Seniors advertised each society of Emmanuel, beginning with the very first and the most precious one, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, and continuing down to the most recently founded organization, which is the Historical Society.

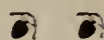
For the most part, the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the various societies who are Seniors, or, as in the case of the *Epilogue* and THE ETHOS, the entire staffs, offered entertainment, which ranged from light speech-making and delightful music to dramatic presentation and heavy melodrama. The Student Body seemed to be much impressed with the varied talents displayed by the Seniors, but in some cases the Seniors themselves were equally amazed at their fellow-performers.

A very pleasant and profitable hour was passed, filled with bright and sparkling entertainment, and the Seniors were offered congratulations on their originality and their abilities.



FRESHMAN ELECTIONS

The Freshman class held its first formal gathering on October 5, and under the guiding hand of Miss Margaret Burke, Junior President, chose as its first leader, Miss Dorothy Mullin. Following the election of its president, the class elected Miss Teresa Delaney, vice president; Miss Mary Kenney, secretary, and Miss Katherine Joyce, treasurer. The entire College offers congratulations to the officers of the Freshman class, and we unite in wishing them every success.



CAP AND GOWN SUNDAY

For three long years the Seniors have eagerly looked forward to the event which took place on Sunday morning, October 7, at the spiritual opening of the College. They donned their Caps and Gowns!

The Senior line, led by Miss Skelley, Senior President, formed outside the Chapel door on the day of days, and the Seniors anxiously waited for the first strains of Priests' March, which would mean the long practised goose step. At last the music started and the Senior line stepped forward, each Senior being proudly garbed in her academic Cap, Gown, and Stock. The line extended the whole length of the upper corridor, the graduate stu-

dents having formed at the extreme end. The Reverend John Mullin, who celebrated the Mass, delivered a brief but significant sermon on the responsibilities and the joys of Caps and Gowns. The entire Student Body received Holy Communion. When Mass was finished the Seniors again filed out, feeling very happy and dignified.

The social side of Cap and Gown Sunday took place immediately following the Mass, when the Seniors took their places in the very prettily decorated cafeteria, singing, "Oh! Emmanuel, we're glad to be here today." There were toasts, songs, laughter, and happiness on this memorable occasion. The Seniors received bouquets of beautiful American Beauty roses from their sister class, the Sophomores, to whom they owe much of the delight and glory of Cap and Gown Sunday, and to whom they would like to say, "Thank you, dear Sister Class." The day will always be a cherished one, for it takes its place in "Our Golden Memory Chest."



JUNIORS SEE IT THROUGH

The Juniors came forth on October 10 and tendered their little sisters a baby party. The babies looked young and sweet in their ruffles and ribbons, and they were so lovable with their little dollies and teddy bears that we recalled our own "baby days" and envied the little Freshmen very much. Some of the babies had doll carriages and others had engines and carts. The nursemaids, the Juniors, looked much more grown-up in their black dresses and white tea aprons and caps, but they were none the less charming and lovely.

The party began with a "big parade," in which the pretty nursemaids took very good care of their cute little babies, much to the delight of the Faculty and the other classmen. Shortly after this the little sisters gained sufficient confidence to form a baby parade and walk around the gymnasium alone, while a committee decided on the prettiest baby, Miss Agnes Geary; the healthiest baby, Miss Mary Connors, and the funniest baby, Miss Katherine Sullivan, to whom prizes were given.

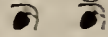
Miss Mary Rose Connors, mistress of ceremonies, assisted by Miss Donovan, kept the program going along very smoothly, and the party was a huge success. Vocal selections were

given by Miss Rosemary Stanford and Miss Mercedes Vucassovich. There was also a very humorous sketch presented by the Misses Doris Donovan, Frances O'Brien, Dorothy Tumelty, Mary Delaney, Margaret Crowley.

The Juniors inaugurated a new custom this year and tied paper bibs on their babies and then allowed the babies to have them autographed by those present.

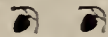
The gym and the cafeteria looked artistic with pretty blue and pink streamers, multi-colored balloons hanging from the lights, and appropriate posters on display. There was a comfortable corner arranged for the Faculty, who seemed to enjoy watching the nursemaids and their charges.

The Juniors certainly deserve a word of commendation for they "put it over big," even to the refreshments served to the darling babies.



ACTIVITIES

The various societies of Emmanuel have begun to function with new members listed and old members rejoining. Informal meetings of the societies have been held during the first weeks and plans are under way for the year's activities. There seems to be a drive on for "dues" and "what-nots," and while a great number of us can supply the "what-nots" we seem to take the detour sign as regards "dues." The societies, however, need our financial support, so here's to one hundred per cent success in the drive.



"BURYING THE HATCHET"

"Since October 20, it is quite noticeable that the Freshman class, as a whole, has many new ideas associated with Green Harbor. Why? Ask the Sophomores—they love to tell the story.

The Sophomore class, with Miss Dorothy Groden as chairman of the picnic committee, assisted by the Misses Louise Fielding, Betty Killion, and Marie Owens, played hostess to the upper classmen and played "tricks" on the Freshmen throughout the day.

The leaders of the two classes, Louise Doherty, Sophomore president, and Dorothy Mullin, Freshman president, firmly established bonds of friendship between the two classes by significantly "burying the hatchet," the handle of which was bound with the cherished Blue and Gold, our Alma Mater's colors.

A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

For an hour that passed all too quickly, the Reverend Father James Cronin led us through a picturesque panorama of the Old World's treasures, after being introduced by Miss Esther Barrett, President of the Historical Society. Father Cronin gave us the privilege of traveling in imagination, and with the aid of pictures, under his personal and experienced guidance, through the quaint streets of Granada in Spain, exploring the magnificent cathedrals, gazing at the alluring scenery and the picturesque people with their beautiful homes, and for a few moments living there among them in an altogether entrancing country. Nor did our adventures end till we had visited the storied cities of Athens and Constantinople.

Father Cronin told us that "a lecture is exactly what you make it," and he surely made his lecture a delightful hour for us, with his happy blending of classical references and good humor.

The Historical Society and those of the Student Body who had the pleasure of hearing Father Cronin's interesting talk will be glad to welcome him back to Emmanuel at any time in order to hear more about his cruises on the Mediterranean.



MASQUERADE PARTY

In the prize-play contest last year, conducted by the Dramatic Society, Miss Doris Donovan, '30, won honorable mention for her original play, "The Scarab." The Foreign Mission Society, realizing that we must aid and encourage our blossoming dramatists, presented the play to the Student Body at the Masquerade Party, on October 31. The scene was laid in a college dormitory, and the plot centered around the disappearance of the scarab, which belonged to one of the college girls, Corrine by name, who is known as Miss Estelle Donovan. Her roommate Phyllis, or Miss Mary Sheehan, causes a great deal of excitement among Dot, played by Miss Mary Dowd; Pauline, Miss Madeleine Kelley; Irene, Miss Maura Gallagher; Sylvia, Miss Elizabeth Kelley, and "Sunny," Miss Katherine Skelley, when she sees the thief actually in her room. The plot thickens in spite of the efforts of "The Dean's Shadow," Miss Mary Walsh, to quiet the girls. It all turns out happily, how-

ever, when "Sunny," trying to have some fun with Phyllis' imagination, is discovered to have been the horrible thief. The play was exceedingly clever in composition and presentation, and we feel sure that Emmanuel will gain fame if Miss Donovan continues her writing.

After the entertainment the masquerade came into full swing with old-fashioned costumes brushing the hems of picturesque, national costumes, softened by the varied shades of colonial colors. The scene was full of mystery, romance, and youthfulness.

There were prizes awarded to Miss Florence Toner for the prettiest costume, Miss Louise Fielding for the most original dress, and Miss Madeleine Kelley for the funniest costume.



THE SOPHOMORES ENTERTAIN

"Sunshine—Spooks—Spirits,—and Sophomores," was the accompaniment and the keynote of the students' hour on November 5. The program contained an unusual element and a deep throb of originality, for which Miss Betty Killion, '31, was responsible. The first "skit," called "The Lighthouse," was a gem of the imagination. On an apparently empty stage, through the dramatic ability of Miss Collette Murphy, an aged lighthouse keeper, his daughter, Miss Catherine Smith, and the erstwhile lover, Miss Margaret Savage, the audience watched the characters climb innumerable flights of stairs, only to discover that the lighthouse keeper would not consent to the marriage of his daughter to the city lover.

The second "skit" sent the audience into gales of laughter when Miss Marie Owens, an accomplished "gentleman" violinist, dressed in clothes that might have been fashionable at one time, escorted and introduced her partner, Miss Gertrude Murdock, a very clever and entertaining musician and soloist. There was an outburst of hysterical laughter when Miss Murdock, in the act of striking high C very nearly lost her becoming hat, which was weighted down with nineteenth century plumage. Both musicians seemed to be quite at their ease and they were certainly most entertaining.

The last "skit," entitled "The Perfect Tribute," was the story of trying to present an appropriate and ac-

ceptable gift that would restore the beloved queen to health. There were ghosts and spooks who went out to seek the popular idol; trophies belonging to Gene Tunney, Babe Ruth, Colonel Lindbergh, and Mary Pickford were captured, but not one of these illustrious offerings made the slightest change in the queen. Finally, a noble ghost came forward, and on bended knee presented a matchless gift, "a perfect tribute," "Al Smith's Brown Derby."

The Sophomores displayed a great deal of class spirit and remarkable talent. We do not hesitate to say—your sister class is proud of you.



TEA DANCE

The entire College was invited to be the guests of the Freshman class at the Copley-Plaza on November 3. The Student Body looked forward to the occasion for the Freshmen were holding their first social event. From the stroke of four until the orchestra members packed their instruments away, much to our sorrow, there was a general good time.

The committee for the dance, composed of Miss Teresa Delaney, chairman, Miss Helen Good, Miss Madeleine Navien, Miss Rose Rooney, Miss Miriam Walsh, and Miss Dorothy Mullin, Freshman President, certainly deserve high compliments and a vote of thanks from the Student Body. The committee and the class showed fine co-operation; all the requisites for a social success were present, including a spacious and elegant ballroom, good music, congenial company, delicious refreshments and charming hostesses. The Student Body is confident of the successes, socially and intellectually, of the class of '32.



DRAMATIC RECITAL

Miss Theresa Chisholm, our dramatic coach, favored us with a brilliant dramatic recital on November 7. The program was divided into three parts, the first consisting of three poems, two of which, "The Highway Man" and "The River of Stars," were by Alfred Noyes, and "Little Bateese," by William Drummond. The second division was made up of a scene from "Believe Me, Xantippe," and the program closed with the one-act play, "The Valiant." Throughout the recital Miss Chisholm held the audience spellbound, and indeed, to accomplish

this feat with an audience that is rather restless and tired, at the close of the day, is a silent tribute to her ability and her personal charm.

The program was arranged by a clever hand, for we traveled down "the ribbon of moonlight" with the picturesque and romantic Highwayman, dreaming our dreams, we smiled tenderly at "Little Bateese," we admired "The River of Stars," we chuckled and laughed aloud at the important young man who tried to prove the inefficiency of the New York police department in "Believe Me, Xantippe," and finally were lifted out of the sordidness of everyday existence by the chivalry and the splendid manhood of "The Valiant."

Miss Mary Sheehan, president of the Dramatic Society, presented Miss Chisholm with a lovely bouquet of chrysanthemums from the Student Body, as a token of its appreciation.



SYMPHONY CONCERT

To the music lovers of Boston and vicinity the Musical Society of Emmanuel College offered an exceptionally fine program, presented by talented artists on Sunday, November 11.

Mr. Carlos Pinfield directed the program in which appeared Mr. Robert Gundersen, violinist; Mr. Bernard Zeghera, harpist; Miss Cook, soloist, and Mr. Alfred de Voto, accompanist. The musicians played "Berceuse," by Tor Aulin; "Fantaisie," by Galeotti, and "Chanson Populaire Francaise," by Grandjany. They were ably accompanied by Mr. Alfred de Voto.

Miss Cook, soprano, sang "Repentance" beautifully. The song was deeply impressive, because while Miss Cook sang the number a gorgeous sunset of gold and old rose offered an exquisite setting for the song. The voice called out for forgiveness at the "sunset of life," and Nature's own sunset colored the scene. It was truly a lovely selection.

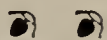


JUNIOR PLAYS

On November 19, the Junior members of the Dramatic Society presented last year's prize-play, which was written by Miss Mary Rose Connors and Miss Anne McNamara. The play was entitled "Alias Neursé," and certainly deserved a prize, for it was highly entertaining and original. The talented cast included the Misses Mary Cleary, Doris Donovan, Frances

O'Brien, and Rosemary Stanford, each of whom is to be congratulated on her splendid work. The authoresses in particular, however, have gained fame and praise.

The second play on the program entitled "Thank Goodness, the Table Is Spread," was, as its title suggests, an exceptionally good comedy. The parts were very well played by the Misses Doris Donovan, Mary Delaney, Mary Cahill, Gladys Hamilton, Mary R. Connors, and Anne McNamara—and having attended the little playlets we say, "Thank goodness we did not miss them."



LECTURE

Father Le Buffe, the business manager of "America," and the author of the series, "My Changeless Friend," in his excellent lecture on November 14, brought us to a full realization of the pressing nature of the religious, educational and social problems existing in our own day. In a very clear and forceful manner, Father Le Buffe outlined or rather pointed out some of the most important questions confronting the United States, namely, the Child Labor Amendment, the Federal Education Bill, and the Prohibition Amendment.

Father Le Buffe presented the responsibilities which are ours as educated Catholic women of America and of the world. Our first responsibility is to know our faith; secondly, to be prepared to give definite reasons and arguments for the faith that is in us, and lastly, but most important, is to be able to live our faith, for after all, "the greatest lesson ever preached is 'A Life.'"

America is a magazine familiar to all Emmanuel students, and it is fitting that we should subscribe to this "admirable, frank, fearless champion of truth," for here we will find correct and enlightening articles on present-day problems in matters of faith and morals.



ST. CECILIA'S CONCERT

The program for St. Cecilia's concert bore a new feature this year in so far as it particularly devoted its

attention to bringing out the new talent of Emmanuel. The audience was introduced to Miss Lillian Collins through her selections, "If You Pass Through My Garden," by Kountz, and "Wake Up," by Philipps, and to Miss Margaret O'Connell in her "Old Refrain," by Kreisler, and "Danny Boy," the Londonderry Air. The program opened, however, with the Overture, "Pique Damé," by Von Suppé, under the direction of Miss Phyllis O'Connell. There were other vocal selections by Miss Grace Sullivan, Miss Rosemary Stanford, Miss Phyllis Joy, and Miss Mary Rose Connors, each of whom needs no introduction to us, for their talent is enthusiastically appreciated on all musical programs. Miss Mercedes Vucassovich rendered a pianoforte, "Valse in E," by Mozowski; Miss Mary Cahill played the lovely Romance, Op. 26, by Svendsen, as a violin solo, and Miss Phyllis O'Connell, Miss Blanche Crispo and Miss Elizabeth McCarthy played "Schubert's Serenade" on violin, violincello and piano. The orchestral selection was followed by the Glee Club, directed by Miss Phyllis Joy, in "Will-o'-the-Wisp," by Spross-Saar; Miss Frances O'Brien read "A Song of Love," an original poem in honor of St. Cecilia. The Orpheus Club then closed the program with "Minuet, Ballet Suite," by Rameau-Mittl.

A poem of marked originality, by Miss Mary Rose Connors, was printed on the program.



SODALITY RECEPTION

The Freshmen and all the new members of the Student Body were received into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception on December 5. The ceremony was one of singular simplicity and dignity, a fitting expression of our love for Mary, our Mother and our Queen. The new candidates, as well as the Juniors and Sophomores, wore white dresses and white veils, while the Seniors filed in, garbed in their academic caps and gowns. The Reverend John J. Lynch delivered a brief sermon and the reception closed with Benediction.

In Christo Quiescentes

The Reverend Joseph A. Murphy, S.T.D. of St. John's Seminary, Professor of Sacred Scripture and Ethics at Emmanuel from 1919 till 1928.

Kathryn Hurley McDonald of the class of '23.

Paula Margaret Sweeney of the class of '29.

Jeannette Cecily Chmielinska of the class of '30.

Mr. John J. Barry, father of Katherine Barry, '30.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burns, mother of Sister Patrice (Esther Burns), '23.

Mr. William E. Cahill, father of Mary Cahill, '30.

Mr. John G. Donovan, father of Kathryn Donovan, '29.

Mr. John W. Jordan, father of Mary Jordan Cahowet, '23, and of Monica Jordan, '25.

Mrs. Mary F. O'Brien, mother of Madeleine O'Brien, '30.

Mrs. Anna Tilley, mother of Anne Tilley, Ex. '31.

Ipsis, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis ut indulgeas deprecamur.

In Memoriam

KATHRYN HURLEY McDONALD

All Emmanuel was shocked and grieved to hear of the death of Kathryn Hurley McDonald, a member of the Class of '23, on October 11, 1928.

With a complete realization of our inability to fully express our feelings, but with true affection and sincere sorrow, we extend our kindest sympathies to her husband, to her father and mother, to her brothers and sisters, and to all those who were listed among Kay's friends.

Kathryn Hurley McDonald was born in Boston on October 7, 1901. She attended the local grammar school and for her High School course entered the Fenway Academy of Notre Dame in September, 1915. Glad, indeed were the members of the first class of Emmanuel College to have Kay in their midst for her cheerfulness, ready wit, and keen sympathy often helped us to overcome the difficulties that naturally fall to the lot of a "pioneer" class.

Married in June, 1925, to Patrick McDonald, a new and happier period of life opened before her, but in a short time, God saw fit to draw this life to a close. May little Anne Marie Kathryn, born October 6, 1928, inherit the unselfishness, the loyalty, the loveliness, and the sound principles that underlay her mother's cheerful philosophy of life.

Although it is hard for those who knew her well to realize that lively, lovable Kay is dead, let us not forget to pray for her; let us even pray to her for surely any one who has so completely fulfilled God's mission in her own case will be successful in carrying our petitions to the Divine Master.

ELIZABETH LOGUE, '23.

To Paula

Paula Margaret Sweeney, born October 7, 1907, died November 9, 1928 was a member of the class of '29 of Emmanuel College and a graduate of the Roxbury Notre Dame Academy '24. She was the daughter of the late Patrick E. Sweeney and Ellen McQuaid Sweeney, a graduate of the Berkeley Street Notre Dame Academy in the class of '93. To her mother and bereaved family, we offer again our heartfelt sympathy.

We felt the gloom of death's black shades,
As He raised His sacred Rod,
And night came down from the far-off hills,
The Eternal Hills of God.

For you were gone who had shared with us
Our daily joy and strife,
Your dear little smiling face was gone,
Your friendship and laughter—your life!

You were first to leave; and oh, our loss!
We miss you, we loved you so,
But little friend you've climbed those hills
And you're smiling there we know.

So a star's beam glows through that dark night
On the heavenward path you trod,
And a beacon of hope is lit on the hills,
The Eternal Hills of God!

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.



Requiescat in Pace

THE ETHOS was already in press when we heard the shocking news of Jeannette Cecily Chmielinska's ('30) untimely death in an automobile accident on the eve of Thanksgiving. We are still too stunned and grief-stricken to realize how very much we shall miss her; but we do know that the loss of her brilliant and charming personality is irreparable. Jeannette was the oldest of eight children, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Chmielinski.

To her bereaved loved ones we extend our deepest sympathy.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Class of 1923

Ida Finn is teaching French, Latin, and English in the Washington Irving Junior High School, Roslindale.

Kathryn Foley has been appointed as teacher of English in the Charlestown High School.

Beatrice Hantz is teaching French in the Washington Irving Junior High School, Roslindale.

Class of 1925

Rita Connors is teaching in the Milford High School.

Marie Glennon is teaching in the Girls' Latin School, Boston.

Alma Danforth is teaching English in the Michael Angelo School, Boston.

Sybil Turner is teaching in Quincy.

Class of 1926

Theresa Buckley is teaching in the Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Mass.

Marion Carey is teaching in the Medford High School, Medford.

Jacqueline Cirame is teaching Italian and Hygiene at the Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

Mildred Collins is teaching Latin in the Watertown High School.

Roquetta Curtin is teaching in the Medford High School, Medford.

Mary Downey is teaching in the Somerville High School.

Mary McInnis is teaching in a Cambridge High School, Cambridge.

Marie McPherson is taking a course in salesmanship with Jordan Marsh Company.

Veronica Odell is teaching in the Junior High School in Dedham.

Rose O'Neil is teaching in the Cambridge schools.

Eileen Skeffington is teaching in Revere.

Virginia Wilde has been appointed editor-in-chief of the *Fellow Worker*, the Jordan Marsh weekly paper.

Class of 1927

Clarisse Brunelle is doing Social Service work in Lowell.

Eleanor Connor is substituting in Boston schools, and is also studying at Boston College.

Mildred Crowley is working with the Catholic Charities' Bureau of Boston.

Katherine Corbett and Mary McCarthy have been appointed to positions in the Worcester Junior High School.

Irene Fontaine is teaching in the Worcester schools.

Margaret Kenney is teaching in the Cheverus School, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Genevieve McCrohan is studying Library work at Simmons College.

Marietta McDonald is studying at Boston College.

Katherine O'Connell is studying at the Fairchild's Business School.

Esther Turnbull is teaching Mathematics and English at St. Gregory's High School, Dorchester, Mass., after spending a profitable summer abroad.

Margaret Dyson is employed as secretary in the firm of Herrick, Smith, Donald, and Farley.

Genevieve Steffy is teaching French and Latin at Emmanuel College.

Dorothy Rice is Laboratory Assistant in the Biology Department at Emmanuel.

Class of 1928

Blaid Brown is teaching in the Worcester Junior High School.

Helen Bridey is teaching Latin and English at Emmanuel College.

Mary Campbell is studying Physiotherapy.

Katherine Connell and Eleanor Groden are substituting in the Cambridge schools.

Julia Donovan is studying at Boston College.

Christine Flanagan is teaching French and English in the Grammar School in Worcester.

Katherine Gallivan is acting as secretary in the Davis Teachers' Agency, Providence, R. I.

Elizabeth Linnehan is taking courses at Boston College and the New England Conservatory of Music.

Esther MacCafferty is taking courses at Boston University.

Marguerite McDermott is teaching in the Provincetown High School, Provincetown.

Eleanor McHugh is teaching in Peabody.

Mary McMahan has been appointed assistant librarian in the Tyler

Street Branch of the Boston Public Library.

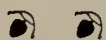
Ethel Morris is doing Social Service work and is also studying at Boston College.

Elizabeth O'Leary is studying at Miss Farmer's School of Cooking.

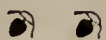
Miriam Riley is doing graduate work at Harvard.

Patricia O'Connor is a biological-chemist at the City Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Agnes Shaw is an assistant chemist in the Homeopathic Hospital.



The following members of the Alumnae are taking Graduate courses at Emmanuel College: Katherine Delaney, Mildred Ducey, Agnes Dunn, Esther Fox, Katherine Halligan, Anna Kerans, Gertrude McCourt, Eleanor McDonald, Kathleen O'Donnell, Elizabeth Tobin, Mary Tribble, Eleanor McHugh, Helen Bridey, Ruth Keleher, and Genevieve Steffy.



On November 17, a Mass for the Deceased Members of the Alumnae Association was celebrated in the College Chapel. The Reverend John J. Lynch officiated and preached an inspiring sermon on our duties to the dear ones who have gone before us. He paid a touching tribute to the memory of the Reverend Leo Murray, one of Emmanuel's first professors, and to Helen Barclay Malloy and Kathryn Hurley McDonald, both of the class of '23.

RELIGIOUS LIFE

Aloyse Doherty, Mary Grady, and Catherine Maloney have entered the Notre Dame Novitiate, Waltham, Mass.

Katherine McLaren has entered the Cenacle Convent at Lake Ronokoma, Long Island, New York.

Mary C. McManus, Ex. '26, has entered the Cenacle Convent.



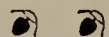
MARRIAGES

Katherine Gately, '26, to Mr. William Kelley.

Loretta Moore, ex. '24, to Dr. Augustus McGarry.

Katherine E. Morrison, '24, to Mr. Matthew P. Butler.

Alma Comeau, ex. '27, to Mr. Philip J. McHugh.



BIRTHS

THE ETHOS offers congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch (Marie Elliott, ex. '27), on the birth of a son in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Healey (Margaret M. Higgins, '23), on the birth of a son in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cahowet (Mary C. Jordan, '23), on the birth of a son in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Keane (Mary Berrigan, '23), on the birth of a son, Thomas Roger.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Savage (Frances O'Brien, '23), on the birth of a daughter, Genevieve Frances, in July.



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Wishing to emphasize the sincerity of our Christmas greetings to you all, we beg leave to carol forth:

Joyeux Noël,

Felices Pascuas,

Fröliche Weihnachten,

Felice Natale,

Wesotych swiat Bozego Narodzenia,

Linksmiu Kaledu,

Nodlaig Sona Duit,

Effuse gaudiatis Christi Die-Natale,

Christougenna endaimona,

Eid Embarak Sabakh el Khaar!

